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NEW MUSICAL EX

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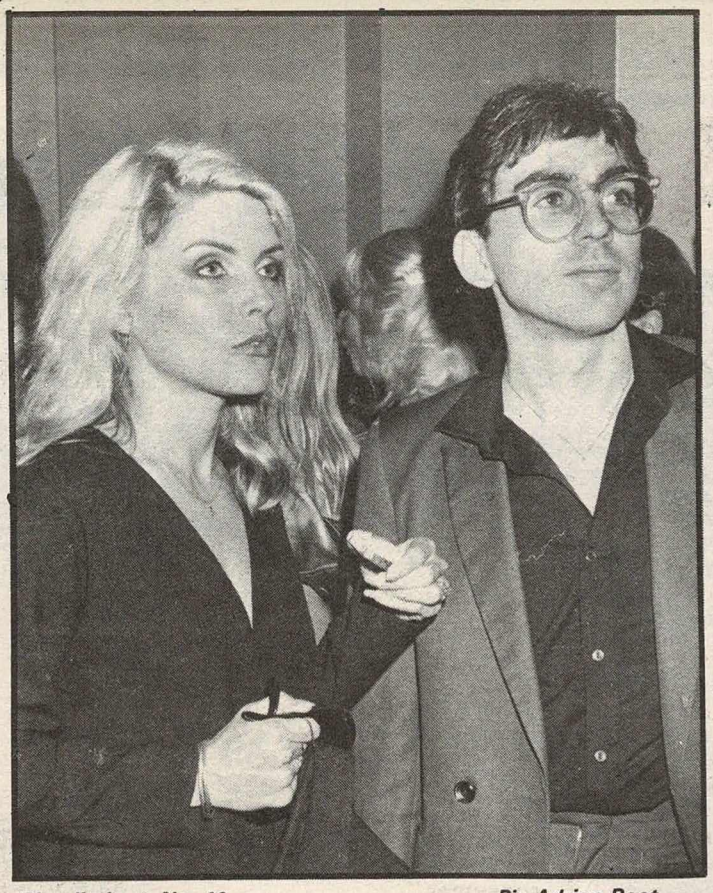
LOOKING THROUGH KEVIN TURVEY'S EYES
LAUGHTER WITH MENACES P. 23

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**HAPPY BIRTHDAY**	**Altered Images (Epic)**	4	1
2	1	IT'S MY PARTY...	D. Stewart & B. Gaskin (Stiff)	5	1
3	4	ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS	Jam (Polydor)	3	3
4	(10)	EVERY LITTLE THING SHE DOES IS MAGIC	The Police (A&M)	2	4
5	3	OH SUPERMAN	Laurie Anderson (Rough Trade)	4	3
6	5	GOOD YEAR FOR THE ROSES	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	5	5
7	6	THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS	Toyah (Safari)	5	4
8	8	BIRDIE SONG	Tweets (PRT)	8	2
9	(21)	WHEN SHE WAS MY GIRL	Four Tops (Casablanca)	2	9
10	12	LABELLED WITH LOVE	Squeeze (A & M)	3	10
11	14	LET'S HANG ON	Barry Manilow (Arista)	6	11
12	15	HOLD ME	B.A. Robertson & Maggie Bell (Swansong)	3	12
13	7	OPEN YOUR HEART	Human League (Virgin)	4	7
14	11	IT'S RAINING	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	4	5
15	23	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	15
16	(—)	JOAN OF ARC	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	1	16
17	9	UNDER YOUR THUMB	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	7	3
18	25	WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN	Fureys (Ritz)	3	18
19	(—)	RUSH LIVE	Rush (Exit)	1	19
20	16	SOUVENIR	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	10	3
21	(—)	PHYSICAL	Olivia Newton John (EMI)	1	21
22	13	WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE	Bad Manners (Magnet)	6	11
23	19	SHUT UP	Madness (Stiff)	6	3
24	(26)	WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE	Diana Ross (Capitol)	2	24
25	20	INVISIBLE SUN	Police (A & M)	7	2
26	(—)	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	1	26
27	18	HANDS UP	Ottowan (Carrere)	10	4
28	22	PRINCE CHARMING	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	9	1
29	17	JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH	Depeche Mode (Mute)	7	9
30	(30)	TWILIGHT	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	30



Blondie in at No. 10 *Pic Adrian Boot*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**DARE..**	**Human League (Virgin)**	3	1
2	4	SHAKY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	7	1
3	1	GHOST IN THE MACHINE	Police (A&M)	5	1
4	3	IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN	Barry Manilow (Arista)	3	
5	5	MADNESS 7	Madness (Stiff)	4	2
6	6	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	6	3
7	7	SUPERHITS 1 & 2	Various (Ronco)	7	3
8	(—)	ALMOST BLUE	Elvis Costello (F. Beat)	1	8
9	(—)	LOVE IS . . .	Various Artists (K-tel)	1	9
10	(—)	THE BEST OF BLONDIE	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	10
11	11	OCTOBER	U2 (Island)	3	11
12	28	HAPPY BIRTHDAY	Altered Images (Epic)	6	12
13	12	STILL	Joy Division (Factory)	3	10
14	10	HEDGEHOG SANDWICK	Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC)	2	10
15	14	GOSH IT'S BAD MANNERS	Bad Manners (Magnet)	2	14
16	8	ABACAB	Genesis (Charisma)	7	2
17	17	CELEBRATION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	7	10
18	21	DENIM & LEATHER	Saxon (Carrere)	6	14
19	12	BODY TALK	Imagination (R & B)	2	12
20	16	TATTOO YOU.	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	9	2
21	26	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	22	3
22	24	SONIC ATTACK	Hawkwind (RCA)	2	24
23	(—)	CARRY ON OI!	Various (Secret)	1	23
24	(—)	SEE JUNGLE	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	1	24
25	18	RAGE IN EDEN	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	8	3
25	9	DEAD RINGER	Meatloaf (Epic)	9	1
27	(—)	PHYSICAL	Olivia Newton John (EMI)	1	27
28	25	MASK	Bauhaus (Bauhaus)	2	25
29	(—)	NO CAUSE FOR CONCERN	Vice Squad (Zonophone)	1	29
29	(—)	EXIT STAGE LEFT	Rush (Phonogram)		

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Dead Cities EP**	Exploited (Secret)
2	(6)	**Sunny Day**	Pigbag (Y)
3	(8)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
4	(2)	**Thunder In The Mountains**	Toyah (Safari)
5	(3)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory)
6	(4)	**Never Again**	Discharge (Clay)
7	(5)	**Just Can't Get Enough**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
8	(7)	**Kids Of The '80s**	Infa Red (Secret)
9	(11)	**Police Story**	Partizans (No Future)
10	(19)	**Mr Clarinet**	Birthday Party (4AD)
11	(9)	**Sexual**	U K Decay (Fresh)
12	(17)	**All Out Attack (EP)**	Blitz (No Future)
13	(14)	**Message/Speech**	Associates (Situation 2)
14	(12)	**Barbed Wire Halo**	Annie Anxiety (Crass)
15	(13)	**Stretch**	Maximum Joy (Y)
16	(16)	**When You Were Sweet 16**	The Fureys (Ritz)
17	(27)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
18	(22)	**Holidays In Cambodia (12")**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
19	(10)	**Reality**	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
20	(30)	**Stars On 45 Pints**	Starturns (V-Tone)
21	(25)	**The Resurrection EP**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
22	(—)	**Little Voices**	Swamp Children (Factory)
23	(29)	**Wonderful Offer**	Laura Logic (Rough Trade)
24	(23)	**Work**	Electric Guitars (Recreational)
25	(24)	**Run Of The Dove**	The Last Chant (Chicken Jazz)
26	(—)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (4AD)
27	(18)	**Saeta Vegas**	Nico (Flick Knife)
28	(—)	**Indian Reservation**	999 (Albion)
29	(26)	**Neu Smell**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
30	(20)	**Leather, Bristles, Studs etc**	GBH (Clay)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
2	(2)	**Present Arms (Dub)**	UB40 (Dep International)
3	(21)	**Pleasure**	Girls At Our Best (Stage One)
4	(3)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
5	(6)	**Red Mecca**	Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
6	(10)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
7	(7)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
8	(5)	**Total Exposure**	Poison Girls (N Trix)
9	(9)	**Scientist Rid The World**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
10	(22)	**Carry On Oi**	Various (Secret)
11	(12)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
12	(29)	**Let Them Eat Jellybeans**	Various (Alternative Tentacles)
13	(28)	**The Last Call**	Anti-Pasti (Rondolet)
14	(16)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
15	(4)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dept Int)
16	(8)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
17	(14)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)
18	(23)	**Playing With A Different Sex**	Au Pairs (Human)
19	(15)	**Fruit Of Original Sin**	Various (Crepescule)
20	(17)	**Deceit**	This Heat (R. Trade)
21	(20)	**Rock Until You Drop**	Raven (Neat)
22	(19)	**Emotion/Sound/Motions**	I'm So Hollow (Illuminated)
23	(—)	**Stations Of The Crass**	Crass (Crass)
24	(—)	**Burning Blue Soul**	Matt Johnson (4AD)
25	(—)	**Motorhead**	Motorhead (Big Beat)
26	(24)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
27	(30)	**Ballad Of Etiquette**	Richard Jobson (Cocteau)
28	(25)	**Snaz**	Nazareth (NEMS)
29	(26)	**Fire Escape In The Sky**	Scott Walker (Zoo)
30	(27)	**Cover Plus**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1	**Love Me Tonight**	Trevor Walters (Magnet)
2	**Chip In**	Wayne Jarrett (Greensleeves)
3	**Waiting**	Simplicity (King & City)
4	**Youth Attack**	Desi Roots (Hawkeye)
5	**Use Me**	Diana (Silver Camel)
6	**Swing and Dine**	Tipper Ranking (Form)
7	**Mr Walker**	Hugh Griffiths and Ranking Joe (Art & Craft)
8	**Reaching For A Goal**	Jean Adedambo (Live and Love)
9	**Have You Ever**	Dennis Brown (Powerhouse)
10	**Dreaming Of Your Love**	Saffrice (S&G)

Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.8

FUNK

1	**Love Fever**	Gayle Adams (Prelude)
2	**You've Got The Floor**	Arthur Adams (Inculcation)
3	**Kilimanjaro**	Letta Mbulu (MJS)
4	**Rock Your World**	Weeks And Co (Chazro)
5	**Hupendi Muziki Wangu**	Kid (Sam)
6	**Can You Feel It**	Funk Fusion Band (WMOT)
7	**Let's Start The Dance Again**	Bohannon (Phase)
8	**I'm Down If You're Down**	Simon And McQueen (Landmark)
9	**What Is Funk**	Perry Haines (Fetish)
10	**Wheels Of Steel**	Grandmaster Flash (PRT)

Compiled by Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W1.

INTERNATIONAL WEST GERMANY

1	1	**Endless Love**	Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (Motown)
2	2	**You Weren't In Love With Me**	Billy Field (WEA)
3	4	**Louse (We Get It Right)**	Jona Lewie (Stiff)
4	9	**Start Me Up**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
5	6	**Hold On Tight**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
6	3	**You Drive Me Crazy**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
7	7	**Chequered Love**	Kim Wilde (Rak)
8	5	**I Won't Let You Down**	PHD (WEA)
9	11	**Prince Charming..**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)
10	8	**If I Were A Carpenter**	Swanee (WEA)

Courtesy 'Kent Music Report/Billboard'

CANADA

1	1	**Why Tell Me Why**	Anita Meyer (Ariola)
2	4	**Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic**	Police (A&M)
3	2	**I'm So Glad To Be A Woman**	Love Unlimited (Unlimited Gold)
4	7	**Super Freak**	Rick James (Motown)
5	3	**'N Beet Je Verliefd**	Andre Hazes (EMI)
6	9	**Hurt**	Timi Yuro (Liberty)
7	10	**Tainted Love**	Soft Cell (Vertigo)
8	8	**The Marvellous Marionettes**	Doris D & Pins (Utopia)
9	(—)	**Mexico**	Les Humphries Singers (Decca)
10	(—)	**Meer Nederlandse Sterre**	Rubberen Robbie (CNR)

Courtesy 'Stichting Nederlandse/Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

5 YEARS AGO

1	**If You Leave Me Now**	Chicago (CBS)
2	**Mississippi**	Pussycat (Sonet)
3	**Hurt**	Manhattans (CBS)
4	**When Forever Has Gone**	Demis Roussos (Philips)
5	**Couldn't Get It Right**	Climax Blues Band (BTM)
6	**You Make Me Feel Like Dancing**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
7	**Play That Funky Music**	Wild Cherry (Epic)
8	**Don't Take Away The Music**	Tavares (Capitol)
9	**Howzat**	Sherbet (Epic)
10	**Substitute**	The Who (Polydor)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**'Cos I Luv You**	Slade (Polydor)
2	**Witch Queen Of New Orleans**	Redbone (Epic)
3	**Maggie May**	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
4	**Tired Of Being Alone**	Al Green (London)
5	**Till**	Tom Jones (Decca)
6	**Simple Game**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
7	**The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down**	Joan Baez (Vanguard)
8	**Sultana**	Titanic (CBS)
9	**Johnny Reggae**	Piglets (Bell)
10	**I Will Return**	Springwater (Polydor)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Reach Out And I'll Be There**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
2	**Good Vibrations**	Beach Boys (Capitol)
3	**Semi-Detached Suburban Mr Jones**	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
4	**Stop Stop Stop**	Hollies (Parlophone)
5	**Gimme Some Loving**	Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
6	**High Time**	Paul Jones (HMV)
7	**Distant Drums**	Jim Reeves (RCA)
8	**I Can't Control Myself**	Troggs (Page One)
9	**Winchester Cathedral**	New Vaudeville Band (Decca)
10	**No Milk Today**	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**His Latest Flame**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	**Walkin' Back To Happiness**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
3	**Take Good Care Of My Baby**	Bobby Vee (London)
4	**Big Bad John**	Jimmy Dean (Philips)
5	**Girl In Your Arms**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	**Hit The Road Jack**	Ray Charles (HMV)
7	**Take Five**	Dave Brubeck (Fontana)
8	**The Time Has Come**	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
9	**Mexicali Rose**	Karl Denver (Decca)
10	**Sucu Sucu**	Laurie Johnson (Pye)

NME MUSICAL EXPRESS

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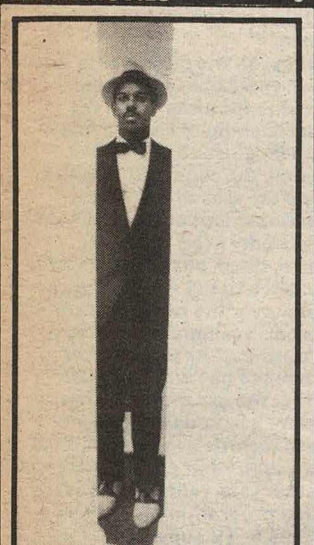

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£276 to make, £9 to buy — the first independent video

GAS EXPLODE THE ROCK VIDEO MYTH

A VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN London band this week released a video which looks certain to revolutionise the entire rock video market.

For an outlay of just £276, The Gas have put together their own video version of their debut Polydor LP 'Emotional Warfare'.

And whereas normal pre-recorded videos retail at around £30, 'Emotional Warfare' carries a price tag of just £9.00 — only a couple of pounds more than the blank 60-minute cassette it's recorded on.

Report: PHIL McNEILL

In a statement claiming that 'Emotional Warfare' is "the first ever independent do-it-yourself video-album", The Gas explain how the project was "adapted, produced, filmed, enacted and released" entirely by the band themselves.

"Hitherto," they state, "the stigma surrounding video has prevented any up-and-coming groups from researching its possibilities, believing it to be a gimmick available only to major acts as promotion for already sure-fire hits.

"In the same way as the independent record labels of the mid-'70s blew the lid off established record company policy, so with this release we intend to illustrate that video is *the* medium for the '80s. As such it should be, and is, within the grasp of the most limited resources of both artist and consumer."

There is no doubt that The Gas's move represents a major breakthrough. Using a camera hired at their local high street Granada shop, and filming entirely within 50 yards of their Waterloo office (the length of their extension lead), they have managed to come up with a video that is varied, entertaining, and technically reasonable.

Manager Bob Johnson says they had got sick of getting "a big blank" from their record company whenever they suggested doing a video: "They're not prepared to put eight or ten grand into promoting an unknown band." So the group set out to "prove that anyone can do it".

"When we tell people from other record companies how much it cost," adds Johnson, "they don't believe us. Then they say, but you must be infringing this, don't you know you're infringing that . . . But when they see it, their first reaction is that it's a lot better than they thought it would be.

"I can't see television putting it on, because we didn't use union people. But one of the costs of normal videos is the 32 people standing around the set."

Recorded just *three weeks* ago,

■ *Continues over*

Gas L-R: Les Sampson, Del Vickers, Donnie Burke

Major Tours

The Police

THE POLICE have now confirmed details of their five pre-Christmas provincial concerts, which will follow their three previously announced shows at London Wembley Arena (December 14-16). They are at Brighton Centre (December 18), Birmingham International Arena at the National Exhibition Centre (19), Deeside Leisure Centre (21), Leeds Queens Hall (22) and Stafford Bingley Hall (23).

Tickets are priced £5 and £4 at Brighton and Birmingham, and £4.50 at the other three venues. With the exception of Brighton where there are no mail orders, tickets are available by personal or postal application — and restricted to four per person at all venues. These are the individual details:

● **Brighton:** Personal only from the Centre box-office.

● **Birmingham:** By post from N.E.C. Box Office (The Police), Birmingham B40 1NT, with POs payable to "N.E.C. (Police)". Personal from Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham) and Revolver Records (Leicester).

● **Deeside:** By post from Police Box Office, Deeside Leisure Centre, Chester Road West, Queensferry, Clwyd, with POs payable to "Alyn & Deeside District Council". Personal from Penny Lane (Chester and Liverpool) and Piccadilly Records (Manchester).

● **Leeds:** By post from Police Box Office, 1-2 Munro Terrace, London SW10 0DL, with POs payable to "Straight Music Ltd". Personal from Queens Hall and Barkers (Leeds), Virgin (Sheffield and Newcastle), Gough & Davy (Hull), Sound Effects (York) and Hamiltons of Teesside (Middlesbrough).

● **Stafford:** By post, same as for Leeds. Personal from Lotus Records (Stafford), Mike Lloyd (Hanley and Newcastle-under-Lyme), R.E. Cords (Derby) and Selectadisc (Nottingham).

Personal applicants should note that all ticket outlets open at 10am this Sunday (8) — except Virgin of Newcastle, for the Leeds concert, which opens at 9.30am next Monday (9). And it's stressed by promoters Straight Music that no booking fee will be charged by any of these outlets. Postal bookings must be made by Postal Order only, enclosing SAE, and stating clearly for which concert tickets are required.

Tickets for the three Wembley shows (£5 and £4), previously only available by post, go on direct sale from next Monday at London Theatre Bookings and Premier Box Office (both Shaftesbury Avenue) and Albemarle Booking Office (Liverpool Street) — here they are restricted to two per applicant, and a booking fee is payable. They will also be on sale at The Police Shop, 194-196 Kensington Park Road, W11 (no booking fee here), but they won't be available to personal callers at the Wembley box-office.

Wembley tickets are also still available by post from Police Box Office, 12 Great Newport Street, London WC2 H7JA — POs only to "Straight Music Ltd.", enclosing SAE.

Squeeze

SQUEEZE set out at the end of this month on a major tour. Dates are:

Brighton Top Rank (November 27), Stroud Leisure Centre (28), Reading Top Rank (29), Manchester Apollo (December 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), Leicester De Montfort Hall (3), Liverpool Royal Court (5), Leeds Tiffany's (6), Glasgow Tiffany's (8), London Hammersmith Odeon (10), Nottingham Rock City (11), Sheffield Lyceum (12), Swansea Top Rank (14) and Bristol Locarno (15).

Tickets are expected to be on sale by this weekend at all box-offices and usual agents, though prices hadn't been confirmed at press-time. A support act has still to be announced.

● It's understood that the band have now acquired a permanent new keyboards man but — for contractual reasons — his name isn't being revealed for a week or two.

Tearjerkers

FORMER Specials guitarist Roddy Radiation takes his new band The Tearjerkers on the road for the first time, as part of a three-act package called 'The Good, The Bad And The Ugly' which also features The Bureau and The Mo-dettes. Admission is a maximum of £2.50 (except £3.50 in London).

With more dates to follow next week, the 19 confirmed so far are London Middlesex Polytechnic (November 26), Uxbridge Brunel University (27), Southampton University (28), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (30), CND Benefit at Wrexham Memorial Club (December 1), Manchester Polytechnic (3), Bristol University (4), Guildford Surrey University (5), Liverpool Club Zoo (7), Reading University (8), Nottingham Rock City (9), Coventry Warwick University (10), Newcastle University (11), Durham University (12), Sheffield Lyceum (13), Hull Tower Ballroom (14), Birmingham Locarno (16), Slough College (17) and London Victoria The Venue (23).

Roddy Radiation has now officially left The Specials — who are now down to a nucleus of Brad, Jerry and Horace, currently working with Rico in Germany. And they could soon be further depleted, because The Tearjerkers' drummer has quit, and there's speculation that Brad may step in for the tour.

Costello

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions have now sold out their concert at London Rainbow on December 23, so they've added another the following night, Christmas Eve, and this will be a 6.30pm start to overcome transport problems. Tickets are on sale now priced £5.50 and £5, and are also available by post from the theatre, 232 Seven Sisters Road, London N4 (enclose SAE).

Costello and the band have also slotted in an extra date at Dublin National Stadium on January 13, and tickets (Irish £6, £5 and £4) go on sale from November 16 at Golden Discs of Dublin and Harrison's of Belfast.

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GASVIDEO

■ *From previous page*

'Emotional Warfare' is already being pressed up — costing them £4.70 per blank E60 tape, plus a £1.50 copying charge. Polydor have agreed to waive their royalty fees on the music until The Gas break even, which should take about 100 sales.

THE BUSINESS' immediate response to the nine quid video LP was predictably cautious. EMI Records video projects manager Geoff Kempin could scarcely credit the figure of £276. "No way can you make a top quality video for that budget," he declared.

He was at pains to stress the importance of maintaining standards when the video industry is still getting on its feet. "We're trying to make quality products, and I don't think their way is necessarily the best way to go about it. If it's the only way for a new band to get exposure," he conceded, "then it's the only thing to do. But from what I've heard, it's very low budget — and it shows."

EMI themselves are currently launching a six-prong assault on the burgeoning rock video market, led by the 'Queen's Greatest Flix' video. Issued to coincide with the band's greatest hits LP, it has gone to No. 3 in the video chart after a week on release, and is due for plugging during an upcoming TV ad campaign on the record.

When I suggested to Kempin that he lend me a copy of 'Greatest Flix' for comparison with The Gas's effort, he was not surprisingly less than enthusiastic. You don't compare cut-glass goblets with plastic mugs, was his unspoken attitude. Even so, he did send over a copy of EMI's other hot new property — 'The Tubes Video', based on their latest LP 'The Completion Backward Principle'; a six-figure production, retail price £34.50.

At the risk of provoking the kind of anger that *NME* aroused in the corridors of EMI House when we first put The Gang Of Four on the cover (an unsigned group! — ironically they later signed for EMI . . .), I have to report that I prefer The Gas.

Obviously 'The Tubes Video' doesn't suffer from the lurid colours and shaky camera work that occasionally (though surprisingly rarely) mar 'Emotional Warfare'. But in terms of wit, enthusiasm and excitement, The Gas beat The Tubes hollow.

From the ridiculous send-up of yer typical Police video for their single 'The Finger', through their laconic acting-out of a group of stood-up lonelyhearts ('Definitely Is A Lie'), to the leering power of their one onstage number ('Burning Inside'), the Gas trio mime their way through ten songs, hammering classic '60s Brit-rock formulae with the sort of energy and assurance that I though had gone out of style after 'Eton Rifles'. What they lack in musical originality, Donnie Burke, Del Vickers and Les Sampson more than make up for with superb sound quality and brimming enthusiasm.

The Tubes, on the other hand, for all their lavish spectacle, come over jaded and directionless. Even the occasional flashing of Fee Waybill's knob can't disguise their musical sterility: only the climactic 'Weebee Dance' and the tacked-on 'White Punks On Dope' hint at the mayhem they supposedly used to wreak.

Of course, these observations have little relevance to the wider picture. Video, whatever the budget, is certain to play an increasingly major role in the rock business. As EMI's Geoff Kempin himself has written: "Our belief is that the essential qualities of repeatability and collectability inherent to records can be applied to music videos, so that people will tend to buy rather than rent in contrast to other video programming such as feature films or TV shows."

All that stood in the way was the price barrier — until now. The Gas have struck a blow that will reverberate long and loud.

"It's funny," says Bob Johnson, "but people still think we're just messing about with a camera. They don't realise this is *very serious*."

Donnie Burke in 'Emotional Warfare'

GARAGELAND VIDEO — HOW THEY DID IT

The Gas costed their D-I-Y video like this:—

Hire of colour camera for one week	£60.00
Hire of U-Matic recorder for one week	£90.00
Hire of 4000 watts lights for one week	£16.00
Two hours editing time	£90.00
Two U-Matic tapes	£20.00
Total:	**£276.00**

● 'Emotional Warfare', price £9.00 plus 40p postage (payable to 'The Gas'), is available by mail order from The Garage, 33 Finck Street, London SE1 7EN. Information regarding its conception and maufacture from the same address.

● The Gas play three London dates this month: The Marquee (12), Greyhound (20) and Hope & Anchor (21).

PRINT

The book that speaks Volume. . .

REMEMBER *Volume* — 1980's "amazingly thorough, one-of-a-kind reference work documenting the explosion of independently produced records" (to quote Richard Grabel in our previous pages)? *Volume* offered a complete guide to 'new wave' or 'punk' LPs and singles, record stores, radio stations, and clubs in both the US and UK — but its distribution here (at £4.50) was pretty patchy.

However, editors Martha Defoe and Bob George have just paid a flying visit to these shores to correct that; the updated 1981 volume should soon be much more visible on your block. It's excellent value, though inevitably out-of-date already (The Jam's entry, for instance, stops at 'Strange Town', with a weird lurch to 'Start!' alone in stop press).

The second purpose of the dynamic duo's drop-in, however, was more futuristic: to solicit contributions to their upcoming *Volume 2* (not an update, but a completely new and enlarged book).

They want *2* to be "as definitive as possible", and info must reach their mailing address of *Volume*, c/o One Ten Records, 110 Chambers St, NYC 10007 USA, by Dec 31. Bob and Martha would like to hear from bands and labels (send releases including cassettes with full personnel, catalogue and label info, plus release dates); clubs (addresses, capacities, rosters, even posters); stores and distributors (especially those offering mail-order, import or other special customer services); radio stations (format, address, recent experiments & experiences) fanzines (old copies, subscription info including prices at home *and* abroad *with* postage); management companies and agencies who book indie or "unusual" acts, plus anyone who wants to update or correct information which appeared in *Volumes* '80 and '81.

Don't hesitate; the fate you benefit can only be your one!

— CYNTHIA ROSE

Mad to miss it

THE MADNESS movie *Take It Or Leave It* has its moments, but I'd rather watch a collection of their singles videos than what amounts to jolly japes in Camden Town and endless stretches of Stiff style *cinema verite*. In fact, *The Official Nutty Film Book* (ITV Books) proves a better investment than the object which it celebrates. For £1.25 you get a flexidisc (bits of film dialogue with Mike Barson telling the boys which key to play in) and a large poster with a Tony Riot comic strip on the back. The text itself includes short interviews (by Adrian Thrills) with each member of the band, colour photos, and numerous stills from the film. The lyrics from a few Madness songs are thrown in for good measure, including 'My Girl' and 'Grey Day': that's what I call poetry.

— PAUL TICKELL

THE NAKED TRUTH. . .

"AT THAT time I had a good pair," says Hazel O'Connor halfway through her autobigraphy. Churned out with the help of a ghost-writer, and adorned with girlie poses by the authoress, the book is full of similar titbits — like a shopping list of lovers, including Strangler Hugh Cornwell, actor John Finch, rich Saudi Arabian Walid (aka Willy), one or two Banshees and Psychedelic Furs, and ... *not* Mick Jones, who got turned down in spite of swearing to HAZEL: "You're the One."

Uncovered Plus (Proteus Books, £4.95) is one of those frank, unintentionally hilarious affairs which talks about her knickers falling down at primary school and the difficulty of taking a leak during the shooting of *Breaking Glass* in exactly the same tabloid *News Of The People* way in which it details her rape on the hippy trail and her teenage nervous breakdown.

All credit to Hazel for coming clean and other brave autobiographical virtues, but you learn little about the real Hazel O'Connor who, in spite of that mediocre music, is (certainly on the brief occasions I've spoken to her) OK, capital letters.

This book won't serve that cause, though — especially the conclusion when, after sketching in her childhood in Coventry, travels around the globe taking dubious 'cabaret' jobs and rise to stardom, she decides to deliver her philosophy of life and love. All this rings false in a text there for those anecdotes alone. By the way, not all of these are spicey: there's Hazel giving Steve Strange singing lessons and Bowie a haircut, and even the young Hazel learning "animal psychology" in a field full of bullocks. Perhaps that's where she worked out her stage act too: "I'd make frightening noises, waving my arms, and they'd all run away."

— PAUL TICKELL

Dispute still on

THERE ARE still no signs of resolution to the industrial dispute which has reduced *Sounds* to the house magazine of the rock business in the absence of articles from its regular journalists.

The journalists are operating a work to rule, during which their publishers have gone over *Sounds* editor Alan Lewis's head to gather unsigned articles, some of which have come directly from publicists' offices. Last week in *NME*, one *Sounds* journalist accused Keith Altham, publicist to the Stones and others, of supplying the papers with copy, and even suggested that "people in his office" were writing features on their own acts.

Altham, however, denies this. "A string of freelance journalists wrote the pieces and they supply them direct to *Sounds*," he claims.

But *Sounds* staff tell us that Spotlight have been sending a messenger to Altham's office to collect copy.

"In one particular case an American journalist sent the stuff off to us and a *Sounds* messenger picked it up. But," Altham insists, "nothing has been instigated, written or commissioned by us. And obviously my artists are pleased to get into *Sounds*."

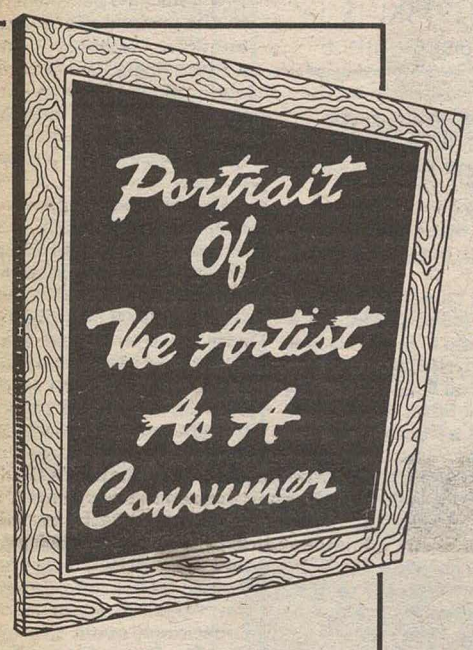
They should make the most of it. *Sounds* FoC Tony Mitchell this week declared that Altham "might have trouble" getting his acts into the paper when the dispute is over.

● In last week's story we said Nick Massey rents office space from Altham. Apparently Altham in fact gives it to him "as a friend".

TV
Crossroads
Not The Nine O'Clock News
Fawlty Towers
Monty Python
Late Call
Bugs Bunny
Nine O'Clock News (with Angela Rippon)
Horror movies
Benny Hill

FILMS
Clockwork Orange
Alien
Young Frankenstein
The Exorcist
Zombies
Rock'n'Roll High School
Jubilee
Jungle Book
Emmanuel I
Psycho

BOOKS/MAGAZINES
The Rats..... James Herbert
The Fog..... James Herbert
The Dark..... James Herbert
The Survivor..... James Herbert
Monte Cassino.....Sven Hassell
Wheels of Terror.....Sven Hassell
2000 AD
Battle Action
Fiesta
Playgirl



WATTIE
of The Exploited

RECORDS
Punk's Not Dead ..... The Exploited
Human Punk..... The Ruts
Decontrol..... Discharge
Freedom Row..... Anti Pasti
Public Image..... PiL
Real As Love..... The Vibrators
Sid Sings..... Sid Vicious
Rabid..... The Damned
Nice Girls..... The Hoax
No One..... Johnny Moped

Pic: David Corio

LIKES
Bambi my dog
Singing in the bath
Sleeping in the bathroom on tour
(only place where I get peace and quiet)
Sex on Sundays
Flat Out (a Scottish band)

HATES
Carol's cooking
Boys with hairy nipples
All Scottish bands apart from Altered Images
Two faced people
Going into pubs and not being served
Any kind of authority
Sleeping in back of the van
NME and Melody Maker

YOU are a talented musician (believe me). You're full of creativity. You've got a pile of ideas four feet high. You may well have pawned your granny to buy an instrument. You want to make your own recordings to explore more ideas. You haven't got £500 or so to buy a 4-track deck and you can't get a drumkit in the bathroom anyway. Dilemma? No way. What you need is a

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which solves both of those problems, plus a few more you hadn't yet encountered. It allows you to make synchronised two-track recordings a la professional system; it has its own built-in, drum machine with seven mixable rhythms, tempo and a beefy sound to match. In just two 'takes' you can record two guitars, two mics AND drum machine on to one stereo track. It's got a highly-sensitive 3 band radio, too, inputs and outputs for everything imaginable AND it's battery/mains. Enough? It'll set you back just £69.95, and if you send us a fiver, we'll even post it.

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4 Trio KX50 cassette deck (touch controls)*; Akai 23WPC amplifier; SP235 speakers. Complete £149

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★ Cross Channel Ferry
★ Return luxury coach trip. Stereo / Reclining Seats.
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Whitesnake
+ BILLY SQUIRES
Dusseldorf, West Germany, on 7th Dec. Price of £44 includes:
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★ Cross Channel Ferry
★ Return luxury coach trip.
Depart evening 6th Dec, returning morning 8th Dec.
Trip available with accommodation, price £59 inclusive.
£20 deposit secures a place.
Tick Box No 2.

RUSH GIRLSCHOOL
In Essen, West Germany, 21st November. Price of £54 includes:
★ Ticket for concert
★ Luxury coach trip
★ 1st Class hotel with breakfast
★ Cross Channel ferry
Depart morning 20th, return morning 22nd Nov.
£20 deposit secures a place.
Tick Box No 3.

ULTRAVOX
20th November in Brussells.
Price of £54 includes:
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★ Luxury coach trip
★ Cross Channel ferry
★ 1 night accommodation
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Tick Box No 4.

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Ain't that lovin' you?

Ye Jam — Pic: Anton Corbijn

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6 dancin' MASTER

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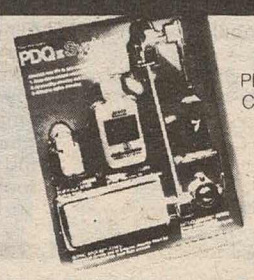

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A memo from Turner: This is your chance to win the definitive rock movie book!

Jagger's Performance: but who directed?

AT LAST! The book of the movies . . . the exciting and the exotic . . . the proud and the profane . . . the good, the bad and the utterly ridiculous. For your delight, *NME's* king of the archives, Fred Dellar, takes a quick flick through rock flicks in the long-awaited *NME Guide To Rock Cinema.*

In three decades of celluloid capers, you get to discover who were Bongo Herbert, Jeep Jones and Private Gripweed; what was both Jack Nicholson and Bruce Dern's involvement with sex, drug and rock'n'roll epics like *Psych-Out* and *The Trip;* in what film Blondie performed a Johnny Cash song; details of Meatloaf's acting career and how Olivia Newton-John was once involved in perhaps the biggest-ever disaster in the history of attempts to manufacture a supergroup.

The NME Guide To Rock Cinema (Hamlyn) tells it like it is, was and could be.

To coincide with the publication of this intriguing illustrated source book, *NME* are offering copies of the book on a first-come first-served basis to the first 25 readers who answer the following three questions:—

1). **Who was the moviemaker responsible for directing Art Garfunkel in *Bad Timing,* Mick Jagger in *Performance* and David Bowie in *The Man Who Fell To Earth?***

2). **Which of the following movies *didn't* feature Ringo Starr?**
- a) The Magic Christian
- b) 200 Motels
- c) Listztomania
- d) Blindman
- e) Candy
- f) That'll Be The Day
- g) Stardust
- h) Son Of Dracula

3). **Which one of the following composed and recorded the soundtrack for *The Secret Life Of Plants.***
- a) Tangerine Dream
- b) Marvin Gaye
- c) Stevie Wonder
- d) Pink Floyd
- e) Giorgio Moroder

Answers on a postcard please to: NME ROCK CINEMA COMPETITION, 55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP.

Closing date: 23-11-81.

This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of New Musical Express and the staff of Hamlyn Books. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future edition of *NME.*

"O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
How can we know the dancer from THE DANCE?"

A YET MORE RADICAL DANCE

BARNEY HOSKINS on The Dance stance

THE DANCE place themselves in a difficult position. They play a "dance" music which of necessity questions itself, questions what it *means* to dance. Half downtown "artists", half uptown "cats", they are regarded from all sides with suspicion. But both their records and their ideas raise vital issues for the problems of using conflicting forms crossing racial boundaries.

"This group is more about the old people who got fried," says 28-year-old Eugenie Diserio, ex-Columbia Fine Arts grad and leader, with guitarist husband Steve Alexander (also ex-Columbia), of this New York funk-rock group. "The Dance is like adult life."

Because The Dance aren't kids anymore, they give a great deal of thought to their position. Their background is a problem: very arty, very upper-middle-class, very streamlined, but also media-saturated. It was the breakthrough of McLaren, video, & Co., that swerved Steve and Eugenie off course. Stage two, of course, being Devo, B-52's . . . and The Model Citizens, a four-piece cult-in-the-making who backed off from a WEA deal just in time.

Model Citizens were Eugenie and Steve and multi-media artists Gloria Richards and Tomek Lamprecht in 1979, they recorded one John Cale-produced EP on Spy records, and disbanded. It was the beginning of the end of Art Rock.

Gloria and Tomek formed The 2-Yous, Steve and Eugenie The Dance. The former released one 12-inch in the fall of 1980, 'Ex-Press'/'You Stepped On My Shadow'; the latter found funk.

Not that The Dance regard themselves as "a funk group" — Darnell lookalike bassist Louis Watterson may buy all the commercial stuff, but, says Eugenie, *"we're* still minimal and psychological".

"It would be too easy to get lost in the funk movement," she continues. "We don't pretend we can compete with the commercial funk, but we wouldn't want to do that anyhow. Disco brought out a healthy exhibitionism in people, but it was also rather mindless. My interest is spiritual; dance exercises the body, paradox exercises the mind."

The Dance is Romance — as on their delicious, entrancing 'In Lust' — but it's also a stance, as in *"No free clinics, No free drugs/No free peace, No free love/No free music, No free press . . ."* etc.

"People get down on you if you think as a pop voice you can be socially constructive, but we're idealists . . . I feel like a white Rasta. Dance music is our hook; we have to get people's bodies interested, and then we can throw in some lyrics to put off the general public."

One of the strangest paradoxes The Dance encounter is that while New York is renowned as dance capital of the world, nobody in the city seems to enjoy dancing very much — no-one, that is, except the vast minorities, the blacks, the gays, the spicks. Downtown art kids *can't* dance, but the problem isn't so much that as what Steve calls the city's "separateness". Manhattan is no longer Spector's pop citadel, the New York of doo-wop, girl groups, and the Brill Building. Today it's a place where different cultures don't clash so much as consciously avoid one another. And The Dance is to be located right at the point of crossing, for their peculiarly dry, almost hollow funk sound reflects the problems that lie in reconciling their "over-educated, over-indulged" upbringing to their deep love for the roots of urban music, especially black funk.

The Dance's sound, especially on their recent 'In Lust' LP, often becomes a king of meta-funk, a quest for perfect funk forms. The Dance cannot plunge into dance with any native innocence, and perhaps for that very reason are

The Dance L-R: Tomas Doncker, Eugenie Diserio, Steve Alexander, Louis Watterson, Robey Newsom

making some very interesting music.

'In Lust' is controlled, almost uncomfortably poised. As a "funk" bass, Louis Watterson's playing sticks out like an elbow — a kind of overstatement of the instrument's role. Meanwhile, drums and guitar fill space, kill time tentatively, mechanically. On top, Eugenie's voice, reminiscent of Kate or Cindy in The B-52's, pushes phrases in precise, closed measures. There's nothing of James Chance's violence, though guitarist Tomas Doncker is an ex-Contortionist. In essence, it's a cold, chillingly commercialist music, but no less compelling than "funk" which slips more comfortably into groove.

Steve and Eugenie say their primitive level is necessarily one of over-saturation, that their motivation lies in accepting all media and its ramifications. Their musical philosophy is medicinal — hiding the pill in the candy. Nevertheless, their ambition is to primitivise pop.

"We want people to question their values," says Eugenie, "but the way to do it is to imbue them in the texture of media. You can't get people to want what they don't have through TASTE. For us, though, the problem is that the harder you try to speak on the mass level, the further away you get. Fashion and its media are the surface of ideology, and working below that surface is a long struggle. We may have to get arrested for being lewd, like Clinton and Slu faking a coke arrest."

The Dance have taken account of their social and cultural position, and are attempting something far more radical than the nouveau-primitive-funk groups which have been springing up on both sides of the Atlantic. They know their fate is not in their own creative hands.

"We can shit on pop, but that's what we know. We're scholars of pop music. You have to get into the hierarchy. We want to get a new pioneer mentality going again. What can motivate this extreme energy in us without drugs? So many artists are bewildered by the system, but we want to be cultural clowns — with a certain respect for the medium and a certain respect for the audience.

"After all, nowadays people *sleep* to The Sex Pistols. . ."

Home taping: now they put scare on the public

HAVING FAILED to get Government support for a levy on blank cassettes, the record industry is now trying to hex the paying customer.

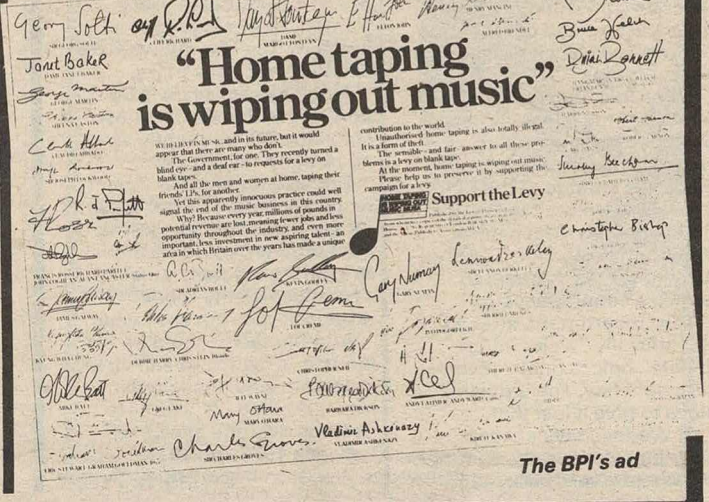
On Tuesday last week half-page ads appeared in those popular dailies *The Times* and *Guardian*, warning: "Home Taping Is Wiping Out Music". All about were the signatures of attractive household names, such as Lady Beecham and Elton John.

Then at an industry press conference the following day, came the announcement that every single and album henceforth issued by member-companies of the British Phonographic Industry (that's all the majors and most of the minors) will carry the health warning: "Home Taping Is Killing Music And It's Illegal". Accompanying this message will be a motif of a cassette and crossbones.

Both 'shock' moves were, it was explained on Wednesday, mere openers in a campaign aimed at squeezing a concession from a so-far non-compliant and even hostile Government.

The industry claims over £200 million is lost per annum through filching from the radio and borrowed albums, etc. It has argued excruciatingly long and hard to win over the Department of Trade to the idea of an Austrian-style levy on blanks, and for most of this year has been declaring victory was just over the next hill.

■ *Continues over*



The BPI's ad

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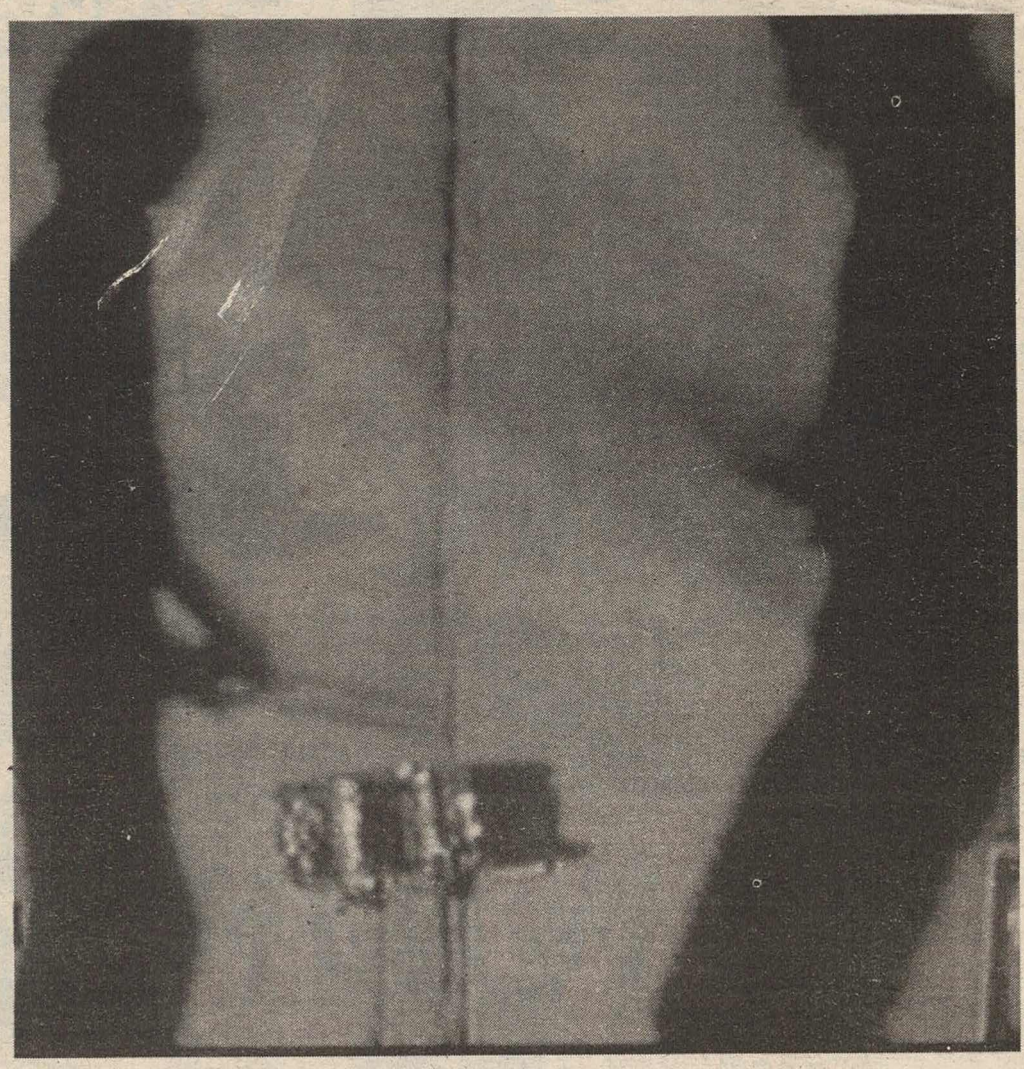


Home taping

■ *From previous page*

But in July the Government's much-delayed Green Paper consultative document was presented to Parliament — and it proved to be a severe sock in the chops.

Such a levy, claimed its authors, would amount to an "unacceptable burden" on the general public; it would be inflationary; difficult and costly to administer; too much of the levy money would go abroad (65 per cent of UK records are from foreign-owned companies); and as the BPI's figure of £200m per annum lost, this was a spurious 'retail' estimate. Its own tally was £50m for the year 1977 — and to get this back there would have to be either a £1.40 surcharge on a C90, a £17 penalty on tape machines or a combination of the two.

In short, quoth the Government document, "It may be that such activities (home taping) should be regarded as beyond the reasonable bounds of copyright law and the copyright owners should be content with exercising their rights within the commercial sphere . . . It may be that the industry will have to reconcile itself to a situation where its revenue comes mainly from broadcasting and other public performaces (such as discos) of its recordings."

Since this unexpectedly curt treatment the business has been pulling together its various and frequently disparate strands — the BPI, Musicians Union, Mechanical Rights Society, Mechanical Copyright Protection Society — waiting for the moment to launch a counter-assault.

The Government, after all, is still officially "welcoming a debate" before finally revising copyright law. The industry plans to give it just that.

At Wednesdays's press showing, statistically clam-tight arguments were paraded

against every Government point — on how much would go abroad (a mere 2 per cent), on the *real* amount lost to industry, on the ease of administration — and over-all was the repeated charge that the Government is "abdicating its responsibility" to owners of what's called 'intellectual property'.

The campaign that follows will work on civil servants and MPs. For the public's education there will be more parading of well-heeled stars and accompanying warnings that such people could well dim to mortal proportions unless something is done quickly.

Among those lending a hand, in addition to Elton are Cliff, Sheena, Status Quo, Gary Numan, Dexys Midnight Runners, The Boomtown Rats and Vladimir Ashkenazy.

A notable omission is David Bowie (nee Jones), in whose name the BPI frequently sues pirates and bootleggers.

Our science correspondent writes: A couple or two reasons for the industry's staggering theft problem could be the staggering volume of insipid, overpriced, badly-made product it puts out each year.

Another factor could be the industry's own hard-sell on tape recorders which resulted in a near-doubling of "access to persons over the age of 15" between 1973 and 1979.

— ANDREW TYLER

Working on Maggie's Farm

By CYNTHIA ROSE

STEVE BELL — very tall, very bearded, and very funny — is one of those cult figures who generally remain invisible at one end of a pen. A dip pen, to be exact ("I weaned myself off the rapidograph") with which he spins out the popular political pantomime of the cartoon strip *Maggie's Farm:* a running comment on Thatcher and her cronies versus The Rest of Us and Britain.

Maggie's Farm was devised for London weekly *Time Out* around the time Thatcher came to power. Roughly a year ago it became a weekly feature, but when publisher Tony Elliott sacked his entire staff last spring Bell withdrew his strip and took it to the broadsheet that staff ran during the dispute *(Not . . .)*. Now that the ex-*Time Out* team have successfully launched their own weekly, *City Limits, Maggie's Farm* is back for good, and just in time for the November 16 publication of Bell's first book of collected strips (*Maggie's Farm*, Penguin, £2.50).

Steve Bell is an ex-art student and secondary school teacher who also, appropriately enough, spent a year in a design studio of ICI's Agricultural Division ("I was mostly drawing fertilisers but I did some great sketches of grass too"). Cartoons were always his hobby: "There's no way you can *learn* it through being taught. I was living in Birmingham with my wife who's a social worker and teaching school, which was a pain in the ass; I didn't think I was a good enough teacher plus I hated the other staff.

Steve Bell. Pic: David Corio

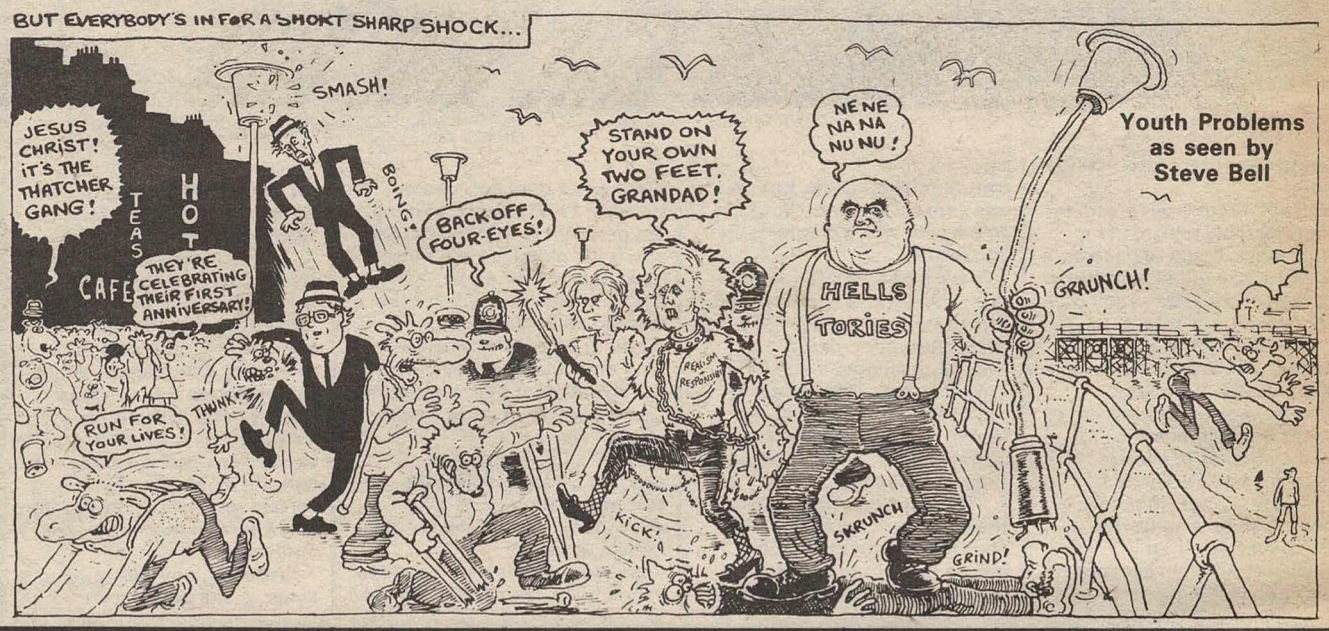
"Then I saw a friend from my art college in Leeds, Kipper Williams, making his living as a cartoonist. So I started to do things for alternative teaching mags and for this now-defunct broadsheet, *Birmingham Broadside*. That was my first regular strip, *Maxwell the Mutant*. Finally, I just decided to take the plunge and see if I could make a living at it."

NME in '77 was the first big circulation paper to include Bell's cartoons, but he was after a strip rather than one-offs.

Bell was still doing his rounds in '79 when someone at *Time Out* told him they were looking for a strip. "I did a pencil rough of a farm. Like George Orwell — well, not really; I did Orwell for O-levels and now I'd say it was revisionist crap, but for me it was a flexible concept. And they took me on for a trial period of six bi-weekly strips."

Bell says he was "very conscious at first that the farm allegory had been done before" and that he was careful to make sure that the police were represented as dogs rather than pigs, etc. "Duncan Campbell (then news editor of *Time Out*, now *City Limits*) I must mention because I always show him the roughs and every week we chat about what's going on and what it might be practical to include. Because I live in Brighton now, but still not in London, he's the

■ *Continues page 12*



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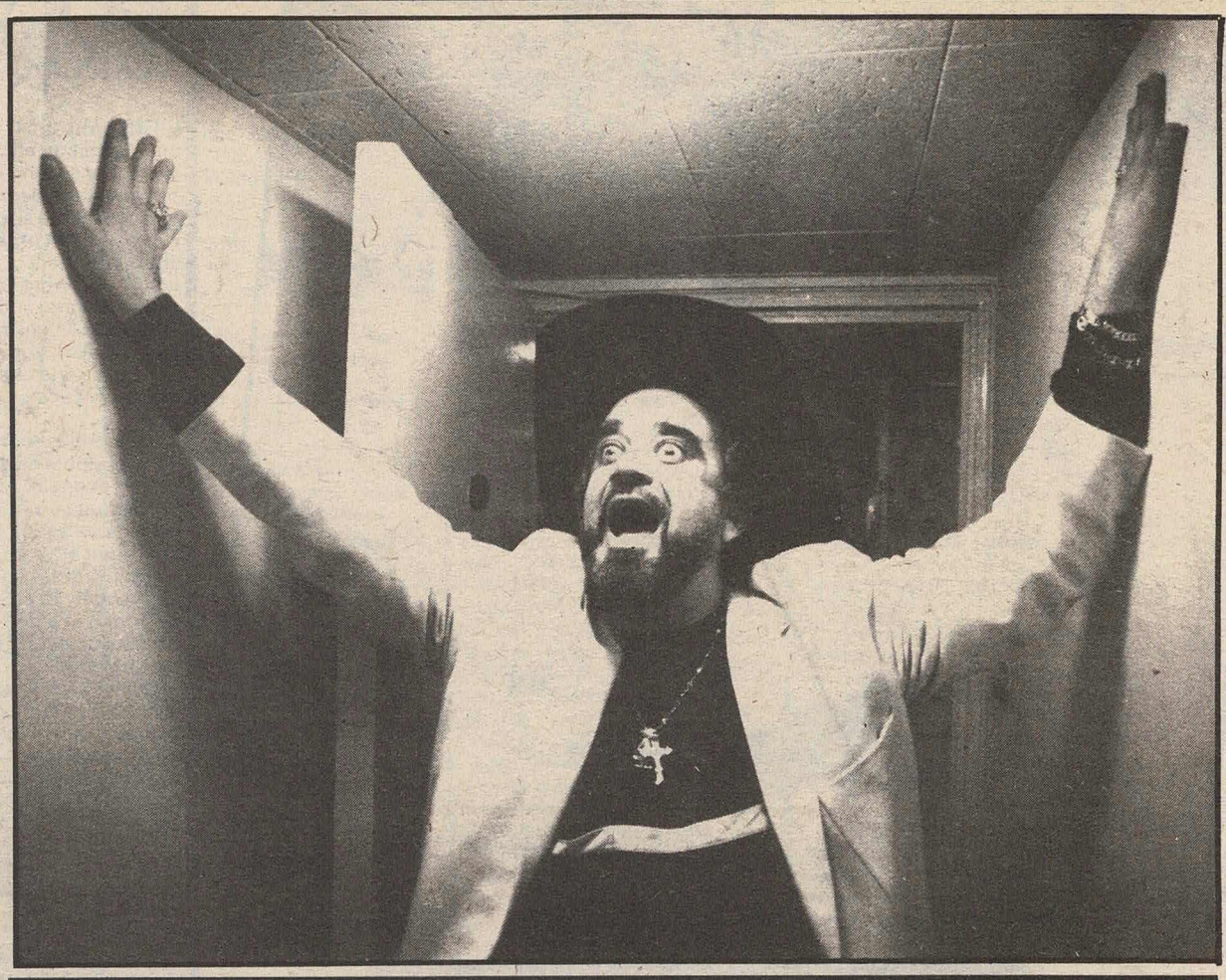
Wolfman Jack, the hip-speakin', jive-talkin', bull-shootin' DJ of *American Graffiti* is comin' at you from Radio Caroline

PAUL TICKELL tunes into the long-hair waves Pix: David Corio



THE BIG, BAD WOLFMAN AT YOUR DOOR

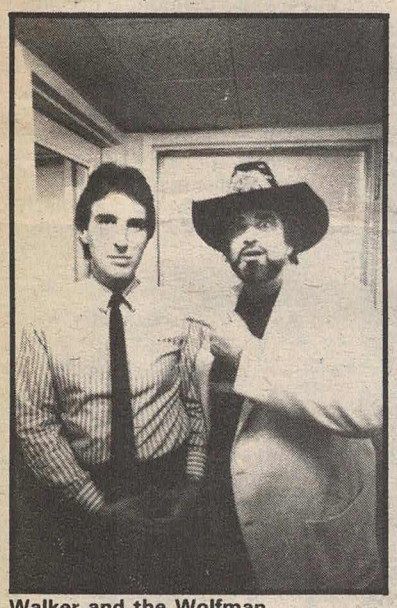
AS A STYLIST Wolfman Jack is pure American Vulgar: light coloured jacket, stetson and plenty of jewellery — and spare flesh.

But there's something invigorating about his brash flashiness, right down to the way he slips his age into the conversation: 42.

I bet the man who appeared as the legendary DJ in the film *American Graffiti* is nearer 50.

Wolfman's voice — deep and gruff, manic but teasing — makes him the best known DJ on US radio. He's also become famous for *Midnight Special*, a long - running American TV rock show which he quit recently: he'd had enough, what with Helen Reddy being made co-presenter with him.

Wolfman was probably at his best in the early to mid-'60s, broadcasting from a Mexican pirate station whose signal could be picked up coast to coast, LA to NY. From midnight to dawn he pushed urban and



Walker and the Wolfman

country blues, ryhthm and blues, and the newer black sounds of funk and soul. He also pushed his hispster patter and jive talk.

Listeners used to think that Wolfman (real name Bob Smith, one time garage attendant and encyclopaedia salesman) wasn't white. Although he did copy the techniques of '50s black DJs like Dr Jive, he took just as much from white exponents of the art like Alan Freed and The Hound and others, many of whom, because of the speech patterns they cultivated and the uncompromising sound they championed, were at first thought to be black.

Wolfman put the final seal on his royal White Negro pedigree by imitating Lord Buckley, a white street poet and cabaret performer famous for his hipster and beat neologisms and black raps like The Nazz.

Wolfman in turn has had his imitators (like Emperor Rosko and a thousand others); this means his style has been spread a little thin, and isn't quite so unique any more. Neither is Wolfman quite so hip. Certainly, he still loves the music which brought him to prominence and plays it on his *Graffiti Gold* show, but otherwise he seems most interested in MOR material by Elton John and Paul McCartney or in penultimate rock kings like Springsteen and Bob Seeger. Not surprisingly Wolfman is amazed by my negative response to his question about whether I still like The Stones.

"But they just made 40 million dollars."

NO ONE IS going to moralise about Wolfman's liking for money (his wife, by the way, handles a lot of his business affairs), it's just that his little financial empire and Hollywood based company Audio Stimulation seems to keep him in a cocoon rather than in touch.

"I have about 30 people working with me, people who duplicate the tapes for my radio shows and ship 'em, out. I have research people who listen to albums and tell me what's happening everywhere, like in London or Nashville.

"I've got 200 markets in the US on radio, 50 in Canada plus a French show in Europe. I want to stay on syndication so there are rules and regulations I have to comply with, and a lot of the control over the music is taken out of my hands.

"They haven't been able to control my mouth, though."

This sounds like yesterday's tastemaker apologising for today's potboy of the airwaves. Again, no one's going to moralise because Wolfman plays the Top 20 rather regularly; however, you would think that, given that patter and rhythmic chatter of his, he might at least have felt a kinship with and got interested in rap records or even toasting. No chance.

"I'm not into things that haven't emerged. I don't look at things till the public starts to dig 'em."

As for new wave and punk. . .

There'd be no need to tell you about Wolfman's platitudinous mis-reading of these developments: Talking Heads — "They're interesting but I wouldn't take the album home."

The Sex Pistols — "I went through all that kind of stuff in the '60s with Todd Rundgren, but at least he could play, the man's a genius, a Beethoven."

There'd be *no need* to warn you if it weren't for the fact that Wolfman is about to invade the medium wave of your transistor.

HE'S BEEN over in London not only to do commercials for *An American Werewolf In London* — a film in which he doesn't actually have a part — but also to publicise the fact that Radio Caroline is back on the air in late November. Wolfman will be doing a daily early evening show and a weekly *Graffiti Gold* slot, and sometimes he'll even broadcast from the ship itself as well as just sending his tapes over from America.

To be fair to Wolfman, he does think that Caroline will provide him with an opportunity for getting out of the Top 20 rut and down to some exciting programming. However, as I've already made clear, the man who once wore pink hair to a New York Dolls' Hallowe'en party, is no longer too tuned in — especially to the musical here and now in GB.

He got round this one by continually asking myself and photographer David Corio what *we* liked. Even more insecurely, he'd occasionally break into prolonged laughing BowWowsWowWow-WowWows . . .

Caroline (still owned by Ronan O'Rhailly, who first got it on the air in '64) will carry a signal capable of covering all of GB and penetrating Europe as far as Czechoslovakia. As regards British broadcasting the 'pirate' station will get round the Marine Offences Act by advertising mainly non-British American based products (available over here, of course) and by employing DJs who aren't British subjects. Most of these, unlike Wolfman, won't be well known.

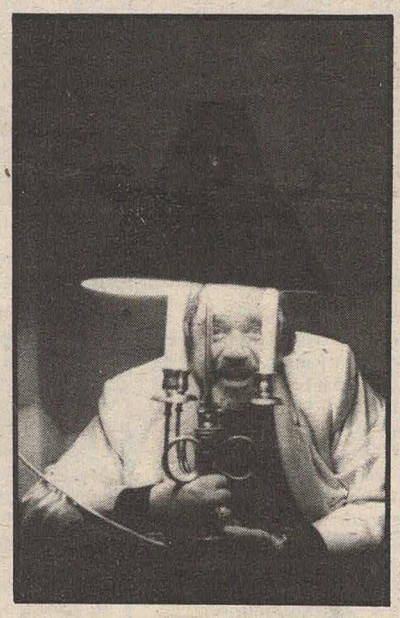
There will be some Britons in on the act, though, including former Radio One DJ Johnny Walker, who left the BBC in the mid-70s for a life of adventure on the US airwaves, only to discover that programming over there could be as stultifying ss it is over here.

Walker thinks that Radio One has improved greatly during his absence, but that Caroline by comparison can be a much less bureaucratic, more tightly knit, go-ahead, up-to-the-minute enterprise. Although he'll be on the air himself, his main job as Programme Director is to choose the DJs and the times they'll broadcast.

DON'T LET'S be too hard on Walker; he's only been back from the US a matter of weeks. Even so, in his own way, he's he's as out of sync about the British scene as Wolfman. For instance, he talks enthusiastically about the indie ethic, as if Rough Trade only opened yesterday and Factory were just about to sign Joy Division.

More uncomfortably, Walker sees Caroline as functioning on, and providing, some kind of spiritual solidarity.

"I'm not a nostalgia freak, but I detect a feeling around very like the atmosphere and excitement of the



'60s but in a very '80s way. The first time around in '64 Caroline fulfilled the need when there was no Radio One, and now we'll prove that the existing radio set-up isn't fulfilling people's needs.

"We'll be introducing that dreadful four-letter word: love. Loving Awareness is a philosophy we'll be projecting in a modern non-preachy way. There's a great spiritual awakening going on in the world that doesn't involve any of the established religions."

Walker — calm of face and voice, but incredibly fidgety of foot and finger — tries to meditate daily: it's good for the body as well as the mind, he reckons. Will Caroline be introducing the unemployed of Toxteth and Brixton to this sort of bull?

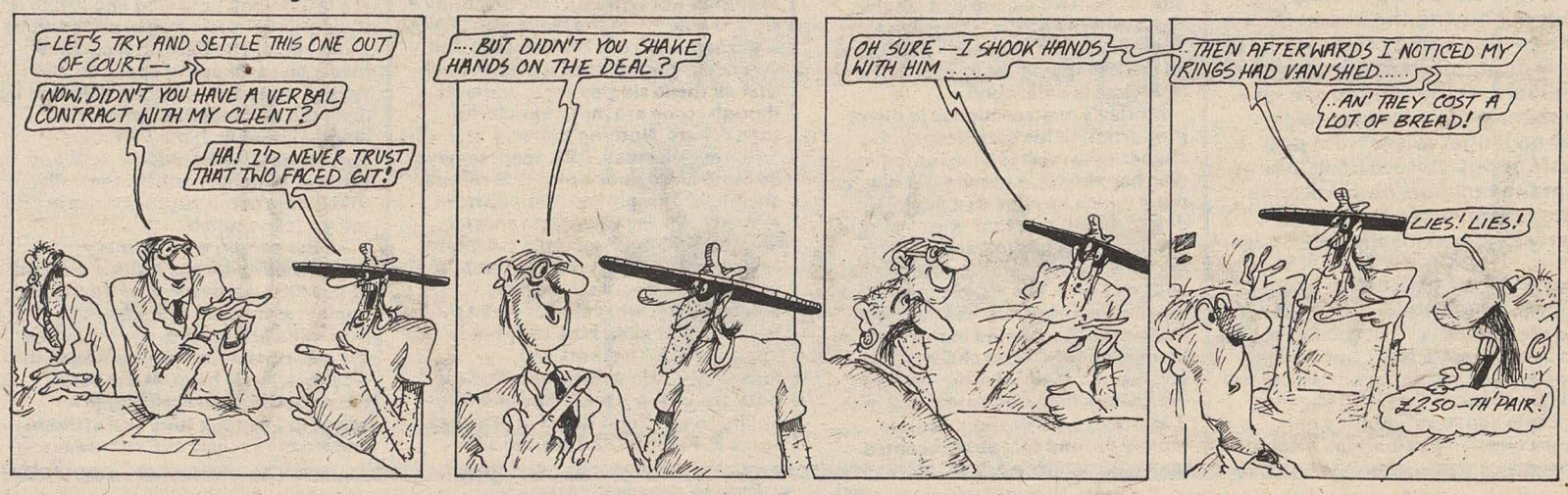
"So what should we do, go out there and tell people to riot and be negative and help to start World War Three? I know what you mean about the guy in Brixton who's pissed off, but maybe in two years time he'll look back when his situation has improved and say, Thank God for Caroline, it made me feel good. Wolfman is totally dedicated to making people feel good."

THIS LITTLE homily is delivered in Wolfman's suite in the Churchill hotel, off London's Oxford Street, while the man himself flakes out in an adjoining room in preparation for yet another interview in a long day of them. It's time for myself and photographer to leave. As we walk, depressed, down the corridor Wolfman eases past Walker to the door and yells in his best maniacal croak, "Loving Awareness."

I hope he's being thoroughly ironical. And I hope Caroline's programming is going to be better than it sounds from the little game of loggerheads I've just played with Wolfman and Walker. I hope . . . Wolfman starts broadcasting with a Human League song, 'WXJL Tonight' from 'Travelogue.'

"The DJ's role was only there
To fill in space between the songs
That talk of love and other things
As if they didn't matter."

The Lone Groover — Benyon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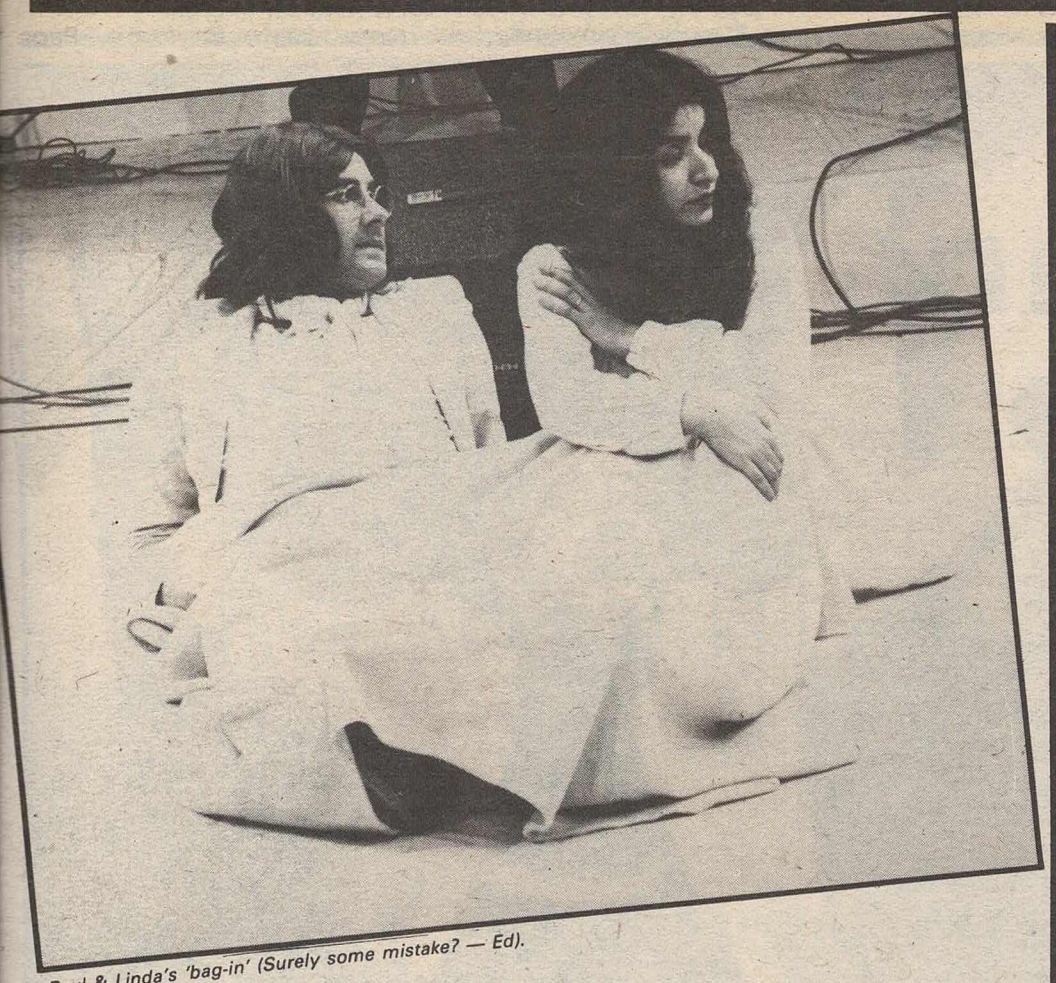


Paul & Linda's 'bag-in' (Surely some mistake? — Ed).

PLAYS PLAYS ME

Beatles Band immortalised by theatre

THREE WEEKS before John Lennon was shot last December, Ken Campbell and Bob Eaton — directors at the Liverpool Everyman Theatre — were hunched over cups of coffee in a local greasy spoon trying to dream up ideas for their 1981 season. "We wanted," says Eaton, "something that would have local appeal but be a big name that would attract publicity. Then 'Woman' came on the radio..."

So over the summer, Eaton turned 15 or so specially invited anecdotes from people who knew Lennon — unfortunately the same crowd who're always asked, so very little of the information is new — into *Lennon*, a 2½-hour multi-media script covering the ex-Beatle's entire life. It's punctuated with his songs — played by the actors on original '60s equipment — against an ever-changing back-drop of contemporary slides. The songs are all re-jigged chronologically to fit the events in Lennon's life that probably inspired them.

At last Wedsday's opening night, Bob Wooler and Allan Williams were both chuckling in the bar over the way they'd been caricatured (all the contributors are dramatised in their own anecdotes) and the most applause went to actor Graham Fellows (Jilted John, remember?). He turned in both a cocky wide-eyed Macca — the guy in the next seat to me, who went to school with McCartney, hurt his stomach laughing — and a hesitantly spoken Tony Tyler, always being picked on by Lennon in Hamburg.

Yoko apparently likes the script — especially the way it shows Lennon as a multi-faceted character from the start instead of the media creation who passed two-dimensionally from one contradictory whim to another. But plays about Lennon — this is the fourth this year — always appear ultimately to be about vicariously re-living the pleasures of the Beatle years — an odd way of remembering someone who always insisted that The Beatles belonged in the past. It seems obvious that a better tribute to Lennon would have been to have gone on last weeks CND march.

Lennon runs on and off at Liverpool's Everyman until January 9, and a London transfer is likely.

— COLIN SHEARMAN

Steve Bell

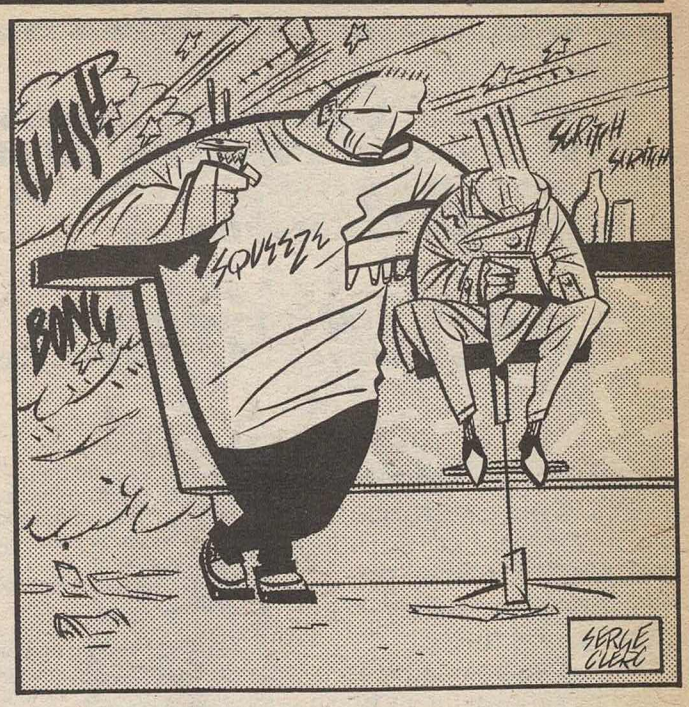
■ From page 8

one person I most closely collaborate with. Though I always welcome any suggestions."

Brian Homer of Birmingham's Sidelines studio designed Bell's Penguin, but its full-colour covers are a legacy from a period when The Clash tried to publish *Maggie's Farm* themselves. "They got in touch and they really liked it and wanted to do a book. I went to see 'em and did a bit of work on the insert sleeve for 'Sandinista!' and the present book's cover, but they didn't know much about publishing — then Penguin made me the offer I couldn't refuse."

For those without access to London's weeklies, Penguin's *Maggie's Farm* collection should come as an absolute delight; for the already-converted suffice it to say that Bell has included lots of new linking sketches and that the originals stand up to plenty of re-perusal in their own right. And, oh, before I forget: Steve Bell is left-handed, 30 years old, and likes the Furry Freak Brothers comics, Basil Wolverton "who used to draw for *MAD* magazine", and the *Beano* "from '56-'63".

ERROL



RIGHT, who am I? My first is in sophistication and never in sleep, my second in sophistry but never too deep, my third is in trousers the size of a tent and my last in last orders in the clubs I frequent ... and I ain't lying! I am what I am! Master craftsman and stylite of the subgenus Nocturnal Scenemaker, your guide to the solipsistic and subliminal and ... *no more!* Let's go out and have fun!

If it's Friday night it must be Le Beat Route and I must be brainless again. After an indifferent summer, the Greek Street soul sauna is as good as ever right now, so much so that my hairdresser and host **Ollie** is standing by to act as arbiter and doorman of a mid-evening buffet club at LBR on Sunday night as well!

But let's get back to the madness of Friday. And was it mayhem down there! It's those Carlsberg 68s, you know. After all those cosy cocktails, a barrage of beerbottles can prove lethal. Don't ask me who was there though! I don't remember a thing apart from the fact that the record of the moment is undeniably and gloriously 'Shoot The Pump' by **J Walter Negro And The Loose Jointz,** the hardest hunk of frenetic streetfunk since the heyday of the **Fatbacks.** It will be the hymn of hoodlums everywhere by the end of the year. Mark my words ... and I know that you do.

My, the London club scene has been looking livelier of late. Still no sign of The Fridge in Brixton, but something for the likes of you and I most nights of the week: the salsa soiree at Nightflight in Covent Garden on Mondays, cocktails in the Club For Heroes on Tuesdays, the dingier Cargo or X-Clusiv alternative on Wednesdays and Gaz's or Heroes again on Thursday.

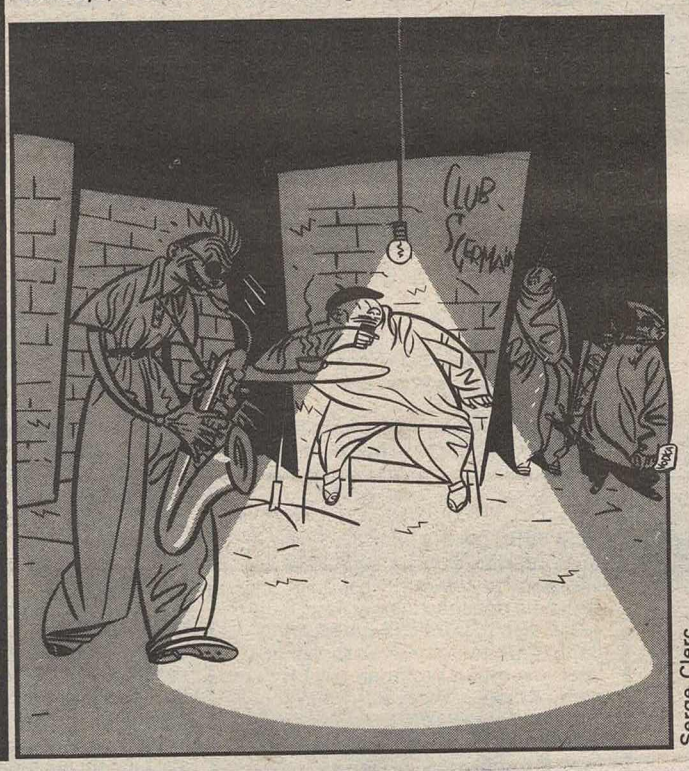
Heroes *again?* The place attracts a tamer troupe of trend-trippers than Beat Route, but I'll still drink and dance there. Last Thursday I sipped and supped with **Paul Weller,** who professed his fondness of the current **ABC** and **Haircut** singles, and **Vaughn Toulouse** whose capacity for conceit surpases even my own — he reckons he might quit his downward spiralling band **Dept S** due to ... *what???* Lack of competition! Lack of a band worthy enough to rank alongside his own? Ha!! I split my sides and split my drink. Where did it go? All over poor **Stevo,** the some time bizzario, who wants me to help him deejay at his next show. What, *me* at the Retford Porterhouse on Christmas Eve? I said that I'd let him know and made my way to the bar thinking that all London lacks right now is a hip, hot, late and loving Saturday nightspot. It could get just that, though, with the imminent opening of the Breakfast Club, again in Greek Street.

Of course, London isn't the only place for clubs and I'm no elitist. On Saturday I hit hallowe'en parties at the Third Side and the Exeter Bowl in Bournemouth before dashing back to town for **Ariva** at Ronnies on Sunday.

Phew, was the soft-top Merc battered! But at least I was home. **Tony, Martin** and **Steve** of **Spandau Ballet** dropped in to tell me that heir new album is now complete, awaiting just a few final mixes, and ripe for new year release. Among the titles are 'Instinction', 'She Loves Like Diamond', 'Coffee Club' and the epic 'Pharoah'. The boys have been busy lately: **Gary Kemp** plays on the upcoming **Pamela Stephenson** LP and ... and wait till you see the video for the new 'Paint Me Down' single. Is it *risque* or what? Well, not quite, but watched out for the quick flash of the Spands' *NME* cover story of a few months back when the meisterwerk is shown on *Top Of The Pops.*

Anyway, where was I? Oh yeah, Ronnie Scott's. And was I drunk! I tripped or my tassled shoelaces and passed out. And where am I waking up? This looks like New York ... how did I get here? Oh well, who cares. Let's go out!

The best nitespot in New York these days is a bowling alley. On Tuesday and Wednesday nights after midnight a Village bowling alley opens up as The Bowling Club. Fantastic — two bars, background music, and unlimited bowling — we habitues of nightclubs are finally going to get some exercise.



Serge Clerc

STEVE TAYLOR answers Paul Morley's criticisms of the pop press

WHINGEING IS NOT ENOUGH

I SUPPOSE this was the purpose of the exercise: the punters have stopped barracking the *NME* with letters of complaint about the incomprehensible ramblings of the Morley / Penman school of writing — now they're simply stopping buying the paper. So it's time to drag some other confrontational tactics out of the cupboard, something to stir up a semblance of the controversy that no longer arises from pop music or pop culture itself, nor from the opinions and attitudes of its commentators. Oh, how dearly Paul and his disciples miss it!

I'm prepared to take the point of Paul Morley's clumsily expressed polemic against current writing about pop in last week's *NME,* but I resent being singled out as "symbolic" of the malaise. Though the "list" of guilty writers is "endless", Morley only names two — *The Guardian's* Robin Denselow, who gets away with just a namecheck, and myself. I get the benefit of a symbolic shakedown, the full brunt of Morley's own wingeing disillusionment. And what have I done? Apparently, I've failed to produce the necessary uncritical enthusiasm for a couple of singles, most notably ABC's 'Tears Are Not Enough'. Failed to toe the party line: so the swingeing rhetoric of cultural Stalinism is unleashed.

Morley's overreaction is in direct proportion to his own despair. He desperately wishes that something was happening, a movement like the punk which he cites as a nostalgic datum-point, one that would accord him the appropriate personal importance as its prime commentator and advocate. The simple fact is that a renaissance of canny home-grown pop cannot be treated in this way; there is no concerted challenge to established musical order involved, as the groups themselves will tell you.

Morley's own writing scurries rabidly around this absent centre, leaving its spoor of endless strings of adjectives and verbs, evidence of nothing more than an unconsidered and inconsequential verbal energy. Speaking from a private rather than an editorial capacity (my role on the *Face* is primarily to help put it together, not write it), I think Morley's singles column in the November *Face* is garbage. Sift out the verbiage and you're simply left with the assertion that all these singles are wonderful, though some are more wonderful than others. Nothing more.

In a curious way, ABC seem to have become emblematic of this feverous search for the quintessentially new. Nobody can say what is so special about them; Ian Penman's recent live review in the *NME* was pure crap, told you nothing about what they sounded like, what sort of event they generated or even how they made Penman feel. That sort of impressionistic writing can work, if both the writer's reactions and their ability to put them down in print are up to it. Penman and Morley are usually too overcome with booze or self-regard to communicate through their subjective impressions, so we're reliably informed about how many cocktails were consumed, how much self-pity was evoked.

The truth is that very few "writers" are interesting or skilled enough to let their reactions run free in print and be good value. The *Face,* in fact, does give a good whack of space to that type of material — regular columns by Julie Burchill and Ray Lowry, the singles column, James Truman's regular missive from New York and other occasional contributions. Even that, some of our readers write in and tell us, is too much.

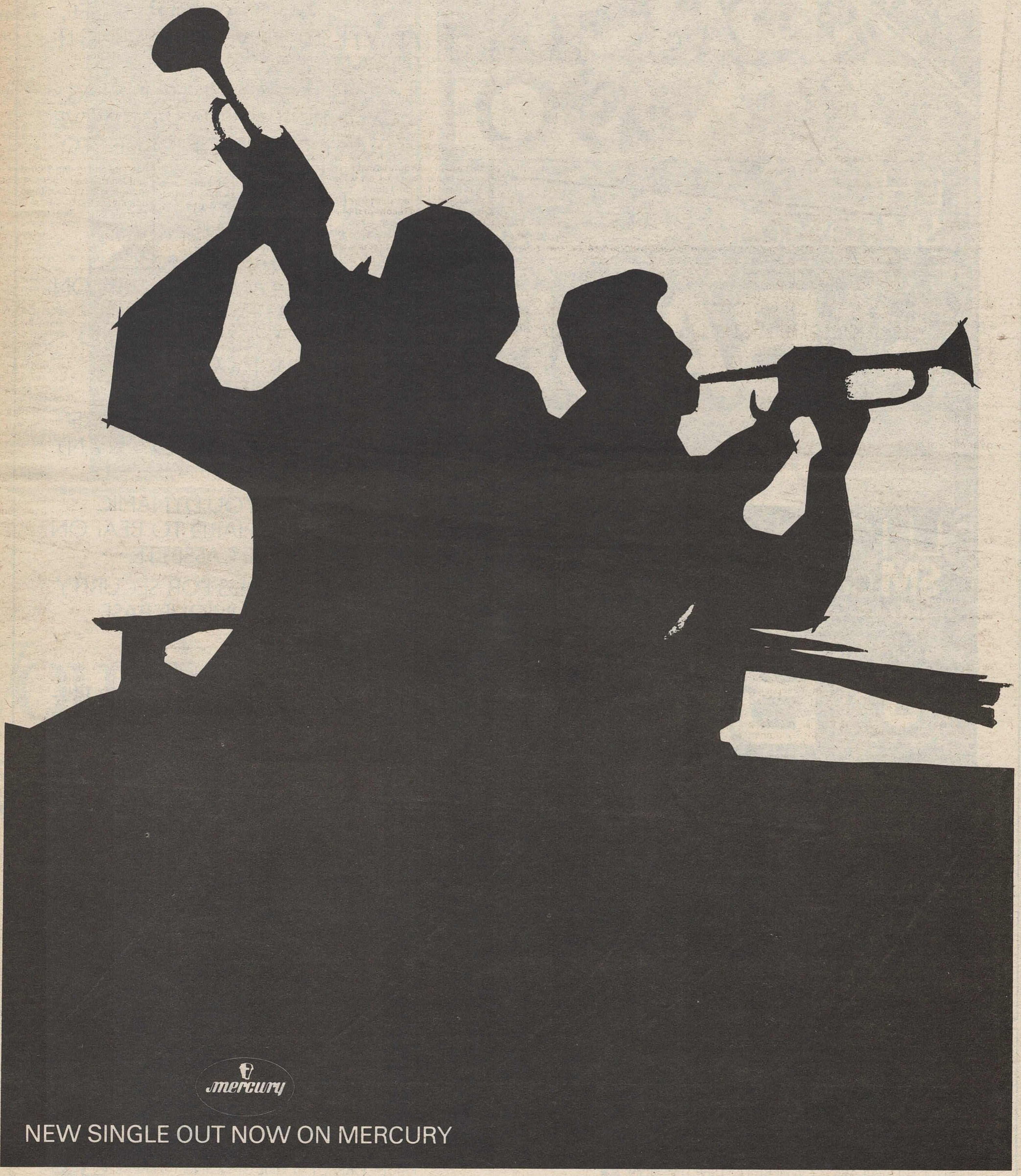
As the person with primary responsibility for the writing content of the *Face,* I measure contributions against standards of skilled, concise magazine journalism, never against the self-conscious indulgences of the weeklies. And I have, at the same time, total faith in Nick Logan as editor to keep the tone and attitude towards the music and culture we deal with in sharp perspective. His track record for doing that and making it work in publishing is undeniable.

I also spend a lot of my own time patiently and sympathetically working with aspiring writers on their contributions. Like Paul Morley I'm constantly searching for new spirit. Yet, for all the clamouring, enthusiastic callers who *say* they want to write, few get much further. They don't appear at appointments, they don't deliver promised articles, they produce terrible garbage. It's as if the work that actually lies between wanting and doing is beyond them.

Despite Morley's jibes, we appear to be doing rather well. The sales of the *Face* are steadily increasing. I'm confident that the standard of the writing in the magazine will improve, but most certainly not in the direction of Paul Morley's inflexible and uncommunicative style. I don't blame him for getting upset, though. It must be unsettling to know that you've missed the point *so* forcefully.

COLOURS FLY AWAY

The Teardrop Explodes



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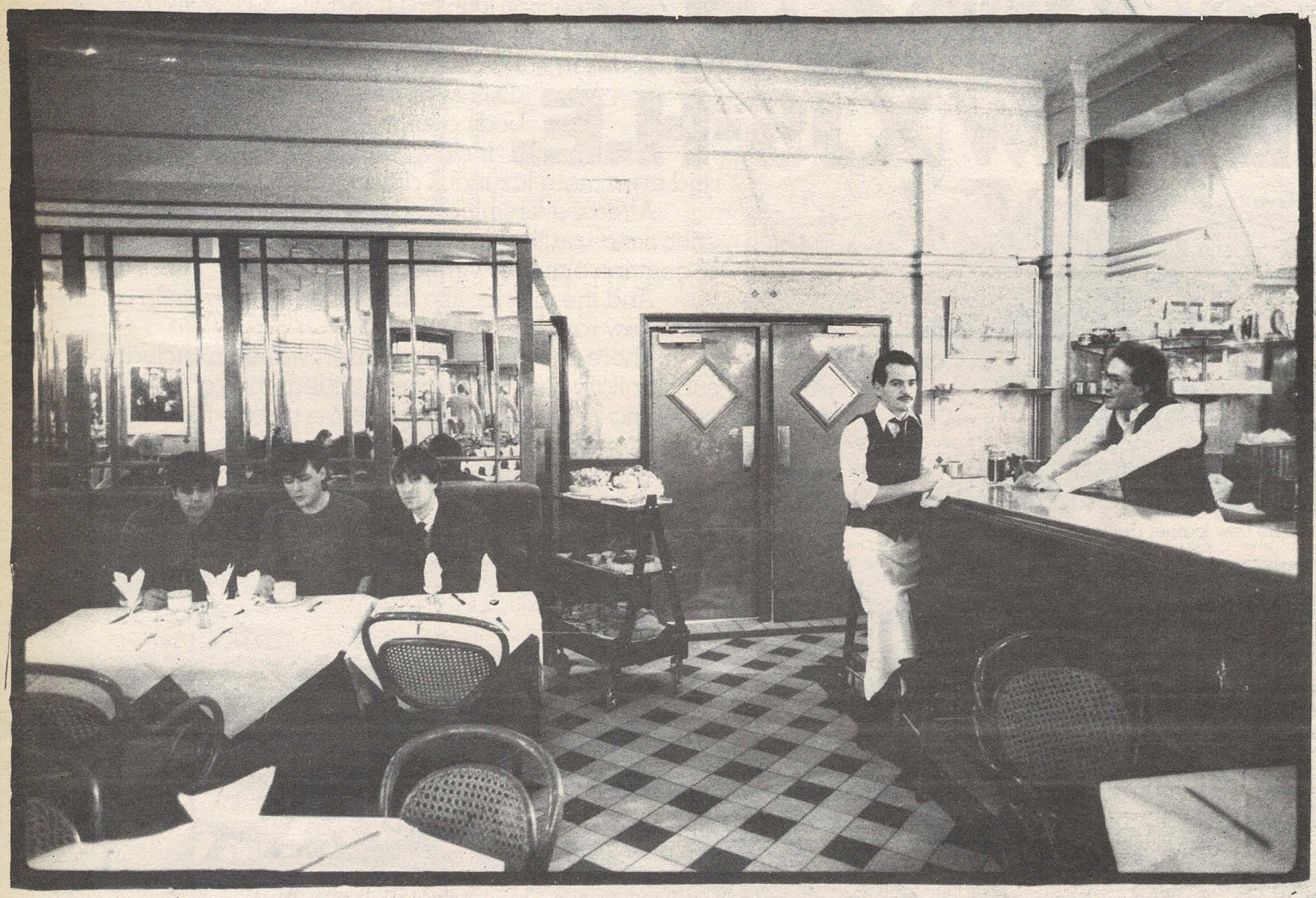

Kitchen Persons left to right: Alan Rankine, Billy Mackenzie, Michael Dempsey.

Lynn Hanna waits on The Associates to serve up the new pop menu. Photo by Pennie Smith

FOR POSITIVE proof that pop is pushing in the very opposite direction than those who still pour stale scorn on the new values would have you believe, you can use The Associates.

If a faceted pop can share and bare or consider some spiritual query, then their recent succession of singles have come close to the heart and soul of the new musical matter. Unlike those who seek small answers in simple solutions, they use their music to move, to motivate; to transmit. 'Kitchen Person' in particular is some deep drive scoured; like most of their music it shares that same sense of necessary, involuntary investigation.

The cafe where The Associates meet to eat each day has a discreet bourgeois continental charm. Polished mirrors, dark furniture, French food and a solid air of respectability give it an atmosphere that's blatantly at odds with the rock mentality that preaches austerity as long as it's for others.

Like footballers or fighters, The Associates are theoretically in training, trying to stick to a routine during their recording schedule. As you might gather from listening to their singles, they place great importance on the relationship between emotion and physicality.

"It all seems to run together because music and body movement are so closely related," says Billy Mackenzie in his soft, rich Scottish accent.

"Athletes have to keep themselves really well. They get mortal drunk but they stay straight for another month before they do it again. We relate athleticism to music on lots of different points. The thing I like most in the world, other than sex, is dancing. And because I can respond physically to music, I'm naturally athletic as well. You get totally involved in the pleasure of dance, plus it's good for you."

After the relative disappointment of 'The Affectionate Punch' — "a baby's album," says Billy, although it's an LP that sounds more pertinent in the current climate — The Associates have been making music whose vital impulse and generous spirit you can hear in 'Tell Me Easter's On Friday', 'Kitchen Person', 'Message/Speech'. That a hypocritical distrust of a fragmented, explorative pop of which The Associates are one of the best examples happens to coincide with a decline in the fortunes of the major record companies is an irony that they aren't slow to appreciate.

"The only reason why people are saying the music business is on a downer is because they're not earning so much money. They're just screaming because they can't get enough to sustain their overblown lifestyle. I don't know many people in the music business who are helpful or intuitive. They can muck musicians up and effect them heavily. Record companies want groups to stick to formulas.

"We've tried to demolish that side of things. That's one of the reasons why we've put out the singles, to show people that you don't have to stick to a disgusting formula, because that's one of the reasons the business is in a mess anyway. Greed comes to grief."

WHILE BILLY Mackenzie expands and explains, clarifying the thoughts and theories that all The Associates have formed and refined together in a natural response to making music, guitarist Alan Rankine sits at the table in affable silence.

Bass player Michael Dempsey, who joined The Associates from The Cure after both groups had toured together, is also at the cafe, although drummer John Murphy is absent from the interview since he's away picking grapes in France.

Mackenzie and Rankine first formed their association in '76 in Scotland, where Billy comes from the sort of area which some of rock's pseudo-artisans would probably envy.

"I stayed in the deprived area of Dundee and Alan stayed in the uppity area."

"It wasn't uppity, it was just the usual residential area," says Alan indulgently.

"It was so! It was dead snobby. Where I was, it was the real tough nuts area where if you left your shoes outside the door wi' mud on them, they'd be missing. Lucky I was always well cared for, eh?"

Together they served a musical apprenticeship by playing for 18 months on the professional cabaret club circuit, a formative influence of which there's ample evidence in the care and precision of their work.

In contrast, the tour they undertook last year turned out to be something of a typical rock fiasco. Dogged by dire equipment and poor organisation, they decided to stop playing live for a while, since they felt they'd lost sufficient control over their output.

"It's sort of a rotten side to speak about, but it's dead important, because, in the end, the people who come to see you are disappointed because they can't hear what you're doing properly, and there's some big, fat thing sitting there laughing. We didn't hate *doing* it. It was brilliant having an audience relate to you. But we decided to stop doing it until we could de-hippyfy the organisation."

Some of the material they played live will surface on 'Pacifically West', the LP that they're currently recording in a Camden studio.

It's characteristic of The Associates' diverse and prolific approach to pop that their third LP will be released four months after their second. They're also planning an LP of cover versions — "So if anybody out there has got their own song that The Associates can play about with, we'd be interested to hear it" — plus working on sidelines such as an Associates instrumentation around the basic skeleton of a Billy Holliday song and a plan to record a Dean Martin song with Billy's dad.

And admiring the room for musical manoeuvre allowed in the operation of groups like The Banshees, The Associates have also been collaborating with other musicians on projects that go under the names of 39 Lyon Street or Orbidoig.

"It isn't just us, us, us all the time. You've got to forget that. You miss too much. It's great to be thrilled by other peoples' music, you feel so close to them.

"Some people are saying that there isn't any music around at the moment, that they don't know which way things are going to turn, that music and fashion have come to a peak. But what has heartened us has been four years of explosive development with young people. And there'll be another thing, not a trend or anything like that. I think good songwriting will come back with a bang quite soon. I think 'Love Action' is a very, very good song, and they'll be loads of things like that. I really love quite a lot of other people's music just now. It's redefining emotion."

THE ASSOCIATES' pop music makes an intelligent use of intuition. Like the cabaret of a showbusiness tradition, it contains something of the spirit of an adventurer who will court emotion just to savour the sensation. In the torch song tradition, there's an atmosphere of deliberation in exploring an irony, while Billy Mackenzie's extraordinary voice adds to that sense of an almost fraudulent manufacture of an avid emotion. Their best songs achieve a balance between calculation and consummation; an exigency viewed by an involved voyeur who stays detached enough to examine the experience.

"I think we understand the songs intuitively, but we don't really go into them unless we're drunk and we babble on about things, like we did last night. We pick on an emotion as if to say, Right, you're going to get the treatment, and sometimes the treatment works and sometimes it doesn't. We give it a good try anyway. We don't give up easily at all on trying to define an emotion.

"It's really frustrating when you get to a point in a song and you hear there's something there to a seal on, something of emotion that goes along with the lyric," adds Alan.

"Most of the time that doesn't happen. Like we don't try to write a song we just let it happen, the same with dance. Things come out easier that way, because there's no tension while you're doing it. It's like maths or something like that. You're either good at it or you don't go near it.

"Associate lyrics are for sharing, to show people all the stupid little spots that we've been in or you've been in, or anybody's been in. Now when I'm in a mess, it doesn't bother me that much, because I think Well, I'm getting an emotion out of it for a song," says Billy.

"When I went back to Dundee, it was great because everybody goes up to each other with massive problems. It's like a counselling service up there. And it's good for people to express that. It's too sad to keep it and bottle it all in."

SINCE THEY signed to Situation 2 from Fiction, The Associates have flirted with the independent chart success, but they've not so far proved to be an invigorating injection into the mainstream of commercial music or found their proper place in pop. In the past hailed as a great pop hope, but with a first album that didn't prove as indelible as desired, there's a careful, self-contained determination about The Associates that makes me think that, far from being a spent force, they're still poised at the starting line.

"All the music that we do is for the audience that we have, for them to relate to. It's a bit of a dream really, but it's no dream-*like*, because you've got all those ears listening, and maybe you can touch on different emotions, that's the best thing.

"If you're emotional and expressive, people think you're half-daft or something, because you have the courage to show what you're like. A lot of people can clam up and behave themselves. We can't really behave that well. There's a certain wildness, a Celticness. And it's anguish, I'm sorry to say."

For everyone that wants a pop music that tries to meet the new mood and needs of our time, there's someone who would like to see rock confined to effects not causes, and relegated to the safe, impotent sideline of a spurious '60s alternative where it can make as much rebel noise as it likes without being remotely revolutionary.

If you're sick of pomposity and condescension, if you want a pop that provokes and communicates, that ultimately aims to educate, you could always Associate.

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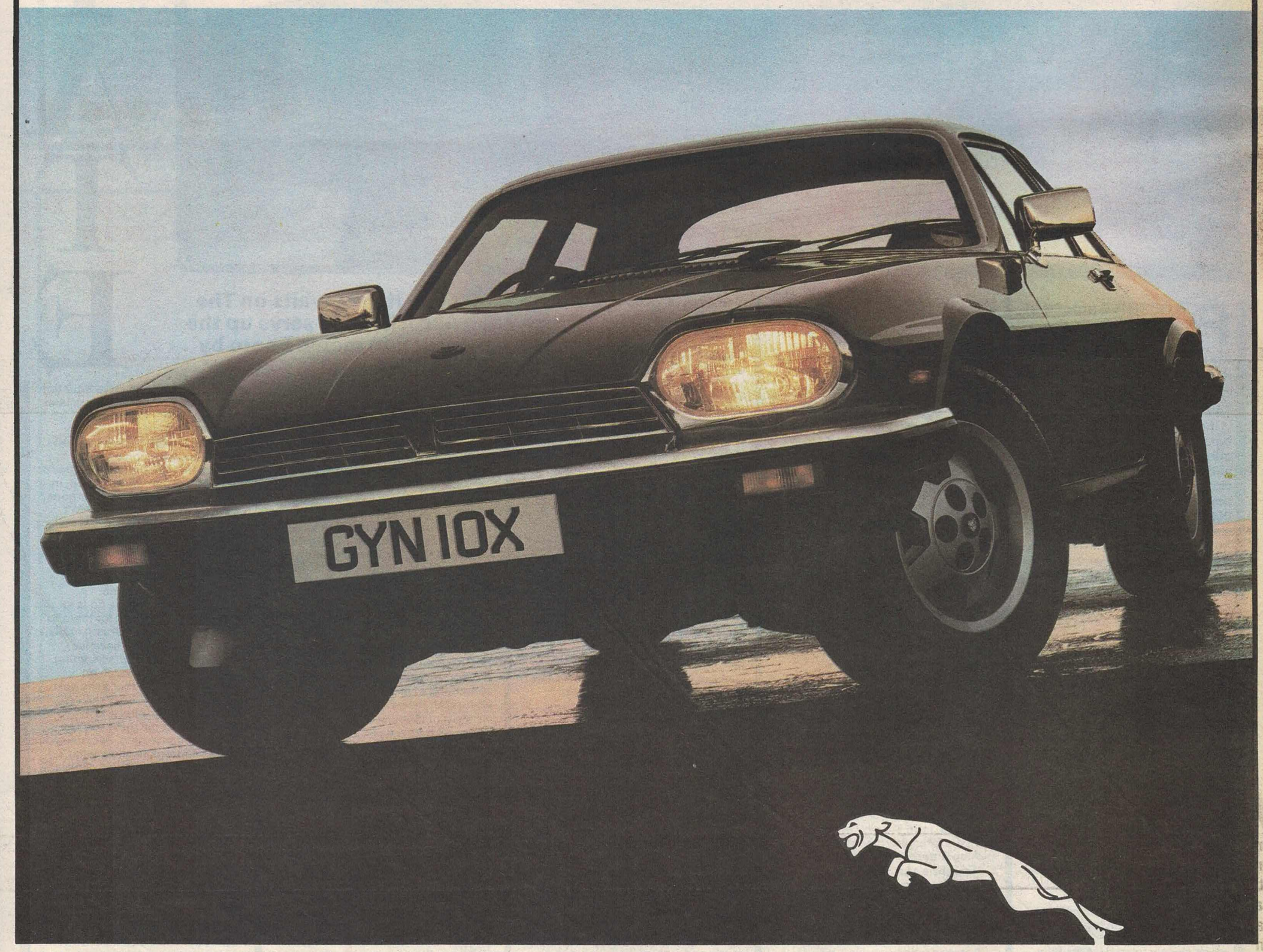

Official fuel consumption figures for Jaguar XJS-H.E.: urban cycle 15.6 m.p.g. (18.1 L/100km); constant 56 m.p.h. 27.1 m.p.g. (10.4 L/100 km); constant 75 m.p.h. 22.5 m.p.g. (12.6 L/100 km). *23% improvement over 1980 model at constant 56 m.p.h. **Issue dated 18th July 1981.

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KOOL & the GANG

The Funkateers Who Lighted The World

Pic: Chester Simpson

Adrian Thrills traces the spirit of the boogie back to '75 and meets Kool And The Gang in California

A STOCK SYMBOL of Mothership America's scientific prowess is the first thing that greets the unsuspecting European visitor at the international airport in San Francisco: the walls of the baggage reclaim lounge are lined floor to ceiling with lifesize murals recalling the decade-old lunar escapades of astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin.

The familiar red, white and blue of the Star Spangled Banner is notable by its prominence in the foreground of every frame. Human achievement portrayed the Californian way — as bloated pride and political machismo.

It is only one small step for man, however, out to the airport concourse and the 15 dollar cab ride past Candlestick Park, past the great, grey Oakland Bay Bridge and into the city itself.

The Bay Area has just sampled its first bout of winter rain after a hot, dry Indian summer which lasted well into October and the freshly shower-stained streets are playing havoc with the city's fabled cable car system.

The older cars, unable to keep their grip on the wet, greasy tracks, have been sliding crazily into collisions around the dock of the bay at the foot of opulent Nob Hill. A more comfortable mode of transport is available in the shape of the oversized Californian cabs although, in a city where a gradient of less than one in ten is a rarity, even these can pose a safety hazard.

Ignoring my cab driver's ABC — "Always Be Cautious! The murder rate went up 42 per cent in the past year!" — I opt to walk when and where I can in the compact downtown area where most of the city's rock clubs and discos are crammed into the same hilly street, Broadway, in the midst of the gay sleaze bars and porn joints.

My tourist guide practically forewarned me of the general lifelessness of the club scene: "San Franciscans take it pretty gently in the evenings. The pace is genteel and the sounds muffled . . ."

The Broadway venues — The Stone, The Fab Mab and Broadway Theatre — are dull and dingy in comparison with the better New York or London clubs.

Some of the rock gigs, on the other hand, tend to revel perversely in all the worst aspects of vintage punk: the tawdry clothes; the mock violence of slamming — California's bastard son of the pogo; the dumb, guitar-laden numbness of most of the music; the absence of any redeeming grace or style; the hopeless lack of any real vision . . . most of these so-called surf punks make the British Oi bands look like mercurial modern music masters.

The enormous commercial radio network which spans the West Coast hardly holds out better hope for even the remotely adventurous listener. Despite the insane proliferation of FM stations, there is little worth tuning in for other than the time of day.

With the exception of the university-sponsored KUSF and the hardcore salsa of the odd ethnic station, FM radio is a sick, bland joke: KYUU is pretty typical, pumping out a staid stream of Fleetwood Mac and The Eagles, Bread and The Beatles, a hazy stupor enlivened only by the welcome intrusion of an occasional Tamla classic.

American radio is such a strong aural testimony to the country's musical conservatism that even the dreaded television provides better entertainment. The pulp soap operas and army ads might be tiring but they do give way occasionally to

OVER

KOOL & the GANG

KONTINUED

some classic cinema and sport with, even now, regular re-runs of the thrilling two month old world title bout between American boxers Sugar Ray Leonard and Thomas Hearns.

AND IT IS on the small screen that I first come face-to-face with the true purpose of my visit here, Kool And The Gang. The Channel Five news one night includes an absurd feature on band leader Robert 'Kool' Bell in which he is presented with a pennant to mark his contribution to the Oakland As, highly successful season in the North American baseball league. And what is a New York based musician contributing to a Californian baseball team? The answer is the song 'Celebration', a huge hit in the States last year, now adopted by the As as their battle cry and match anthem.

'Celebration' was of more importance to Kool and his cohorts, however, for other reasons. It was the single which finally consolidated their current status as one of black America's megabands up there alongside the brighter lights of the Motown stable. The accompanying LP was their first to go double platinum — it sold a bit.

Which is why their Bay Area appearance is at the massive Concord Pavilion, an amphitheatre in a far-flung suburb of Oakland, the sprawling industrial metropolis across the bay from San Francisco. The venue is visually stunning, its owners modestly proclaiming their 10,000 seater baby to be "the west's most innovative performing arts facility". It obviously lacks something in warmth and intimacy but is almost ideal for the pantomime excess of a Kool And The Gang Show.

It is certainly a far cry from the soulboy-packed British dancehalls in which Kool And The Gang played their first ever British tour in the hard funk days of 1975. I saw them for the first time around then, at Dunstable's celebrated California Ballroom, at the height of a period when they were knocking out some of the hardest dance singles of all time — the anthemic 'Funky Stuff', 'Jungle Boogie', 'Hollywood Swinging', 'Higher Plane' and 'Rhyme Time People'.

Their appeal then was on a cult level. But with rock music at that time in one of its greatest ever troughs, Kool And The Gang were one of the most exhilarating bands around.

Along with The Ohio Players and, roughly a year later, Brass Construction, Kool And The Gang pioneered a funk sound characterised by a taut, resonant bassline, some strident, superheavy hornwork and clipped, chanted vocals. It was a sound which was soon swept under the carpet by the blander blend of disco, but its influence has lived on to inspire many of the current British dance bands — Linx, Beggar And Company and Light Of The World among them, the latter even taking their name from an old Kool album title.

Kool And The Gang have mellowed since those days, expanding their sound to include a smooth voiced lead singer in James Taylor — not *that* James Taylor — although the memories of what Kool calls the 'funkateer' days linger on — the spirit of the boogie?

BEFORE THE SHOW at the Concord Pavilion, I speak to Kool and Taylor, although interviewing the pair proves to be an exasperating task. Accustomed to the forthright frankness of your average British group, I find their reluctance to open up frustrating, just as they probably find some of my non-music questions strictly taboo.

The diminutive Kool is by nature as he is by name: a cautious, imperturbable character who conducts the interview with the detached aplomb of a trained diplomat. He answers most of my questions amiably but cannot hide the glazed, slick professionalism he has acquired through his 18 years in the American entertainment industry. Anything untoward or potentially controversial is avoided. The younger, more openly enthusiastic Taylor has a little more edge, although Kool's monopoly of the conversation gives him little chance to show it. Largely he just looks on bemused beneath his Afro barnet as Kool picks his way through the minefield.

The son of a heavyweight boxer, Robert Bell was born in Youngstown, Ohio, but moved at an early age to Jersey City where he formed his first group, a hard bop combo called The Jazziacs, in 1963. Reflecting the changing times, that name was changed first to The New Dimension in '66, to The Soultown Band in '67 and finally to Kool And The Gang in 1969.

With a musical background in soul, jazz and Afro modes, bassman Kool and his group played anywhere from the Jersey City parks to ritzy Greenwich Village cafes, recording their first album at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem in 1969.

"It was a mixture of the street sounds and the jazzy sounds," recalls Kool. "At that time, we were basically an instrumental band. By 1975, we'd reached the stage of chanted vocals on stuff like 'Jungle Boogie' and 'Funky Stuff', but the overall sound was still very *street*. By 1977, though, we were experimenting with female vocalists on stuff like 'Open Sesame' and then in 1979 we finally decided to introduce a proper lead vocalist in James Taylor."

Taylor, born in South Carolina, but similarly raised in Jersey City had been singing in local bands Street Dancer and Fillet Of Soul before being told of the Kool vocal vacancy via a friend in a recording studio. He auditioned and got the job. The acquisition of their first proper lead singer coincided with the introduction of an outside producer, Eumir Deodato, and the start of the most successful period in the band's history.

Deodato — remember his chart hit with that jazzy-funk version of the 2001 theme? — refined the Kool sound, mellowing out the hardness of their horn attack and beefy bass to complement the more sensitive inflections of Taylor's sweet soul voice on the 'Ladies Night' album.

"That was what I'd call a much cleaner sound," says Kool. "But when you're dealing with a lead vocalist you have to suit his style. Before, we used to have the horns more upfront because the vocals were more like *chants* . . . background vocals really. When you have a lead vocalist, you have to fashion your sound around him."

Trying to goad Kool into giving any great insight to their 'funkateer' days, however, proves fruitless.

"Well . . . we had a great time in the UK in 1975 . . . the audiences were into it. Everybody was paaaartying and having a good time . . ."

Right. Thanks. I ask him to elaborate.

"Well . . . they were good days. They were the foundation of what we're doing now . . . but when we were in England last year, the crowd were just as energetic."

To me, there was something a bit more special about the soul days of 1975. Something about the unique fusion of hard, black dance music — ie Kool — and the sharp, working class soulboy style. It was an era which was the prime harbinger of both the punk explosion of '76 and the current resurgence of style — you know who I'm talking about.

But back to Kool.

Was he at all distressed by the wilderness years the band went through between the hard funk of '75 and the mellow megastardom of today. The 'Open Sesame', 'Force' and 'Everybody Dance' albums of '77 and '78 were, after all, relative failures commercially.

"No, not really distressed. I think that the unity of the group brought us through. The cohesiveness that we'd built up through the years. We always felt that we'd come up with the right combination if we hung on in there.

"If you are faithful to what you do, then sooner or later a blessing comes. For us, that blessing came in James Taylor.

"We also had the desire to be successful as a unit. Of course we have problems. But we believe that for every problem, there is a solution and we have to deal with that.

"With an album like 'Open Sesame', where we were experimenting with girl singers, we were probably being *too creative* for our *market*. What was happening at the time was basically disco, which was much more straightforward, and we were being too radical for that *market*."

Kool's conversation is littered with talk of units, product and markets — bizspeak — although he denies that the group would ever make a record with the sole objective of appealing to a specific audience. So how does he feel about the *routines* involved in his chosen role.

"My attitude is that it *is* a routine. It is a job. But we also love doing it. It is like a 9 to 5 in that you *have* to do certain things. You have to make those trains and planes. You just can't decide not to get up one morning."

Does he ever find that sort of life restrictive?

"I just accept that this is the way that the business is. It may seem like a routine to you, but you know inside that if you don't come up with that album on time, then the longevity of the group might be affected. If you don't keep putting out those albums, people forget about you a lot faster these days!"

"You just have to realise that you are in a business and there are things that you have to do — albums and tours. You have to meet *schedules* in terms of getting *that product* out on time! The record company will be depending on you to *move* an album at a certain time. They all have their *quotas* to meet!"

Kool's hard-nosed business talk is refreshingly honest. But he also seems totally unaware that there are alternatives, in the UK at least, to the grinding regularity of continual touring and putting out albums.

But business aside, does he gain any personal or artistic satisfaction from his work?

"The personal satisfaction is the manifestation of your work. Hearing it on the radio — seeing the people accept it. When the masses accept it, when it *goes platinum* or whatever, you feel that all your time, all those sleepless nights, have been worth it."

ALTHOUGH IT IS his saxophonist brother Ronald Bell who writes most of the band's lyrics, Kool, a keen student of Islam, will point out that the inspiration behind them is spiritual rather than social or political. He is distinctly uncomfortable when the subject of politics is broached.

"Our songs tend to stay on the happy side of things. We tend to say that you can always reach a certain goal if you push on in life. A song like 'Take It To The Top' is about that striving for success. 'Celebration' just deals with being happy about living: wake up in the morning and say *I Feel Good!* Celebrate life!"

Actually, I usually feel like death, but . . .

"Why deal with the negative side of things? Be positive!"

Even though there seems to be little to be positive about in Reagan's America?

"I know that there are a lot of bad things around, a lot of problems, but I, as a person, can't change that. In time, the creator might have better things in line . . . just try to feel good about living!

"We're blessed with certain songs, certain melodies and we are thankful to the creator for that. We try to express that in our music."

What about the government? Who did you vote for last time around?

"Ho, ho . . . who did I vote for? . . . well . . . we didn't even vote at the last election actually . . . we were in England at the time."

Uneasy at the drift in the conversation, Kool seems keen to curtail the interview and prepare for the show, but not before James Taylor gives his view.

"It's a very new system. And any time there's something new, things are going to be a little shaky for a while. They're trying to get it together. I say we should give them a chance. What have you got to lose? I wouldn't agree with *everything* that is going on right now, but things could be better in the long run."

That seems a bit naive.

"Well in these times, I think you need to give the government time to develop and solve these problems, but I don't really get into politics. We're not politicians. Maybe if we were politicans, the world would be a lot better. We'd send out our message of love, peace and unity . . ."

And everyone lives happily ever after? We shake hands and Kool chuckles something to himself about music and politics never being a good mix, before he leaves to prepare for the show.

KOOL'S CALIFORNIAN audience are a very different mob from the colourful soul patrols that the band attracted to their British tour during the autumn, consisting largely of middle American college kids, all of whom had paid ten bucks for the privilege.

What they are given basically is The Great American Rock Show with soulful undertones. The nine-piece band were excellent and there were a few moments of real inspiration, but the overall show was as safe as homogenised milk, a ritualistic programme of mutual back slapping between the band and audience, the gods and their congregation.

They play their hit singles and trailer the new De-Lite LP 'Steppin' Out', but the show sags horribly in the centre with the virtuoso interludes of guitarist Charles Smith and saxophonist Ronald Bell. Kool himself takes the role of backseat bandleader, pumping tightly at his bass, leaving the ladies' man Taylor as the undoubted frontman and star of the show.

The show is immaculately paced and superbly choreographed with the accent on spectacle, colour and paaartying on down. All this would be fine if only some of the band's former edge and strident punch were still there too. But only James Taylor's occasional ad-libs inject some real passion and unpredictability beside the precision and professionalism.

Kool And The Gang may be sincere and dedicated musicians, but they are far too caught up in the mechanisms of the American music industry. With the notable exception of the rousing 'Celebrate' — one of my top 20 singles of last year — Kool have traded their tense, abrasive funk for soft-hued soul and found worldwide success in doing so.

They deserve it. So why am I not celebrating with them. I guess that, well . . . *"I can't get enough/Of that funky stuff . . ."*

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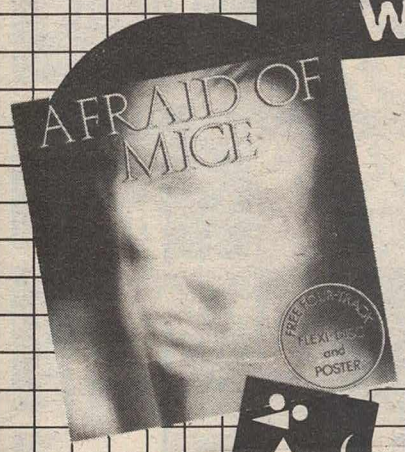

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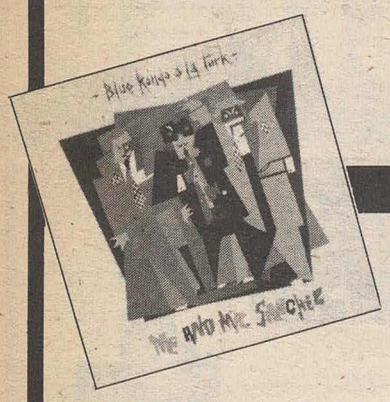


reviewed by

gavin martin

singles

SMOKING THEIR OWN AND SLEEPING ALONE

DEFUNKT: Razor's Edge (Hannibal)
In a week when triteness and superficiality pours out of a bevy of wet (and not just behind the ears) fashion mops thicker and faster than refugees fleeing El Salvador, in a week when there are so many privileges ignored that the strongest stomachs retch. Defunkt's 'Razor Edge' slices the rest of the dross to shreds.

This is the group's finest moment, a successful marriage of their militancy to a marvellously crafted clarity and economy. They've bridged the gap between their jazz schooling and the best modern dance singles like no one since Stevie Wonder circa 'Inner Visions'. With Kim Clarke's bass the very mettle of resistance, the guitars grit their teeth and, his trombone soaring and howling like a pre thunderstorm gale, Joe Bowie gives the vision of America already been sketched by the likes of Wonder, Gaye, Brown and Mayfield a new and crucial credence.

"No time to kill, no case to kill time/A living wasted, wasted all my time/It's a dollar to wake up and a dollar to sleep/Trying not to think/Not feeling nothing—NOT FEELING NOTHING."

'Razor's Edge' is the assertion of pride against hypocrisy and greed, it's a seething search for love and understanding (the important values). Defunkt dive round corners, battle against the pressure and show the city's ripped back sides. The horns turn on a dime, the solos are short and meticulous, the whole thing immaculate. It keeps going and leaves hoping.

"I gave up a lot but won't give./I gave up a lost BUT I WON'T GIVE IN."

Put it where it should ne, deep in your heart and at the forefront of your thoughts.

LEADING NAME

SPANDAU BALLET: Paint Me Down (Chrysalis).
With 'Chant No. 1' Spandau almost made their first good record, but it was just too disposable, too much featherweight funk and the real substance remained, if not non-existent, desensitised and shrouded somewhere inside the clinic of cool.

Perhaps a little less of the Kemp-camp and a little more of the Hadley croon would be in order, perhaps a little less of the attempts to retread Roxy Music and Bryan Ferry's wounded love and wallflower cabaret and I could start to take Spandau seriously and see an honesty in what they do. 'Paint Me Down' is lumpy and clumsy where 'Chant' was nimble and bright, and it's built around a very rudimentary and stubborn bassline which means the song sticks in the head but stays rigid and unexpressive. Hadley spits out the piece of cotton wool he usually chews in the studio to prove that his singing is no less unspectacular than the song. A skilfully stitched tapestry of influences — maybe — but it has a drab constitution with no new resource or imagination added. Too much fashion, not enough style.

MISLEADING NAME

THE ZOMBIES: She's Not There (Decca).
A little round of applause for Decca records; each time I do the singles page there's a forgotten classic from them, be it Roy C or Billy Fury, it's usually something neglected and worth having. This has the grace and beauty of a dragonfly dancing on a calm lake. This is a saint of a record, made before Rod Argent started writing abominations like 'God Gave Rock 'n' Roll To You', before Colin Blunstone couldn't sound sweet without sounding slushy, before Carlos Santana got his molars into it and a million years before 'the Salsa revival'.

AIN'T YOU GOT NO SHAME?

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK: Me And Mr Sanchez (Virgin).
THE BELLE STARS: Another Latin Love Song (Stiff).
MODERN ROMANCE: Ay Ay Ay Ay Moosey (WEA).
THE PIRANHAS: Vi Gela Gela.
With Service Stations it was gift stamps, with the gutter press it was bingo cards and the sheep pack mentality applies just as easily to the desperate debris of Tinsel Town; they've got salsa. Good old 'salsa', a smile, a skirt or a suit and the less braincells the better; any no-hoper can play.

At least when white boys started to play reggae, for all the dippy liberal hogwash that went under the bridge, there was some attempt to understand the social context from which the music arose and transpose it and relate it to their own culture. Even if it was first grade dance and celebration which was going down on these records — and it's not, God how it's not — the morals, politics and aesthetics of a blinkered idyllic vision of the streets of Rio De Janiero would be very suspect. Much of what happens there is far from happy; ever tried to samba with no kneecaps?

For what it's worth Blue Rondo's record is the best of this bunch, though it confirms the suspicion that Chris Sullivan designs clothes and mystique much better than he designs music. Stopping only for the customary 'aye, ayes' and a few 'ho ho hos' the Turks are all banality swathed in streamers and tedious sax over a clangorous percussion racket spun out to an indecent length.

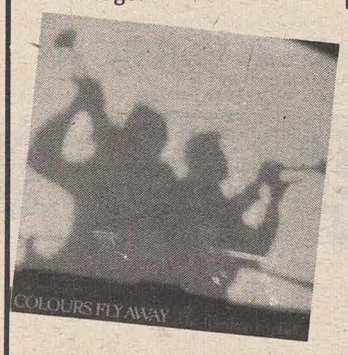
That's not a backlash, that's the truth.

More media favourites, The Belle Stars coverage has far outweighed their output and their worth — along with The Turks and Bow Wow Wow they battle for the mantle of the SDP of pop. Already they've got the looks, the clothes, the semi-famous friends and get seen in all the right places and on hearing their new single who could deny that they are the most pathetic and undeserving bunch of bandwagon jumpers around? Rondo's producer Pete Wingfield, who was bullied into making a good record once upon a time by Kevin Rowland, gives the lamebrain plasticine puppets their last chance (again!) of being famous. But it's no good girls, you'll have to try and find one song or one idea that suggests the smallest grain of talent to call your own. The needle in the haystack, I guess.

The libel laws prevent me from passing comment on the last two records but suffice to say Geoffrey Deane and Modern Romance deserve The Piranhas, though not the ones from Brighton.

ULTRAVOX: The Voice (Chrysalis).
The insipid art of businessman electro-rock meets sixth form poetry — *"Look at the sound of the voice"*. Eh? Well, try smelling the shape of the record. I'm still totally stumped by The Ultravox appeal, they make the sort of record which is as illuminating a visit to the washeteria or an afternoon spent watching the test card.

Can anyone tell me what it is Midge Ure is getting worked up about? Out of the blandest stream of neutralised electro gloop he always starts raging or moaning about something which is never qualified or reasonably reconciled with the rest of the record. It all sounds so false to me, detached from everything, in a little private corner all by itself. But there is a big world out there and it won't let go.



THE TEARDROP EXPLODES: Colours Fly Away (Mercury).
Julian Cope always has a strong sense of majesty about his records and it's this winning quality which saves the day for 'Colours Fly Away', it lacks the immediacy of previous Teardrop outings and shows that his songwriting is beginning to parody the nature and themes of the semi-classic 'Kilimanjaro' LP.

Back then the psychedelic tag didn't really apply, Teardrop made lush, crazy and spontaneous love songs but now, as well as admitting to many marbles lost, Cope's everchanging line-up begins to play up (or down) to the psychedelic tag with strangulated guitar, rampant drums and a shade of horror from a very Jean Jacques Burnel bass. The fame is beginning to get to Cope in a way that makes his introspection and ego trips impossible to trust. This may have a lot more exciting sound than most of this week's records but it's no match for the subtlety of the old Teardrop.

DEPARTMENT S: I Want (Stiff).
Thin subject matter, cheap production, played too fast with too much treble and shrill foggy horns. Sounds like the perfect record for those who cherish the memory of Eddie And The Hot Rods but are too cool to go to ramalamarama punk gigs by the likes of The Exploited.

ALAN VEGA: Jukebox Babe (Celluloid).
Eat your heart out Shakin' Stevens! Alan Vega is Sun studio Elvis with a bopping torch song on the slow burn and a little help from a guitarist and drummer who obviously loved the best moments of those old Chess Records. The electrode jolting rejuvenation is driven by an invention which befits the memory and exhortation of the originals. Let's see this at the top of the charts instead of some brainless leg wobbler, let's hear the youth of the country with this on their lips instead of soft drinks commercials.

DOLLAR: Mirror Mirror (WEA)
The positive pop fan's answer to Bucks Fizz, Dollar are salient and serene making records which fulfil their functions with ease and appeal. Trevor Horn's production does much the same for the smart blonde duo as Martin Rushent has done for Altered Images. 'Mirror Mirror' is the best record Abba never made.

CLASSIX NOUVEAU: Never Again (Liberty).
I won't argue with that.

BEE GEES: Living Eyes (RSO).
JOHN ENSTWISTLE: Too Late The Hero (WEA).
You couldn't be dancing to the latest Bee Gees tragedy which is a far cry from the peppy 'Jive Talkin'' or the epic 'Night Fever'. 'Living Eyes' is like something the dog would bring in or, on reflection, something he wouldn't.

Old Who roadie Mr Erstwhile shows the symptoms of whining senility brought about by playing a coat-tail cameo role in an undignified soggy rock schlock myth. 'Too Late The Hero' sounds perfect fodder for all those people about to go into mourning for Meg Mortimer.

TENPOLE TUDOR: Throwing My Baby Out With The Bathwater (Stiff).
I must say the sudden success of Tenpole Tudor shortly after I'd spoken to the drab greasy bunch earlier this year came as a big shock. Now they're popstars, they release singles regularly and had no doubt their popularity encourages the likes of The Belle Stars to keep plodding along. Eddie will tell you, however, that the reason they're loved is because there's so much fun, exuberance and diversity in the group's music, whereas, the reason is because they write songs around football chants. Their latest single is pure Johnny Moped revisited. Expect to hear it loud and clear amidst obscenities and terrace classics at closing time in your neighbourhood very shortly.

PHYLLIS HYMAN: Tonight You And Me (Arista).
Call it sexual favouritism if you like but I can't resist big beaty records like this from passionate ladies. Phyllis Hyman gets at the forefront of the sort of sharp and mighty dance track Spandau Ballet search for and it's all thighs and smiles and great cheekbones from here on in. There's a freshness and vitality about records like this, an ability to grasp sex for sex's sake as something uplifting and genuinely liberating. If you like, physical clenches without the emotional wrenches.

NIGHTDOCTOR: Romancing (Race Records).
The best outing to date on Brad Special's Race label and it's a superior slice of upmarket Lover's Rock riding the fine line between warmth and sentiment, a little early morning yearning, a little dub and a lot of desire. It's worth noting the part the organ fills play in this affair and following the sweet and relaxed tenor of the horns. All in all a timely reminder that if the light is right and bright enough in her eyes then your summer can last all winter long.

THE PRETENDERS: I Go To Sleep (Real).
Just when The Pretenders were beginning to sound like Black Sabbath, Ray Davies gifts Chrissie Hynde with the sort of song which seems far more compatible with her voice and her true nature than the cumbersome guitar whipped dogs that she and her cohorts have been unloading recently. 'I Go To Sleep' is a mellow, undemanding song of sad sunsets and fading memories, a familiar story adequately recounted and not much more.

THE SKIDS: Iona (Virgin).
The Skids wrote a good folk song once called 'Television Personalities'. It was short, funny and nowhere near as self serious as the new material Russell Webb and Richard Jobson are churning out. I reviewed their last one and Jobson came round to bore me even further one evening at a niterie, ranting and raving about how I didn't understand the magic and beauty of words. Suffice to say this turgid deathbed moan puts me to sleep long before I can decipher the codes and separate the literals from the ironies. 'Iona' obeys the rules of all the washed up and wisened — when times are hard become an ethnic culture vulture. Coming soon — Jake Burns and The Chieftains.

FALSE HABITS AND NO PERSISTENCE

THE PROFESSIONALS: The Magnificent (Virgin).
THE CUBAN HEELS: Walk On Water (Virgin).
JAPAN: Visions Of China (Virgin).
LIGHT OF THE WORLD: Ride The Love Train (EMI).
LEVEL 42: Starchild (Polydor).
Back to the opening comments, there can't really be any more tolerance or justification for records like this. Their main concern seems to be flash not flesh, trappings not talent, decorum not vision. It's far too late for compromises and mediocrity of this sort, there's too many threats and challenges to be pussyfooting about.

Cuban Heels are the most obvious rock pornographers, struggling to throw as many archaic embellishments into the listener's face as their half-baked mindless bluster can muster. The Professionals are gammy heroics and oven-ready 'Bollocks' riffs over a barrack room boys choir. Japan are new niteclub bred socialite anthropologists, frail mystery and diluted Ferry. 'Visions Of China' is hoary erotica of the age-old 'mystery of the orient' type to flatter their own cloistered and ineffectual mirror art.

The Britfunk train comes unstuck with the blandness of Level 42 (a song about starsigns f'rchrissakes) and although 'Ride The Love Train' has a certain bounce and optimism it's a mite formularised and hardly worth listening to when The O'Jays' 'Love Train' classic is nestling nearby.

Tomorrow I'll wake up and the world will be turning and burning, I won't remember any of these records. Still open to suggestions? Try
OTIS REDDING: A Change Is Gonna Come (Stax).
MARVIN GAYE: What's Going On (Motown).
AL GREEN: Gotta Find A New World (Hi).
FRANK SINATRA: Lost In The Stars (Fontana).
THE STAPLE SINGERS: Come Go With Me (Atlantic).
STEVIE WONDER: Living For The City (Motown).
ARETHA FRANKLIN: I Say A Little Prayer (Atlantic).
CURTIS MAYFIELD: Right On For The Darkness (Curtom).
JAMES BROWN: Talkin' Loud And Saying Nothing (Polydor).

•REFORMATION•

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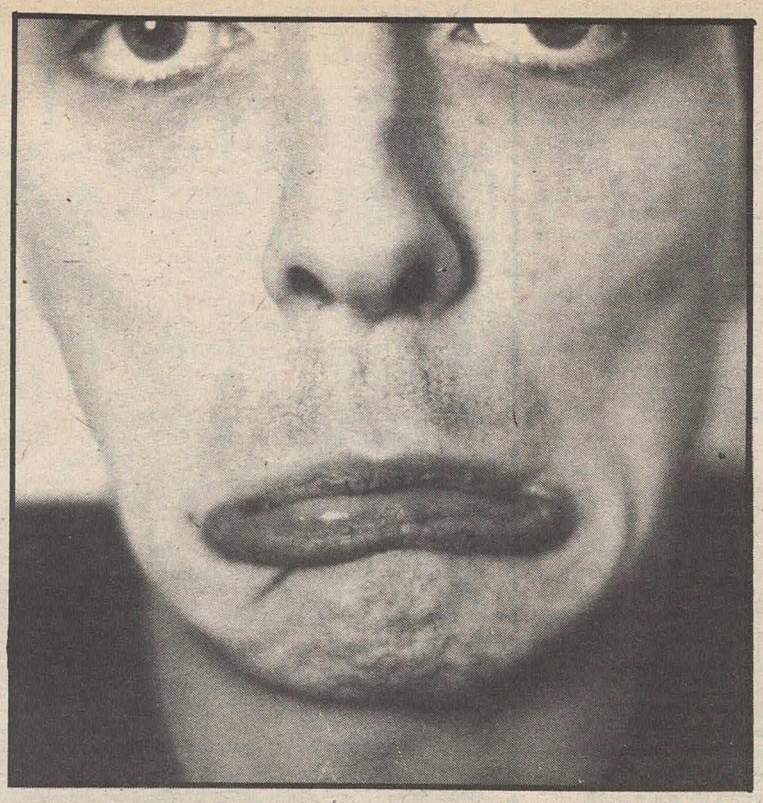

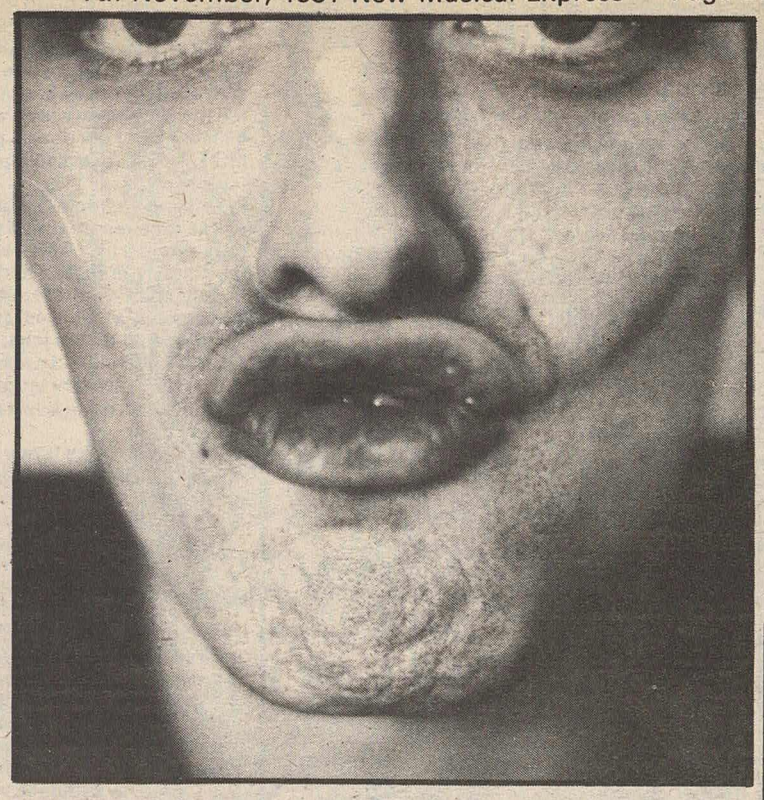

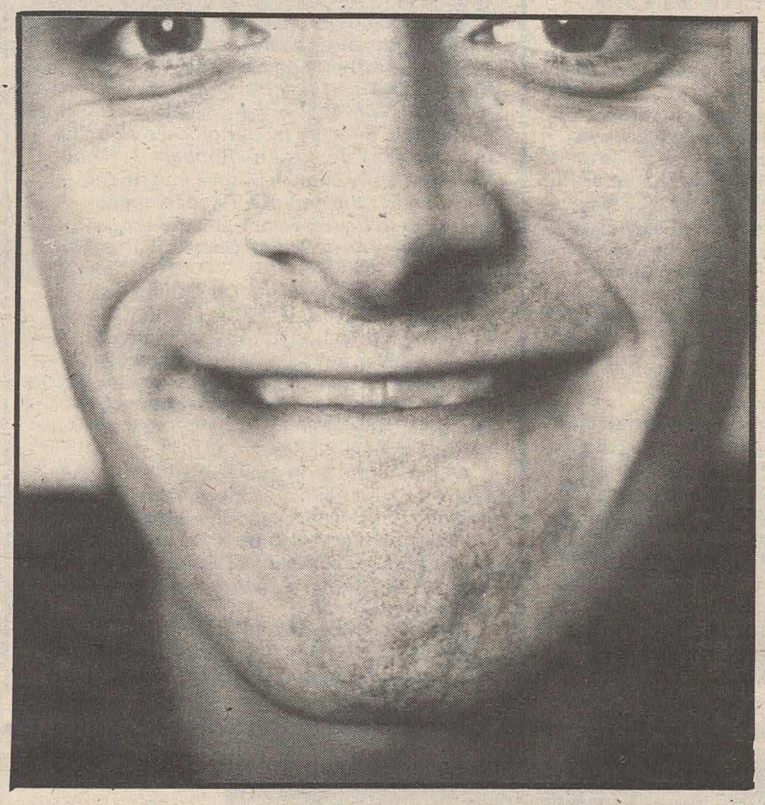

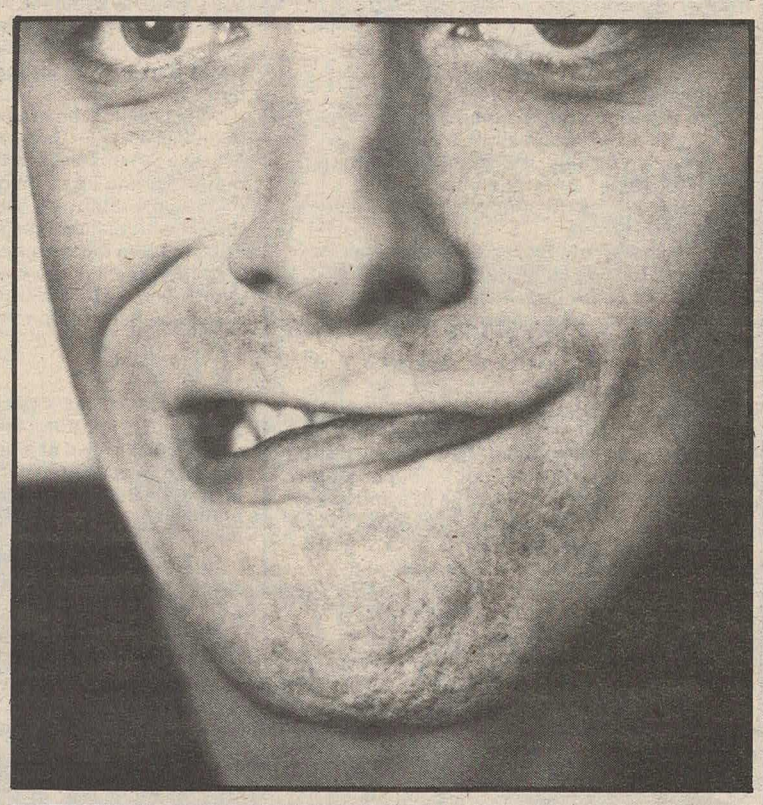

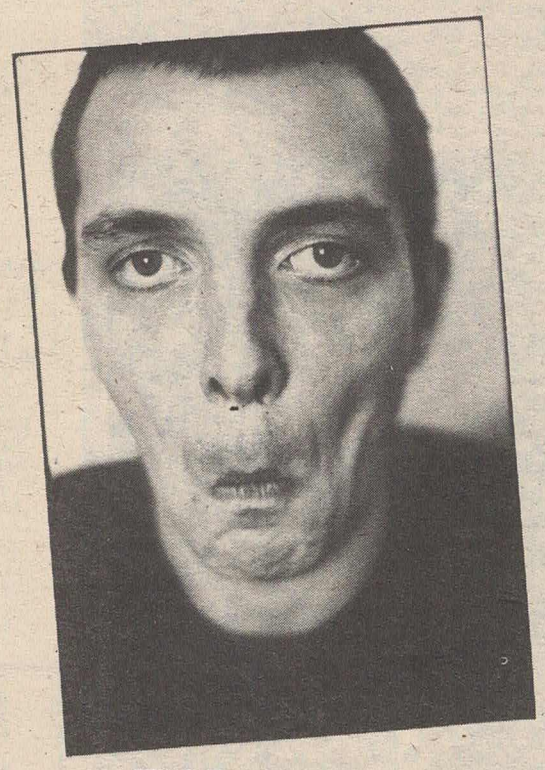

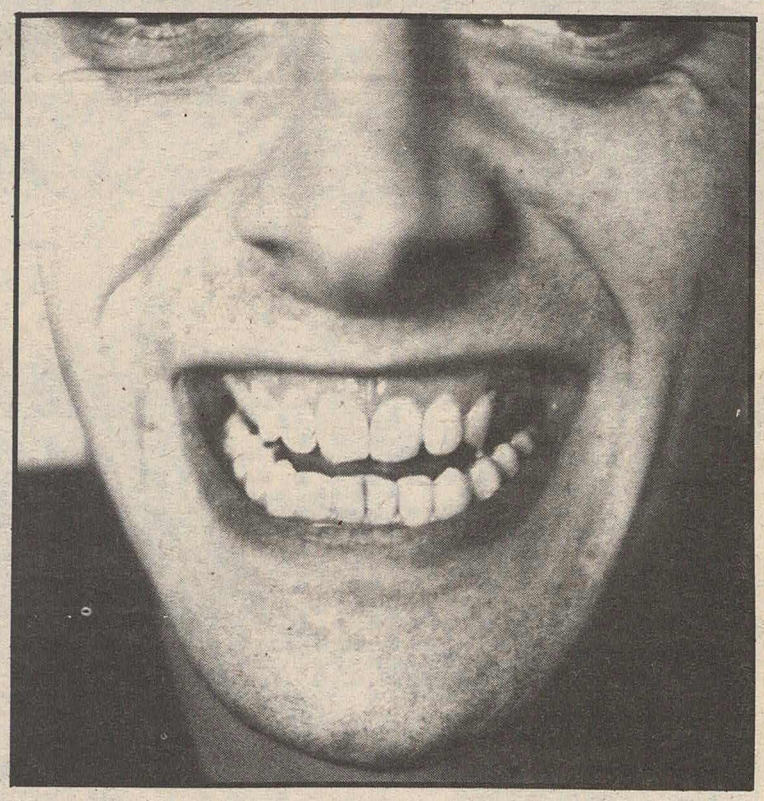

INVESTIGATING TURVEY

Rik Mayall's the name and comedy's the game! Paul Rambali interviews TV Reporter of the Year, Kevin Turvey. Could these two characters be the same man? Physogs by Anton Corbijn.

"They laughed at Lenny Bruce too . . ."

DIMBLEBY, Day, Turvey. Repeat it often enough and it becomes a litany. Dimbleby, Day, Turvey. Dimbleby, Day . . . *Turvey?*

Dapper, erudite, acute, penetrating, insightful — these are just a few of the adjectives they are bandied about in the vicinity of Dimbleby and Day. So far, none of them has landed anywhere near Kevin Turvey.

Every Monday night for the past six weeks on BBC2's *A Kick Up The '80s*, the spotlight swung heavily on Kevin, seated there alone on the lofty dias, ready to impart the fruits of a week's investigating.

Lips curled obscenely in what he thinks is a smile, eyes glinting crookedly at two cameras at once, Kevin trampled across a whole range of topics.

Unemployment, sex, leisure — each received the same distinctive treatment. Exactly the same. Hopelessly at sea, painfully nervous, easily riled, unable to keep to the point, artless, witless and utterly thick, Kevin is a beacon in the wilderness of intelligent broadcasting.

This man of the people and self-styled investigative reporter knows his time will come.

"I've had letters from the viewers," he barks, his face twisted with emotion. "They say don't worry Kevin, I think you're great. Don't worry about it."

HE'S FEISTY is Kevin, even if he is an excruciating nerd, the kind you might find in any pub up or down the land. Co-incidentally, it was to a pub that Rik Mayall took me to meet him.

Rik Mayall is Kevin's 'mentor'. He found Kevin lurking in the depths of his subconscious, eating beans on toast in front of the TV in a council house in Redditch with the gas still burning under the grill.

Redditch is quite near Driotwich, which is where Rick Mayall's parents live — another co-incidence. Kevin is currently preparing a half-hour documentary on Redditch, with his mentor's help.

"It'll be as if Kevin had written it," says Mayall, "so it'll be coming from nowhere and it'll be really *badly* edited."

Kevin has also been asked to appear on *The Russell Harty Show*, something Mayall is apprehensive about.

"I don't want Kevin to be just a wacky comedian, who's safe because we know it's just funny. I don't want him to be just taking the piss out of Birmingham working class — 'cause that's not what he's about.

"He's an individual who happens to be funny in his own right. In fact he's really quite normal. Most of the people you see on TV don't really exist in real life."

Kevin Turvey began his burgeoning TV career when Mayall was invited, as one half of 20th Century Coyote and an alumnus of the Comic Strip, to take part in a new comedy show that would be 'quite like' *Not The Nine O'Clock News*. "You know, *Heeey!* So I said no."

The Comic Strip gang had already made

over

RIK ON KEVIN ETC

continued

some pilot shows called *Boom Boom Out Go The Lights,* and learned, that which works in a seedy little theatre in Soho doesn't always work in a box in a corner of the room.

"On stage you can group 200 people together and scare them or embarrass them or whatever. You can't do that on TV. You have to use the conventions, that's why Kevin works so well."

The idea, he adds, was to waste TV time, a commodity which in theory is rarely squandered. Kevin thrashes about in his allotted five minutes like an over-excited child, upsetting the slick conventions of TV punditry. It was a shame he appeared in the context of a comedy show, since very little of what he said was strictly funny. He should have been on *Nationwide.*

"It was an anarchic idea, if you like, but because the pressure was on we had to actually write jokes for him towards the end. Kevin works best when his brain just wanders off. In a way, it takes the mickey out of the BBC because they've been stupid enough to put someone like that on the TV."

MAYALL IS 23 years old. He was born in Harlow and grew up in Droitwich. His father was a drama lecturer, now redundant. His mother ran a book shop, now closed. He is somewhat loath to admit that he has a BA in drama from Manchester University, and he steers away from theorising about his work.

"People won't listen to you if they think you're experimenting on them," he argues.

"... Which we are, really!"

On leaving college, he toured America with the Oxford and Cambridge Shakespeare Company, playing Dromio of Syracuse in the *Comedy Of Errors.*

"It was great fun. Eighty shows in three months. I lost two stone, falling out of windows and shouting. It was great training too — trying to make American laugh at Shakespearian comedy ..."

The perpetrators of bizarre, tortured comedy on bewildered, unsuspecting audiences at Comic Strip known as 20th Century Coyote began life as a five-man student troupe at the Band On The Wall, a jazz club in Manchester where John Cooper Clarke (who is perhaps something of a missing link in all this) was a regular turn. The Coyote used to work at lunchtimes, and with no time to write material they would improvise a new play each week.

Ultimately, the other members departed, leaving only Mayall and Ade Edmondson, another Manchester University drama student. When Mayall returned from America this duo began touring the Midlands with their half-hour plays. One was called *The Joke,* about a custard pie joke. Like Richard and Adrian Dangerous (a later incarnation), screwing up knock-knock jokes and trying to tell the gooseberry joke, about a gooseberry in a lift — "But how does a gooseberry get into a lift?" — *The Joke* also a painful dissection of the obvious.

The two characters would come on stage with a tape recorder and record a laugh. Consulting a list of instructions, they laboriously prepared to do the famous joke. Finally, they would come to the last instruction, which was, simply, 'Do the joke'.

". . And I'd do the joke; push the thing in his face. And then we'd press the button and there'd be a solitary laugh on the tape.

". . . It was quite Beckett in a way."

Quite.

It was also quite funny.

The response was good. For a two-man existential comedy drama team touring the Midlands the response was fantastic.

20th Century Coyote ventured north, to the Edinburgh fringe, to perform *Death And The Toilet,* and then south, to London, to perform *The Wart,* their spoof of Ken Campbell's *The Warp.* By December of '79 they were performing at The Comedy Store, where they found they had to modify their approach.

"Carabet is about talking to an audience. You can't pretend to be anywhere else. You're not doing revue — which is what Oxbridge do: now we're in a cheese shop, or waiting at a bus stop. The audience won't tolerate that. They want to be talked to. If you pretend to be a character you have to be a *total* character who's real enough for the audience to believe him.

"The people who are really daring are people like Alexei Sayle and Keith Allen, who got up as themselves and do it. What I like doing is going up so involved in a character that people think he's actually *real.* Like Rick the Poet . . . that worked really well because out came the most embarrassing person you've ever seen, too embarrassing to *boo* even, because you feel so sorry for him. Then when you laugh at him he shouts at you!"

"Hi. MY NAME's Wick, okay?"

The suit is ill-fitting, the gait terminally awkward like a kid at a prize-giving, and the accent is prep school with a lisp struggling to be hip. He flashes a peace-sign and grins idiotically.

". . . What? What's going on?"

Sniggering has broken out in the stalls. Wick laughs too, thinking he's in on the joke.

"It's all happening!"

He flashes another peace sign, still thinking he's in on the joke.

"Anyway, my name's Wick, and I'm from 20th Century Coyote . . . You've probably heard of us. We're a group of feminist poets."

The sniggering erupts into outright laughter.

"What? What's wrong with that?" He looks genuinely hurt.

"I'm not one of the comedians. We're a poetry collective and — *Shut up please!*"

The audience is taken aback, the laughing subsides. There is a moment of doubt; is he serious?

"Right. I thought I'd open with one of my *angwiest* poems of all . . . Yeah, they're all pretty heavy, hah hah, yeah, it's a bit zany here I know but this is serious. It's one of my angwiest poems of all and it's called 'Theatre'."

Wick reads his poem. It is, of course, awful. His delivery totters on the brink of epilepsy.

". . .What are you, Theatre? Perhaps I should ask Vanessa Wedgwave . . . *But I don't know Vanessa Wedgwave.* And neither do *you,* Theatre . . .

"Or do you . . .?"

He finishes with a satisfied snort. The house, by now, is convulsing with laughter. Wick is indignant.

"It's easy to clap, isn't it?" He spits. "I'm sure it's very funny. They laughed at Lenny Bwuce . . . Yes, *haw haw haw, very funny.* It's because of people like you that they build airports!"

AMONG OTHER things, Rick Mayall is also an actor. He has appeared in episodes of *Wolcott* and *The Squad.* He has small parts in *The Eye Of The Needle* and John Landis' *An American Werewolf In London.* He co-stars in a short film directed by Bertolucci's wife Clair Peplo called *Couples And Robbers* — "about a kind of shabby English Bonnie and Clyde" — and he plays the part of a TV soap opera character in *Shock Treatment,* the sequel to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show,* set in a TV studio.

Acting, however, is not something he especially enjoys. It lacks the element of audience interaction found in comedy.

"Comedy is not something you create on your own — you need the audience. Ade and I mainly work out our routines by getting two characters together and then trying them out in front of an audience."

As the Comic Strip moves on, in fragments, to the larger audience — away from the clubs and into the electronic media — Mayall finds himself and his contemporaries at the career crossroads, with film and TV offers beckoning from all directions. It's a long way from their original intentions.

"You remember that magazine *Sniffin Glue* . . . that piece that said here's three chords go out and form a band? That's fine if you've got a guitar. What the Comedy Store was about was that all you needed was yourself and a voice, and if you could just amuse or interest people somehow, you'd get money for it. That's what we were trying to popularise. That's what people like Keith Allen in particular were about. And he's now decided to pack it in because it's not working.

"What's happened is the few who started it have been hailed as the great saviours of British comedy, but it hasn't popularised the thing. There aren't clubs opening up in Bristol or Glasgow or whatever.

"There are one or two people following the lead. But the worst thing is that you get imitators of people like Alexei; they think, That's a good idea — be an alternative comedian . . . How do I become an alternative comedian? They put on Alexei's voice and start talking about young trendies. The thing is to take whatever *you* find funny. And it doesn't even have to be comedy. Look at all those old music hall acts . . .

"I've got some great books at home. There was one guy who had a motorbike, and all his act consisted of was crashing his motorbike on stage! I've got this thing of tucking my ear in. There were guys in the '30s who could base a whole act around that! There were circuits in those days and one ten munute act could keep you going for about two years.

"People are demanding on us, especially at the Comic Strip; turn over your material faster, come up with sketches, do what The Goons did or do what the Pythons did. We don't really belong to that. It's getting away from the actual live performance, which is what I'm really interest in. But that's always there. . ."

MAYALL'S FAVOURITE comedians are Tommy Cooper, W. C. Fields and Peter Cook. Tommy Cooper because "he doesn't need funny lines. What's good about his is that he's *really* like that." He has never actually met Tommy Cooper . . . "but that's the impression I get."

Of the two streams of British humour, surrealism and satire, he is least fond of satire.

"Satire implies that there's one way to behave, it implies a superior outlook, like *Not The Nine O'Clock News.* . ."

His own style leans towards the surreal or plain lunatic — demanding laughter with menaces.

On stage he is tetchy, belligerent, vaguely threatening, with a brittle edge that can have a startling effect on audience; defused by the fact that his creations are, underneath it all, weaklings.

One more thing: he isn't funny. He's hysterical. In time he could create a character as memorable as Cleese's Basil Fawlty. Perhaps he already has.

Over to you, Kevin. . .

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Directed by Walter Hill
Starring Keith Carradine, Powers Boothe, Fred Ward and Franklyn Seales (EMI)

NO ONE has ever doubted the ability of Walter Hill (he first came to prominence as scriptwriter of *The Getaway*) as a director. There's always been a nagging doubt, though, that he might have more of a technical grasp of cinema, more of a stylistic assurance in juggling with genres, than any real desire to 'say something'. Just think of the balletic cartoon surface of *The Warriors*, of the way in which *The Long Riders* looked good but foundered on its own themes, uncertain about just how sour and introverted the western could get if it was still to remain epic.

Southern Comfort puts these doubts to sleep. Hill has at last matched up his feel for form with some complex, even profound, subject-matter. The film could be seen as a militaristic re-run of *Deliverance*, but with even more nightmarish implications in so far as John Boorman's work put individuals on trial and viewed this process in mythical, if critical, terms — goodbye to macho *rites de passage* and all that. *Southern Comfort* is this and more; it puts a whole nation on trial. The Bravo Team of National Guardsmen who get lost on exercise out in the Louisiana everglades serve as a microcosm of America. And of what went down in Vietnam.

It's a theme which has been well worked over, but no one has treated it as head-on as Hill — he's an action director, remember, a latterday Raoul Walsh with a developed political consciousness.

The Bravo Team (weekend warriors, the equivalent of the British TA) don't just lose their way in the swamps, but bring down the wrath of the Cajuns, the French speaking 'natives' of the region. The unit's response to this isn't to smooth things over and reason their way out of a mess, but to try and shoot their way out. The irony of these small-scale nuke 'em tactics is that the Guardsmen have more blanks than live ammo. Still, they manage to burn out the home of a one-armed Cajun trapper and set about torturing him because he's suspected of shooting their sergeant — an incident which his own soldiers were initially responsible for.

Hill never overdoes the parallels between the Viet Cong and the Cajuns, because he's more interested in the internal politics of the Bravo Team, which are representative of the dissensions which can be found within America itself.

For example, there's the conservative corporal who turns out to be a religious fundamentalist nutter. And the substitute sergeant full of Pentagon-speak who turns out to be thoroughly incompetent. Plus an array of rednecks in uniform with a strong propensity to shoot first and ask questions afterwards and who think themselves several cuts above the "coonass" Cajuns.

The values of these Guardsmen are set off against those of the film's two heroes; one is a redneck (played by Powers Boothe) who's made good and become a chemical engineer, the other a cynical college graduate and city slicker (Keith Carradine) who makes for an interesting, loquacious protagonist, given that previous Hill films have specialised in existential monosyllabists — like Bronson in *The Streetfighter* and Ryan O'Neal in *Driver*.

Hill squeezes some great dialogue out of his ever-shortening list of characters — the Cajuns are coming! — just as he plays around with the expectations aroused by the chase-and-escape plot. The pace slows down towards the end which paradoxically makes for even greater suspense. But that's for you to discover — just like some of the desolate images which are re-enforced by Ry Cooder's jangling score.

It all makes for an uncomfortable batch of despatches. Things don't look too good for America's finest. That goes for the real-life ones too. Think of what is being allowed to go on in El Savador. If it's going to be another Vietnam, the 'internal' Vietnam of *Southern Comfort* helps to explain why.

Paul Tickell

Southern Comfort: Powers Boothe (left) and Keith Carradine, out of their depth playing soldiers in the swamps.

BRAVO FOR THE CAJUN CONG

The Cajuns are coming! The Cajuns are coming!!

Screen

Paternity

Directed by David Steinberg
Starring Burt Reynolds, Beverly D'Angelo and Lauren Hutton (CIC)

I'VE GOT nothing against children, I think I might even like them. However, the portrayal of children in the cinema — the intention is usually to appeal to soft-headed adults, to make them glow inside and get the taps to flow outside — encourages me to resort to the wisdom of W.C. Fields and the short shrift he gave children and dogs.

There are children aplenty in the comedy *Paternity*. There are no dogs, but Burt Reynolds is the next best thing. He plays a man with a kink — an ageing stud with a successful career, he lurks in New York parks trying to make friends with children but only manages to terrify their mothers. How would you feel about a moustachioed beefcake — in platforms — leering at your kids?

In order to prolong his bachelor days yet at the same time experience the joys of fatherhood, Burt decides to hire a woman to be the mother of his — hopefully — male child. Beverly D'Angelo plays a music student who needs money for a European scholarship and who offers herself as the surrogate mother. Contracts are drawn up, all very cold and business-like — like the impregnation scene.

Now you know what happens next. Once Burt has accompanied his seed pod to ante-natal classes, watched her hit a mean baseball in the park, and generally had the pleasure of her company around the house — she's into trumpets — he falls in love and rips up the contract. Thankfully, the eventual gender of the offspring means that there won't be a buddy movie sequel, with Burt and son in something along the lines of *Reynolds V Reynolds*.

Good American comedies get thinner on the ground every year. The slick and deft touch of a director like Billy Wilder — with a bit of cutting social comment, too — seems to be less and less a feature of the genre. Five one-liners don't make a comedy, and less so with *Paternity* where intimate scenes are handled with an industrial glove and the set pieces held together by maudlin goo.

Sentimentality has always been the enemy of comedy; it takes hard people, harder than Burt. Ask W.C.

Paul Tickell

Ludwig

Directed by Luchino Visconti
Starring Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider and Trevor Howard (Mainline)

THE LONGUEURS of *The Damned* or the elaborate dissection of sensibilities in *L'Innocente* have nothing on the four hours of *Ludwig*, originally made in 1972 but only now available outside Italy in its original form.

It traces the career of Ludwig, the 19th century king of Bavaria, from shy young monarch and part-time dreamer to entrenched eccentric and recluse who makes sure that his fantasy castles in the air actually get built and that the megalomaniac composer Wagner (excellently played by Trevor Howard as an irascible opportunist) never suffers from cash-flow problems.

Helmet Berger puts a lot of care into the title role and manages to carry off Ludwig's change from handsome youth to ageing, black-toothed, bearded lunatic. Ludwig's madness, though, is firmly placed in the context of courtly duties and never played for Grand Guignol kicks. Visconti not only sees Ludwig's wastefulness and misplaced largesse as the last gasp of an outmoded monarchy but also in terms of 19th century aestheticism: Ludwig is very much 'the artist', in contrast to the ministers and military who are trying to knock Bavaria, alongside Prussia, into the requisite political form — the 19th century German capitalist state.

Throughout *Ludwig* the locations, sets and costumes are something to behold, but details are never allowed to take over. Scenes develop at their own pace so that the momentum of the whole is greater than the sum of its parts and adds up to a consummate sense of space; the screen takes on three dimensions, unimaginable on TV or video.

This is why Visconti films, for all their exquisiteness and intangibility, have great solidity and depth. Like with the best 19th century novels, you sink into *Ludwig* — yet never in an escapist manner.

Paul Tickell

Three of the Seven — Kate, Mike and Irene — living it up on a low budget.

LOOK AT US, WE'RE WONDERFUL

Return Of The Secaucus Seven

Directed by John Sayles
Starring Mark Arnott and Gordon Clapp
(Osiris)

AMERICAN FILM–MAKERS have turned increasingly towards the Woodstock Generation as a casting vehicle for essays in the disillusioning, deepening wrinkles of maturity. *Return Of The Secaucus Seven* soft-focuses on a group of good buddies for their annual New England reunion at the house of two who have begun to settle down, Mike and Katie.

J.T. is the wandering country singer, aiming for LA and rhinestone success; Maura and Jeff, another couple, have split up and arrive separately, dripping accusations but gritting smiles at each other; Frances is an affable medic, wondering why she seems to be the solitary one; Irene, a dumpy speechwriter for a senator, brings along her new boyfriend Chip, doomed to be the straight man.

Some muddle, but that's only the start. J.T. used to carry a torch for Irene, though this weekend he makes out with Maura. Jeff doesn't like it. He looks on as Frances goes off with Ron (oh, he's someone else they all knew from school) who's Howard's friend. Howard? Look, you figure it out.

The seven (and cohorts) amble amiably enough through their weekend, drinking, diving and toking; being All-American in the gently sardonic post-*MASH* way; bruising egos in social progress reports and feet in a basketball game, but still winding up and out as chummy good guys.

It's an improbable venture for John Sayles, yet another writer-turned-director, who scripted *Lady In Red* and *Battle Beyond The Stars* for Roger Corman, as well as bonehead horror farces like *Piranha* and *The Howling*. Even as an independent feature it's not hard to see why this has struck American gold; its washy sensitivity must have sounded reminiscent chords in the homes of a zillion ex-demogoers now safely esconced in corporate middle America.

Artlessly directed and edited, relying instead on dialogue that's too slack to allow real distinctions between the fudge of characters, the essential home-movieness renders it inconsequential — sometimes maundering, often painstakingly dull. I found it hard to crack a smile. Ideal soundtrack: Jackson Browne's 'The Pretender'.

Richard Cook

FOR CIRCUIT RELEASES AND TV MOVIES SEE IN THE CAN AND ON THE BOX, PAGE 59

Small talk on the small screen

BLEEDING COW udders and Helen Mirren being pleasured in a shower by, of course, a fully clothed man! Helen's flesh dripped and quivered; her lover's T-shirt and jeans got soaked. How could he perform so athletically with his jeans on? Didn't the zip get in the way? Or at least rip into his . . . udder?

Oh, thank heaven for television! What a gift to the imagination! Where would my small talk be without it?!

The party I'm invited to this week will undoubtedly have me discussing with faint strangers the Helen Mirren shower scene in **Mrs Rheinhardt,** and sheepishly wondering just how realistic the cow's torn, tender underneath was. Talk cannot get much smaller than that, unless it's wrapped and delivered by radio DJs, TV linkpeople, or guests understandably paralysed into nonsense by the wrinkled state of Parkinson's suits, skin and questions. .

Beryl Mirren as Mrs Pigswill.

Edna O'Brien, alas, is no Flann O'Brien when it comes to euphorically compiling and dramatising symbolic small talk, but she's inestimable when the labour of love is framing and scrutinising the unsavoury breakdown of some aching, melancholy lady. *Mrs Rheinhardt* — an O'Brien short 'story' dramatised by O'Brien herself — was an insultingly unsurprising opening to the new BBC2 *Playhouse* series, not particularly bucked up by Mirren's respectably nervous, suffering performance.

"I objected to the quite unnecessary happy ending."

"I wonder why they always leave the man with his trousers on?"

"Mmmm . . . that poor cow as well."

"Helen Mirren? Did you watch **Behind The Scenes With Malcolm Bradbury?"**

"Yeah . . . not a hope of his trousers coming off."

THE OPENING programme in the new **South Bank Show** series was giddy, sensational small talk — Melvyn Bragg trailing from Harold Pinter to Karel Reisz to John Fowles to doggedly rub away the final layers of the mystery of the making of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. I've never known whether *French Lieutenant's Woman* was the kind of novel one never read but earnestly pretended to, or read but pretended not to have. I don't care about that anymore, but I would like to know (I've missed the point so far) why it was of such desperate concern that the Fowles novel be filmed — simply because of the obvious difficulties of translating it

Don't look he'll see you.
Don't breathe he'll hear you.
Don't move you're dead.

THE BURNING x

PLUS... WHEN A STRANGER CALLS AA

JEAN UBAUD, MICHAEL COHL and CORKY BURGER present a Miramax production of THE BURNING
starring BRIAN MATTHEWS LEAH AYERS BRIAN BACKER LARRY JOSHUA and LOU DAVID as Cropsy
Associate Producer DANY UBAUD Director of Photography HARVEY HARRISON Music composed and performed by RICK WAKEMAN
Musical Director ALAN BRAWER Special effects & make-up TOM SAVINI Executive Producers JEAN UBAUD, MICHAEL COHL and ANDRE DJAOUI
Screenplay by PETER LAWRENCE and BOB WEINSTEIN Created and Produced by HARVEY WEINSTEIN Directed by TONY MAYLAM
Soundtrack available on records and tapes. HandMade Films (1981) Partnership ©

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FULHAM ROAD* ABC
*Supporting feature Ice Break

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CROYDON ABC
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EDGWARE ABC
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE ABC
ENFIELD ABC
ESHER EMBASSY
EWELL ABC
GOLDERS GREEN ABC
GUILDFORD STUDIO
HAMMERSMITH ABC
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HARROW ABC
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PUTNEY ABC
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SIDCUP ABC
STAINES ABC
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TURNPIKE LANE ABC
UXBRIDGE ODEON
WALTHAM CROSS EMBASSY
WALTHAMSTOW GRANADA
WATFORD EMPIRE
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WELLING GRANADA
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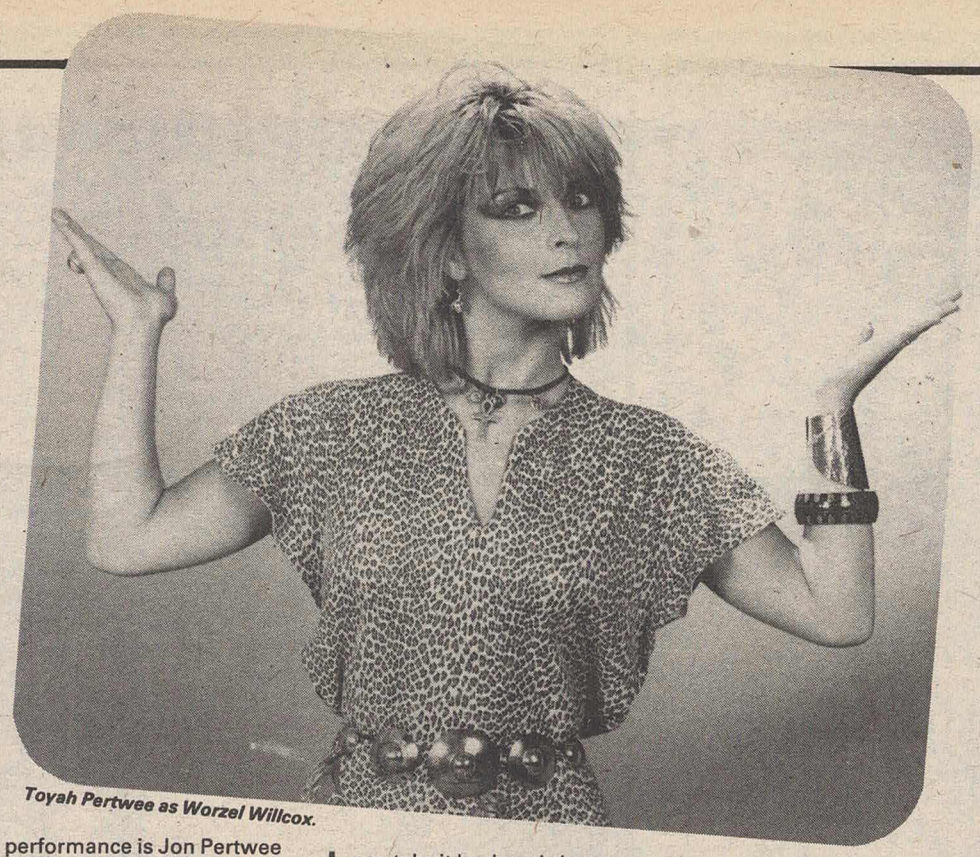
WOODFORD ABC
WOOLWICH ABC
Dates correct at time of going to press.

From Thurs. November 12
ALDERSHOT ABC
BRIGHTON ABC
CRAWLEY EMBASSY
LUTON ABC
SOUTHEND ABC

From Sun. November 15
CAMBERLEY CLASSIC
TOTTENHAM STUDIO

DANGEROUS VISIONS

By PAUL MORLEY



Toyah Pertwee as Worzel Willcox.

from page to screen? Because it was there?

The clips shown put me off seeing the film — Meryl Streep's accent was too much to take, the kind of accent I would never swap small talk with. I await the filming of Anthony Burgess' *Earthly Powers* with reckless curiosity. In fact, I await the request from Burgess for me to apply myself to the screenplay.

"Love to . . . love to."

"Jolly good . . .".

"I will reduce the novel quite mercilessly to the coldest areas of interest, I want Kenneth Williams to direct and I want the three of us to be interviewed not by Bragg but by Harty."

"Jolly good . . . it's bound to work."

One of the two great teatime performances of the season is Kenneth Williams as all the voices in BBC's lovely, incorruptible cartoon fantasy **Willo The Wisp.** Hearing Williams' delightful, persuasive vocal virtuosity it's sad to recall that his main appearance in commercials has been for Blue Loo. Think of Neil Innes' finest moments — singing nicely shrunken versions of his sing-songs in praise of Holsten lager — and realise that the potential of the great Williams to exotically sell almost anything from chocolate to Burgess' *Earthly Powers* is considerable. Whenever I hear Williams' voice stalking the shadows of small-ish talk, I just know that he's not wearing any trousers.

The second great tea-time performance is Jon Pertwee as **Worzel Gummidge;** Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall's enterprising subversion of bourgeois manners and brilliant dislocation of motiveless small talk is garbled and gargled with well-seasoned actor's delight by Pertwee, and this week Beryl Reid as his mother — "in a manner of speaking" — Sarah Pigswill. It was Worzel's birthday and the mother he picked up for the day baked him a cake. Chocoloate, fruit, fancy, plain, coffee, upside down, right way up???? Mud!!

"No ordinary cake?!"

"Ordinary cake? That's for ordinary tea! With dishwater tea you have mud cake. Look, I've baked my fingers to the roots . . . there are scarecrows in Africa that would be glad of that mud cake."

Sarah Pigswill gives Worzel a lump of coal for his birthday. "If it's the wrong size then you can take it back and change it."

Pisses over Pinter, this crow-stuff.

IT'S NOT only Worzel Gummidge that has stiff straw hair, the complexion of a witch, a funny way of speaking and a very odd walk. There's Toyah Willcox. The major difference is that Worzel has a different head for different occasions — a posh head, a counting head, an ordinary head, a thinking head. Toyah is stuck with the one rather boring and vague head.

"Mentally I'm a brightly coloured person," she decided to tell Parkinson, who was wearing a neglected look reminiscent of a man ruined by masturbation. "I used to be really horrible . . . I used to be really bad with words . . . I used to be really naive . . ." Used to be? Toyah has not properly tackled the problem of small talk.

Steve Davis, World Snooker Champion, most definitely has. "It was a whole new experience," said David Vine about the tie break that won England the World Team Championship. "Yes, but it was still snooker," snookered Davis, a reasonable man. Vine could do little but drop his trousers.

And in honour of John Fortune's classic circular glorification of small talk and small values, **Roger Doesn't Live Here Anymore,** I drop my own trousers. ITV's **A Fine Romance,** which looks to be entering similar areas of morale, deceit and fair love play, will do well to equal Roger's subtle, disconcerting pseudo-dreaminess. Jonathan Pryce, who played Roger, will of course be my choice for lead in *Earthly Powers.*

Next Week in NME

From the paper that gives you stereo sound and 3D vision ...

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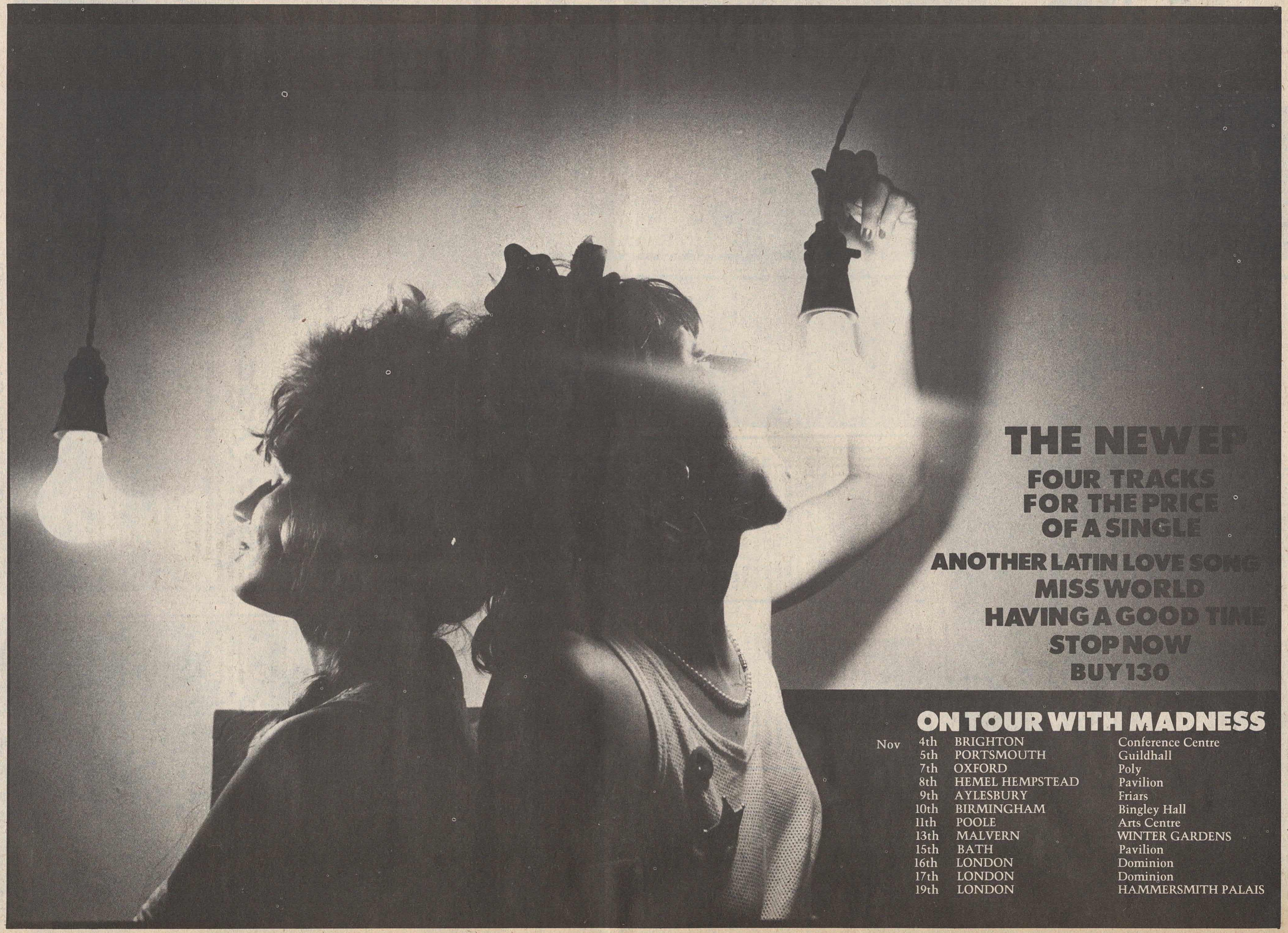


ON TOUR WITH MADNESS

Nov	4th	BRIGHTON	Conference Centre
	5th	PORTSMOUTH	Guildhall
	7th	OXFORD	Poly
	8th	HEMEL HEMPSTEAD	Pavilion
	9th	AYLESBURY	Friars
	10th	BIRMINGHAM	Bingley Hall
	11th	POOLE	Arts Centre
	13th	MALVERN	WINTER GARDENS
	15th	BATH	Pavilion
	16th	LONDON	Dominion
	17th	LONDON	Dominion
	19th	LONDON	HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

THE BELLE STARS

NO EXIT IN DÜSSELDORF

Die Krupps parry the British Depression with the industrious sound of hammer against steel. Chris Bohn meets component part Ralf Dorper, who happens to be a Lemming in his spare time. Pigtail and main picture by David Corio.

GOING BY the barely suppressed giggles, David Corio's pigtail is the biggest thing to have hit town all season.

Although Dusseldorf has always appeared to be the centre of the most exotic of new German sounds, frivolous pop trappings haven't yet filtered into the mainstream of midtown window shoppers strolling through the drizzle.

Along with coffee and cakes, Sunday walks are a German tradition that defy the weather. Well-dressed families, fur-coated old ladies leading dogs, young couples and solitary ramblers engage in a seemingly aimless parade along the promenades, glancing covetously into lavishly laden department store windows with the confidence of consumers who haven't been told the Economic Miracle isn't as miraculous as it once was.

Whatever, if and when the decline hits, Dusseldorf won't be the first place to feel it.

Being the concrete and glass office complex to the Ruhr district — Germany's industrial heartland — it has enjoyed all the benefits and suffered little of the sweat and grime of the post-war reconstruction and will undoubtedly be the last place to feel the squeeze.

As always, it's a different story at the main station. Dossers, drunks and unemployed immigrant workers who can't get on with or slip into the German speed of life stumble around us in ever decreasing circles while we wait for the charming and witty Ralf Dorper to pick up. Dorper arrives dressed from head to foot in grey and black leather soft enough for him to blend in with the parade we fall behind, yet stylish enough to set him apart.

We drop back and in a cafe called La Strada, named after the Fellini film, which is occupied by artschool sorts, crop headed black leather clad moustachioed gringos and the disco fringe. The cafe is chrome finished and lit up by glaring neon strips, while a tape pumps out a soundtrack of silvery disco conventions and new dance hits like The Human League's 'Love Action'.

It a great kitsch capsule of the modern world and Ralf Dorper obviously feels at home in it. And so he should. As part of Die Krupps, whose steeled, recorded responses to the prevailing rock wetness were reviewed last week, he actively embraces progress and refuses to be belittled by it.

Die Krupps embody change, defy complacency — especially in their own ranks — and refuse to settle into a comfortable niche. If that's what they wanted, they'd have been better off pursuing their earlier occupations.

Krupps founders Jurgen Engler and Bernward Malaka had carved a reputation for themselves with Germany's first punk group Male; in keeping with its spirit, they split before they began repeating themselves. Dorper, meanwhile, had followed up his involvement with the *Sniffin' Glue* equivalent fanzine *Ostrich* by making two of the strangest, most disturbing and original singles of the past twelve months, called 'Eraserhead' — "a homage to the film's director David Lynch" — and Die Lemminge's Lorelie', and was consequently marked as an eccentric curiosity maker.

Pop, being sentimental, wouldn't let them forget their pasts, so Engler conceived Die Krupps and 'Stahlwerksynfonie' as a deliberate break, an affront to older punk fans and present cosy trendsetters. Thus it is inexorably long, industrial by nature (pounding steel sets up an irresistable machine-like motion), hard, witty and undeniably beautiful.

Die Krupps is a pop group. Krupps is also the giant steel firm that is tightly knotted into 20th century German history. So what's in a name, Ralf?

"Die Krupps is closely connected with steel, naturally, and also with Germany. Throughout the world Krupps stands for the whole complex of manufacture, money, import, export and German industry."

And armaments.

"Sure. We know, but this is not really the point, Die Krupps is more about steel as style, chromatic steel — we're now living with steel as a very clear, clean form. The name has a strong relation to our music."

RALF DORPER is confident because he approaches the modern world in a practical and pragmatic way, as opposed to Utopian. He isn't ashamed to be living now — on the contrary.

"I enjoy living in Germany," he asserts, "though it's starting to get a bit heavy here and I think we'll have another crisis like in 1929 (year of the Wall Street Crash). There is a big alternative movement here, but I'm not interested in living off the land. I don't want to live in the 15th century."

Dorper and Die Krupps take whatever's there. They consume ideas at a phenomenal rate and discard those that are no longer relevant. They've got no time for once interesting or important movements who've made their point and gone on to spoil it through repetition and indecision.

Die Krupps' hardness, their unsentimentality, is also a reaction to the successive waves of self-doubting music coming out of Britain, like The Comsat Angels and The Sound, who've diluted and thereby devalued the intensive soul searching of precursors like Joy Division.

"Everyone appears to be unsure at the moment," posits Ralf. "The Cure are very popular here for instance, and so were Die Fehlfarben (who used to be one of Germany's best post '77 groups until their singer / writer Peter Hein left). They are very self-conflicting, always asking, Who am I? What is happening to me? They ask the questions but don't give the answers, which creates a conflict in the listeners. I don't like this conflict because it hardly ever resolves itself, and people stay in a state of conflict. We think it should be the other way round.

"So we make fast, very self-confident music, instead of melancholy, unsure music. Like DAF, ours is hard and stylish music that doesn't make people feel uncomfortable with their lives but encourages them to identify with themselves, to be sure about themselves, strong and fast living. We make positive, hard dance music, not a harmonic disco music, music that is made in the '80s for this generation."

'Stahlwerksynfonie' does, however, register man's ambivalent relationship with machines.

"There was a scene in *The Elephant Man*, which was in some ways about the Industrial Revolution in England, which connected with Die Krupps, that one in which you only see the sweating bodies of workers at the machines.

"I had experience of hard, physical work in the army (on compulsory national service) of working to the point of exhaustion and not being able to stop because the machines keep on. Just like that scene in Chaplin's *Modern Times*. (When Chaplin collapses onto the conveyor belt and becomes part of the production process.) It's terrible having to adapt your rhythm to the rhythm of the machine, which is what we are doing in 'Stahlwerksynfonie'. You get sucked into the rhythm and are still moving with it long after the machine has been switched off."

Though conceived as an abrupt severence with the past, 'Stahlwerksynfonie' worked more as a reconciliation of the disparate elements making up the Dusseldorf scene. It is brutally choppy enough to appease the punks, irrestistably active enough for the disco set and conceptually sound enough to stir the intellectuals. They capitalised on its unexpected popularity with the gleaming 'Wahre Arbeit Wahrer Lohn', which encourages workers to exact a just wage for all that soul destroying work.

Dance to it on the picket line!

Top: Ralf. Below: Die Krupps.

DIE KRUPPS' art ironically echoes the hollowness of the post war economic miracle. In contrast Dorper's solo projects plunder the richness of a German heritage tainted by the Nazi extolling of German virtues. By sentimentalizing sadness, the Nazis transmuted art into kitsch. They promoted the baser elements of music, literature and art in their drive to instil a nationalist pride in the people.

Not that German art of the 18th and 19th centuries needed much of a push to topple into kitsch anyway — now known as The Kitsch Epoch, the period's artists were prone to romanticising melancholy to the point of absurdity.

Dorper's Die Lemminge (with Jurgen Engler) both mocks the German predilection towards melancholy and acts as a pointer to a culture ignored in light of the Nazi appropriation of it. So far they've recorded one excellent single, an electronic version of the traditional Rhineland tune 'Lorelei', using romantic poet Heinrich Heine's lyrics. It creates an aura of timelessness by having the vo-codered voice and mournful melody emerging from and fading back into pools of dripping noise. 'Lorelei' wallows luxuriously in the gloom just as surely as it chuckles at it.

Still, isn't all this tapping of the Deutsche Misere at odds with Krupps' positive strides forward?

Continues page 56

HEARTBEAT & STRANGELOVE

Vivien Goldman witnesses the subversive pop of The Beat at work in New York against the nuclear age

WITH THE INSTINCTIVE gesture of a former Literature student, Dave Wakeling reached for Roget's Thesaurus when he was looking for a name for his new group.

He thumbed through till he found the heading Music. Music, according to Roget, breaks down into Harmony and Discord. The listing for Discord was headed Clash. Dave glanced over to Harmony. Top of the list of alternative words was Beat.

Dave could hardly believe no one had used the name for a group. Everyone knows that beat's what you need for your dancing feet. Brian Epstein certainly knew when he coined his cuddly toy name, The Beatles. Les Beat honed the name down, and probably had the idea down better than they realised at the time. Because they are. Beat, certainly, in some ways, they can't be (Beat).

The Beat are beatniks. Beatifically blundering into the big time. Their cover of Smokey Robinson's 'Tears Of A Clown' filled the audience with A&R men snapping at each other's expense accounts. Then the little error of recording the bubbly 'Hands Off She's Mine', which had sounded so jolly and satirical in the living room, and made militant sister Lesley from the Au Pairs — Roger and Dave's neighbour in Brum — practically give up on the pair of them for good.

This great (ideologically un)sound really did lively up some of the most irksome and regrettable human socialisations, making a glossy commercial for possessiveness and violent jealousy. Why, *everyone's* going green this year, dear.

The best harmonies sound like discords first time round (check the old Abysinnians for proof), and when The Beat insisted, against all record company advice, on releasing 'Mirror In The Bathroom' as the follow-up to 'Hands Off', the attitude very much was — well, if we make a mistake, it's our mistake.

Bearing in mind that too much listening to other people's advice instead of your own heart is often the worst mistake considering that part of the game in life is seeing how firmly you can grab hold of your destiny. This bunch of factory workers and organic gardeners and lunatic asylum attendants, unemployed school leavers, ex-shirt cutters, and common labourers decided to stick with their feelings, and got a gold album.

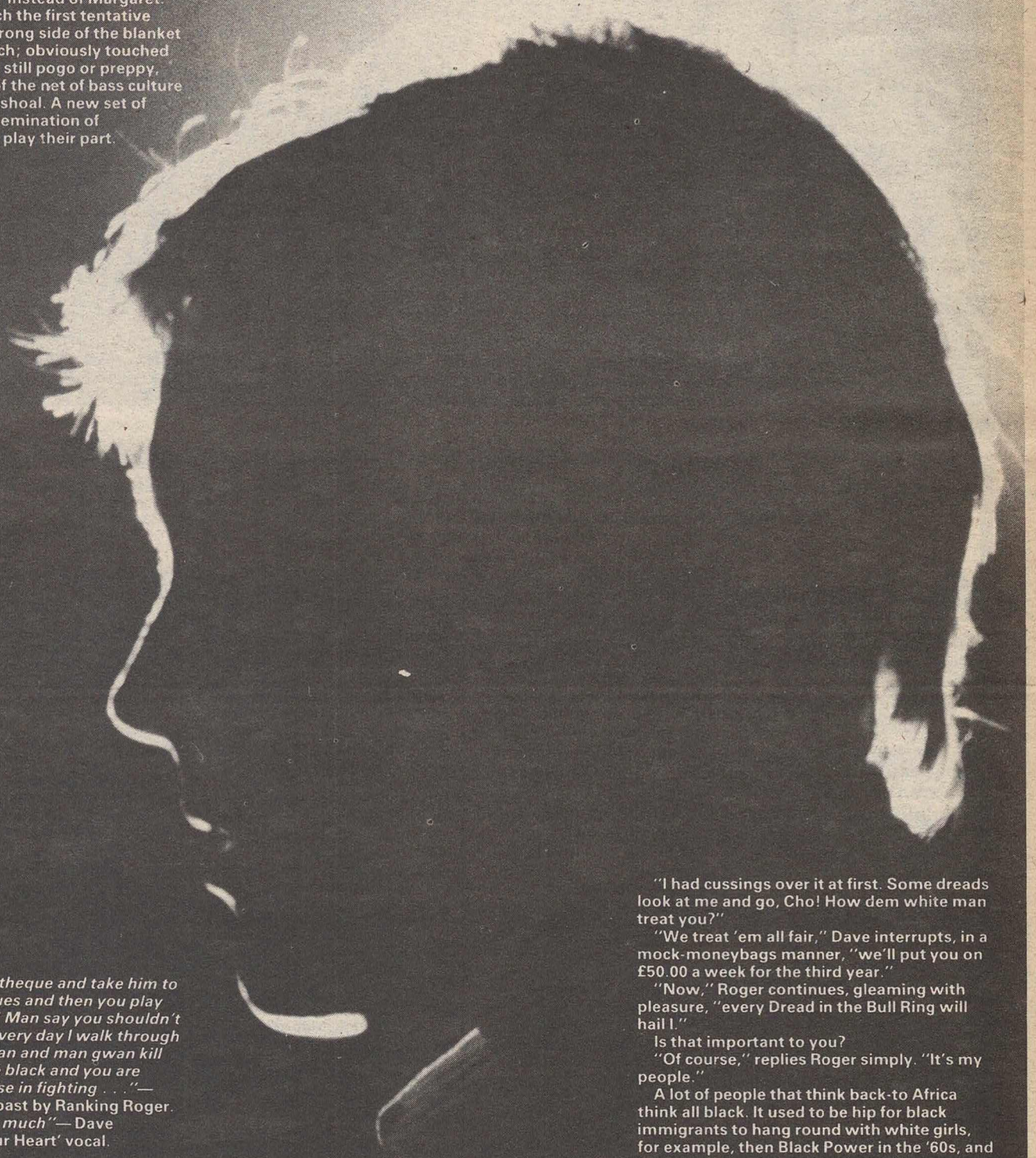
In a dressing room in Philadelphia, on their current US tour, an American fan who'd seemed well up on Beatology shocked Dave Wakeling by saying he'd be proud to fight for his country. The same chap had probably been singing along in the audience to The Beat's explicit anti-war songs like 'I'm Your Flag". Ear syringes won't do the trick; it's a dub version of certain accepted brain patterns that The Beat would like to see happen, a shift in attitudes. Sugarcoat the serious things with pretty tunes, rhythms and faces, and more people will listen — ah, the old debate, de Beat aren't de first.

Since pop or punk or rock or schlock in Britain started to talk about serious things as a matter of course, we've built up a rapid file of case histories of idealism adjusting to money, or multinational organisations, the perils of playing footsy with Babylon system. All the time, of course, our little moves on the chess-board fall under the shadow of the punitive puppet-masters trying to pull our strings and press our buttons for us. But we're the push-button generation, anyway, demanding to do up our buttons, ourselves. We're big enough. If there are mistakes, we'd rather they were OUR mistakes.

So, the day after a quarter of a million people filled the CND rally at Hyde Park, a bunch of New York chart-followers stomped and sweated and punched their fists in the air, singing and actually dancing to the unaccustomed reggae inflections (dance instruction courtesy Two Tone), chanting 'Stand Down Margaret', along with The Beat onstage at the Ritz. Whether they understood what The Beat were dealing with is debeatable, of course.

Still, they're living through an international re-run of *Dr Strangelove*, with the lunatics running the asylum. British people resent the Americans planting Cruise missiles on this green and pleasant land, with the finger on the trigger over the water. But Americans have their own daily nuclear headlines, with Russia cast as the big bad wolf. Americans have their own battle-lines drawn, and Britain is just one dot in the fill-in-the-dots mushroom cloud. Sometimes The Beat sing *"Stand Down Ronnie"* instead of Margaret.

The audiences sketch the first tentative American skanks, a wrong side of the blanket sideways, off-beat lurch; obviously touched with the tarbrush, but still pogo or preppy, whiteass. The edges of the net of bass culture tighten around a new shoal. A new set of souls. Infiltration, dissemination of information. The Beat play their part.



"Take him to a discotheque and take him to a pub, take him to a blues and then you play him a rub-a-dub, ehhh! Man say you shouldn't really fight. Each and every day I walk through the streets and I see man and man gwan kill each other 'cos you are black and you are white. So what's the use in fighting . . ."— 'Doors of Your Heart' toast by Ranking Roger.

"I think we think too much"— Dave Wakeling 'Doors of Your Heart' vocal.

THE BEAT ARE busy. They're in a nice spot now, re-negotiating their record contracts in Britain and America with all the cards in their hands.

Those record company meetings — a doddle, a giggle. A game The Beat are learning to play now that they're managing themselves, enacting the strategies in person instead of through a non-band spokesperson (formerly John Mostyn). In Britain Arista had to cough up a few clauses as well as a few zeros. The Beat haven't yet re-signed with Sire in America.

One of their two days in New York is spent hanging round Sire, and ferreting out those funky cheap chic items you can find en route.

The Beat are the only band I can think of with *two* guaranteed teen heart-throbs as front people. This afternoon both sex symbols, Dave Wakeling (who looks like he's stepped out of an athlete's chic adaptation of *Brideshead Revisited)* and Ranking Roger (whose perfectly curved smile glows like one on a Hallowe'en pumpkin), have bought presents in Chinatown for their best girls.

I'm attempting to interview Roger, spiffing in his new white karate style kimono. He's just saying, "After this band, I'm going to be a drummer — a second Sly Dunbar . . ." when Dave walks in, lugging loads of carrier bags. He collapses on the other bed, picks up a miniature Japanese flag Roger's bought to stick in the band of his crown. "A trigram, isn't it?" Dave says, pointing to a Japanese character.

Shuffle, aka David Steele, bassie, slouches in, and huddles in a chair sucking a lollipop. The conversation is general. Roger tells us about moving on from singing in the school choir to toasting with different Birmingham sound systems like Cyclops and Youthman Sound, listening to Dennis Alcapone, Trinity, Dillinger, Clint Eastwood . . .

How did the dreads in the sounds feel about your working with a white pop group?

"I had cussings over it at first. Some dreads look at me and go, Cho! How dem white man treat you?"

"We treat 'em all fair," Dave interrupts, in a mock-moneybags manner, "we'll put you on £50.00 a week for the third year."

"Now," Roger continues, gleaming with pleasure, "every Dread in the Bull Ring will hail I."

Is that important to you?

"Of course," replies Roger simply. "It's my people."

A lot of people that think back-to Africa think all black. It used to be hip for black immigrants to hang round with white girls, for example, then Black Power in the '60s, and Rasta now, made it less admirable . . .

'They can go on with what they want. I go out with a white girl from Ireland, and I'm proud to walk through the Bull Ring with her. She's my queen. A lot of black people are starting to accept white people since after the riots."

What would Dave like to do, if he wasn't with The Beat?

Well, he'd thought about moving to Mauritius, where his girlfriend comes from, then discovered that the island they were planning to move to, Diego Garcias, was being built up as an American nuclear base — part of the Mauritius Independence deal. The original inhabitants, says Dave with a grim smile, were shifted into some slum in Miami . . .

"Remember that night when you tried too hard/Not to treat her like another toy/It made you mad, you slept so badly, now you're out every Saturday night/For what you can't get/Boy, is it a problem?"

— 'Monkey Murders'

WHILE THE world's longest sausage is wheeled round on the TV screen to the admiration of all, we listen to the new Beat 45 — 'Hit It' (check the spectacular dub version exclusively, on the NME Dancin' Master compilation) and 'Which Side Of The Bed' a serious, sensitive piece of sexual politics:

"Let me lie through my teeth, let me lie in the dark . . . which side of the bed did the argument start?"

Dave the linguist flashes his tennis player's smile. "I thought no one was writing songs for the Young Married set, so I'd do it. My girlfriend says I don't write love songs, only hate songs . . ."

Right about then, I wander off to try and interview Saxa. (Note the try.) In his 50s, Saxa is the group's father figure. Sloping onstage in his paisley cords, propping himself on a stool like early Jah Wobble and Andy Williams, he is the quintessence of beat hip, trailing cool jazz solos (he goes for big bands and Louis Jordan more than The Beat) like a Pied Piper.

In his absence, band members talk about him with near-wonder. The second time they played together, Saxa announced grandly, "You are my boys, and I want to die playing the saxophone with you. That's where I'm closest to God."

I've brought along a bottle of wine to bribe Saxa to talk, as I'd been advised. He doesn't like to give interviews. He's propped up in bed, as he has been all day, chatting with a fan who'd dropped in. She's been bitten on the upper lip by a dog, but had skipped going to Emergency at St. Vincent's Hospital, in favour of going to see The Beat. I hope I don't get rabies.

"You brought *red* wine," says Saxa severely, his hands folded across his Lora Logic T-shirt. "Didn't the boys tell you I only drink white?"

It's difficult interviewing Saxa, who has a horror of revealing his personal life, so would rather substitute pretty posies of waffle for information. Besides, he's half an old-fashioned guy and half a little kid, as Roger observed. The result is that he relates to most women with the exception of his wife in a barrage of flirtatious asides and boasty self-advertisements delivered in such a dry, droll way that it's easy to laugh off — at first . . . Overall, Saxa is a lovable eccentric with great panache, who communicates more fluently with his horn than words.

I succeed in establishing a few facts about him.

"I do everything really great. Swimming. Great dancer. Great sex man. No doubt about that. I believe in sex."

Saxa's son is about to start playing with The Beat; Saxa will probably retire from the road. I've never met anyone who has the crusty old curmudgeon schtick so perfectly down; Saxa is right out of Dickens as he groans, "I'm so mashed up with playing music. I want to teach kids to play music. *If* me live . . ." he moans and shudders, hamming it up.

You look perfectly fit to me Saxa. What makes you think you're about to snuff it?

"What's the time now?" Saxa props himself up eagerly to grab a watch. "9.15. Probably I'll be dead by — ten," he concludes with satisfaction, nestling back into the bed.

"The little you can expect/To get from anyone else /Makes you look after number one/ The only helping hand/You'll ever be offered/ Is the one at the end of your own arm . . ."

— 'The Limits We Set'

DAVE WAKELING, 25, imminent father-to-be meditates on his role as militant songwriter.

"Music seems to be the least censored of the arts. I was surprised when TV producers actually asked us to play 'Stand Down Margaret', but the lyrics are the last thing people listen to. The people who make the final decisions at the BBC just think music is a horrible racket, so it's a fairly safe, ineffectual way of protesting. It creates a negligible amount of change, just reconfirms people who think like that anyway.

He writes to cheer himself up, he says. 'Drowning' for example was written in a toilet Dave had barricaded himself into in a fit of despair on their last US tour.

"It gets rid of poison, it's an alternative to hitting someone or yourself.

"I was writing about things I was obsessed with anyway. People saw it as social comment, and we took advantage of it. The biggest challenge is to work out a way of doing it without offending people by ramming it down their throats. To see how much you can get away with and have wide appeal is as much fun as seeing how much you can say . . .

"When I was 13 I wanted to be a monk in Japan, because I was reading a lot of Japanese Buddhism. I like the idea of impermanence. It makes everything a lot easier to handle — you can enjoy everything, because you know that this too will pass. It helps with the group, because you don't get carried away about careers or charts, transitory things. It suggests a way people could live together and develop parts we haven't been able to try out . . . our inherent faults are in everything, not just the political parties — you get Margaret Thatcher because you deserve Margaret Thatcher; you don't like the guy you buy your newspaper from, and Reagan doesn't like Brezhnev . . ."

Dave recalls that in '78 reggae started to be more Lover's Rock than rebel music. At the same time punk was "going through what looked like death throes but was actually sorting out what was important — it was becoming apparent that you couldn't change the world by being on amphetamine all your life."

He loved the house parties where the sounds switched between reggae and punk, and was inspired by the Lee Perry production of Max Romeo's 'War In A Babylon' LP, especially the song 'Uptown Babies Don't Cry'.

"I'd sing along, then I'd realise what I was singing about. The song makes you feel happy, so it puts you in a strong position to say — actually, I agree with that. The more upful the music, the closer to the bone you can be.

"Blockhead (Beat piano person) was around on CND marches in the '50s, when there was also a quarter of a million people. He thought the world would never be the same, then he saw it all degenerate into backbiting and infighting. He refuses to get involved. But as pop groups get an inordinate amount of press — more than world problems — we should talk about something.

"Most young people are totally uninformed. We worried about it after a fashion — putting lefty causes with transitory pop music. But then we ran a drawing competition, and there were loads of kids of 14 drawing pictures of the world blowing up, with pictures of Margaret Thatcher leering. I read that 59% of young people think there'll be a nuclear war. That's two-thirds of young people! That's enough to *make* it happen.

"That's why upful music is so important. Wider bubblegum pop appeal can be more subversive. Sometimes I do think music is changing the world, but I tend to dismiss it as a personal thought. The music business is hemmed in, allowed to be subversive, but it's isolated from the powers that control. If we are changing this generation, we'll only know in ten years, when they have positions of power . . ."

"This one your Unity Rocker, Lord/Stick him in your living room/and turn off the light eh! Bet you wouldn't know if he was black or white, boy!"

'Doors Of Your Heart' toast

RANKING ROGER looks tired on this mid-tour. He still steps onstage, though, dancing a manic, double-speed skank, hurtling around, flinging himself about like a hyper-active goalie. The shirt of his immaculately tailored dread ensemble — black with brown cord trim, and flashes of The Colours — is sodden by the end of the show, and Roger wanders round backstage, bemused by the amount of people wanting to tune into him.

When does friendship and fandom turn into vampire business?

Back in Brum at the end of The Beat's last (and first) American tour, supporting The Pretenders, Roger didn't leave the house for three weeks. Then he forced himself.

"I found I didn't care as much about people. I was bored with people. I think the American tour turned me that way. New York got on top of me, all the big massive buildings. I couldn't take it. It's starting to happen again . . ."

Through the slats in the blind, the dawn is creeping up the grey walls of the skyscraper opposite. The thin white light creeps like a slow searchlight scanning the prison wall for escapees. Roger's voice is a low purr, breaking from patois to Brum-Brit in mid-word.

His family come from St. Lucia; Roger thinks they are disappointed in their lives in Britain, because they've never been able to get work better than the factory jobs they took 20 years ago. The streets were not paved with gold.

"I have to see England as my country, because I was born there, but I've got African blood, and I'm proud to be an African. Dave always thinks there'll be a Third World War, but the world can't end just like that, unless God destroys it. Something will happen.

"When I was 14 I was scared of the bomb, but not any more. If it does go off, there's nothing people on earth can do to stop it — but people can stop it going off."

We talk for a while about war and peace.

Photos: double page pic by Robert Ellis; Roger pic, top left by Anton Corbjin; Dave Wakeling by Adrian Boot.

Roger says that peace is a *must*. I say that wars keep on happening at times of inflation because it boosts the economy and reduces the population, making more money to divide among fewer folk. Roger says he'd never thought of it like that.

Roger reads only one book — the Bible. He reads and re-reads chapters and paragraphs — he'll be pretty old by the time he's read the lot, but he should know the Bible very well.

Ranking Roger is a different kind of dread. He brings a breath of a blues dance into a rock and roll show. I feel he's straining to do more toasting, although The Beat already have established a good balance between harmonies and toasting Roger is a range rover, eagerly straining at the leash with new ideas. When it comes to money, he's — *Beat*.

"I would like to make enough, but not too much. What happens is someone signs a contract, makes it big with one record, then loses it all. One thing I know is that I walked into the music business with nothing in my pocket. Say this whole thing folded and I walked out of here with nothing, I don't think I'd really partial (worry), you know what I mean? But I wouldn't like to walk out with nothing — I'd like enough to set myself up with something creative. Maybe build a studio.

"I don't think Dave will hang out with The Beat for a very long time. He's going to start a family."

It has been known for people to have a family and be in a group; he'll need the money for the kid, anyway.

"We'll probably have made enough by then."

Enough? I've never heard anyone mention *enough* money in my life. These people must be bohemians. Everyone knows that when you've got the winning sound, the idea is to milk it till it's squeezed dry. These Beat-niks talk about retirement, about making enough money and then stopping!

Dave says that The Beat developed so socialistically as much through fear of money as anything else. He's thinking specifically of the corrupting factors of filthy lucre; giving the money from 'Stand Down Margaret' to CND was a form of discipline an act of renunciation from a man who wanted to be a monk, and a man who feels profoundly confident that God will step in, like the cavalry in the last reel. We're dealing with people of faith.

Roger says: "I'm glad in a way I got caught up in this. I've always been different. I've always wanted to do what I wanted to do, and I don't like people organising my life for me."

When steamboats raced, they stopped or Coal, wood and Southern Comfort.

If there was one event that could capture the imagination of the whole of the Mississippi it was a race between two great riverboats.

In 1870 such a race was organised between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez.

It was to start at New Orleans and finish over 1,200 miles upstream at St. Louis.

As the day of the race approached, each steamer would be stripped of all excessive and unnecessary weight.

It's even rumoured that on one trip a captain shaved his head and made his crew part their hair down the middle to reduce wind resistance.

Both steamboats would then be carefully loaded with just the right amount of fuel and

nly to take on vital fuel.

refreshment. Just enough to ensure as few stops as possible during the race.

The refreshment could well have been a bottle of Southern Comfort.

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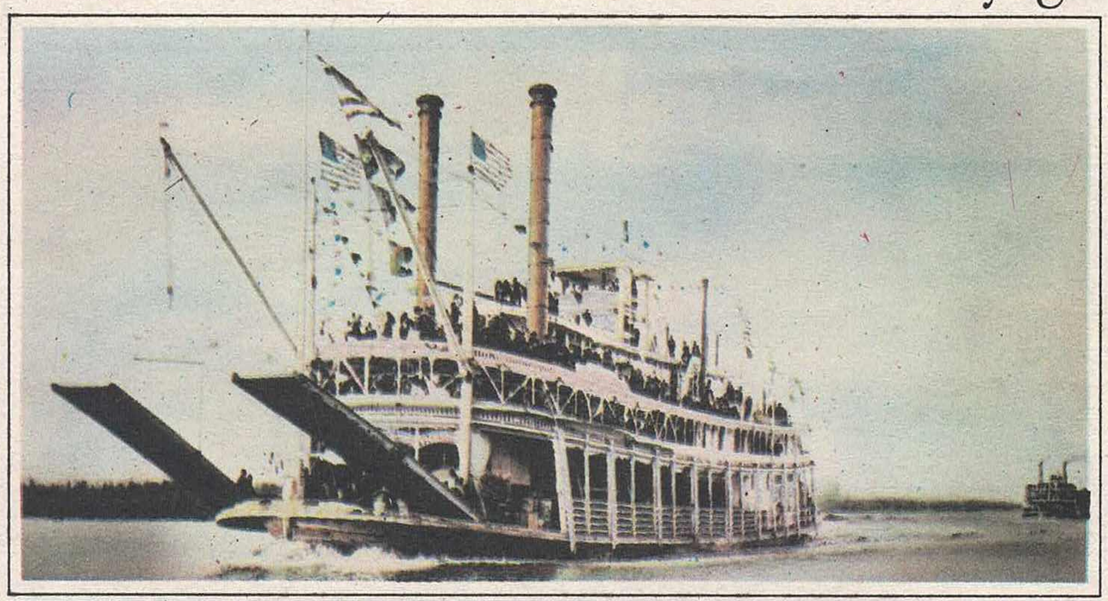

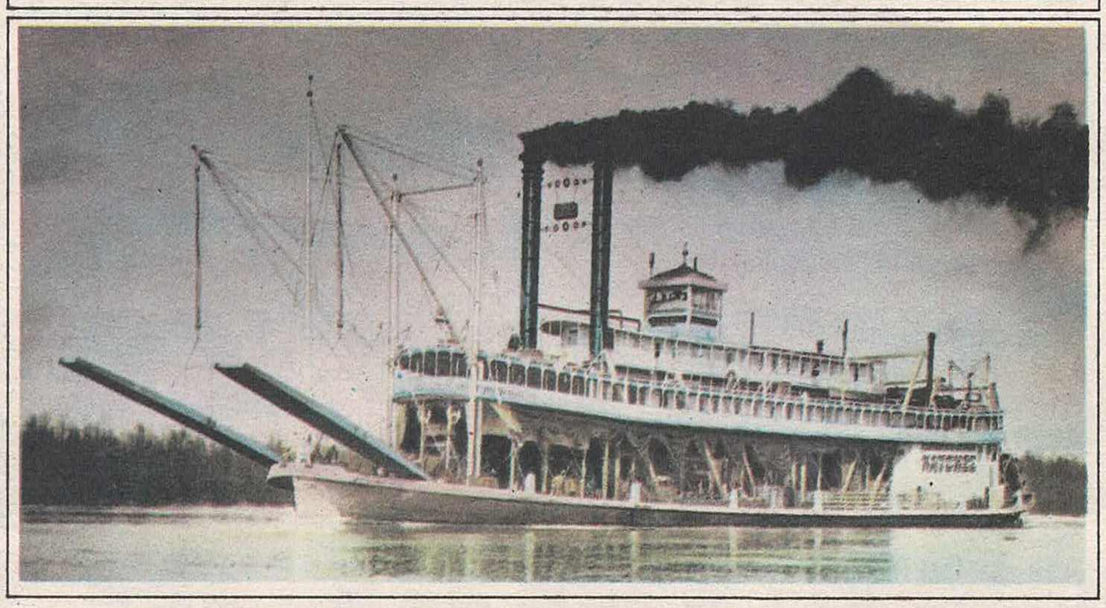

During the long hours of concentration, a careful pilot could gain a valuable lead over his competitor.

And even if it was only a matter of a few dozen yards it was reason enough to be refreshed by a glass of Southern Comfort blended with ice and soda.

On the 4th July, the Robert E. Lee arrived at St. Louis in a record-breaking 3 days 18 hours and 14 minutes. The Natchez arrived 6 hours and 36 minutes later.

Could the Natchez have run out of bottles of that invaluable golden liquid?

Or could they possibly have taken on board one too many?

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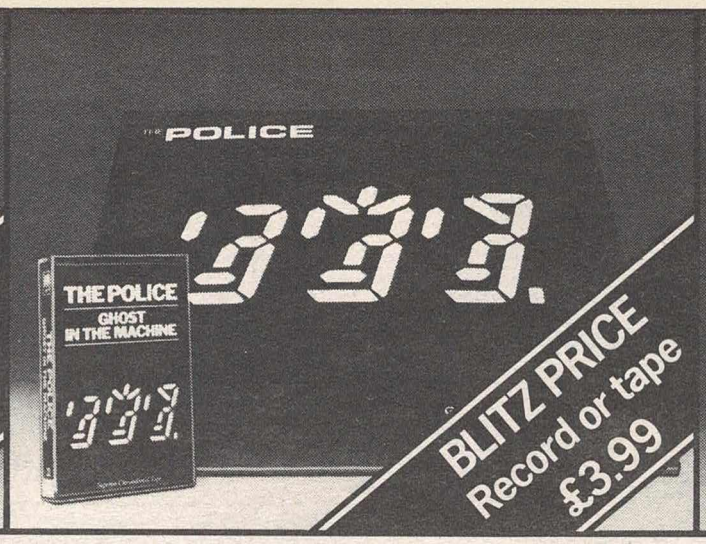

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LPs

ADAM AND THE ANTS
Prince Charming (CBS)

Beware fair Prince lest midnight strike and the spell be broken

WILL THE Dandy Highwayman escape the gallows of a constricting commercial formula? Or will pop's Prince Charming fall further under the spell of self-parody?

Either way, this is Adam's chance to capitalise on the most astonishing Cinderella success story of the early 'Eighties.

Since his transformation from pumpkin to prince, Adam's never made any secret of aiming at the position previously occupied by Bolan, Glitter, Sweet, the honoured ancestors of his glam heritage. And only twelve months after fate's fairy-godmother waved her wand over a dumpling punk whose notoriety was based on his use of unpleasant sexual obsessions, all Adam's wildest wishes have come true.

There's a necessary and important place for simple escapism in pop, and anyone who tells you otherwise is suffering from a particularly short-sighted and repressive delusion. Adam's own swashbuckling scenario is peopled by enough pirates, Indians, cowboys, highwaymen and Regency dandies to populate a whole bookcase of J.M. Barrie or Mills and Boon books.

One of the more diverting sidelines of this year's pop parade has been watching Adam use elements of McLaren's golden vision of adolescent leisure and mop up the market with a rougher, clumsier, more conservative version, while Bow Wow Wow have so far appealed instead to more sophisticated consumers who appreciate the irony in such a calculated use of innocence.

After he ditched his early S&M imagery to become the stuff of which legends are constructed, there's been nothing pernicious about Adam's Never-Never land, and even his sloganising tends to err on the side of a comforting common-sense. Although he's been shrewd enough to use sex as a major selling point in the Ant-manifesto, Adam instinctively understands that little girls don't like the *braggadocio* that attracts their big brothers to HM, and his advice on the subject resembles the reassurances of an old-style Agony Aunt: *"Let all the braggers brag/Virginity's no crime/Your body should be yours/And sharing it sublime."*

That said, it has to be admitted that the Prince Charming incarnation is considerably less attractive than the old Ant/Indian/Pirate. Judging by the last two videos, Adam has gone overboard for the kind of tongue-in-cheek tack favoured by that past master of overstatement, Gary Glitter. This results in a camped-up cover, with the Ants mincing hand-on-hip from a luridly coloured centrefold. Gone are the bared teeth and blurred, ecstatic atmosphere of the action shot that adorned 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier'. In its place is the trapped, sultry stare of a moody calendar model; flared eyebrows, glossy lips and a kitsch heart imprinted over one eye. It's also unfortunate that the Prince Charming eighteenth century dandy image has effete fop connotations not present in his old warrior chic. More than his pop predecessors, Adam's the man in the iron mask of a manufactured image, and if he's ever going to break out of the inflexible mould, he's going to need a departure more radical and ingenious than a fresh lick of face paint.

Despite its shortcomings, 'Prince Charming' still manages to start with a surprise. The LP opens with 'Scorpios' and a blast of brass that propels a funky, rather garbled street-beat through a tale of gang affiliation. West Side Story style, although typically Adam slips in a cautionary reminder. If nothing else the track shows that he's kept an accurate ear to the ground through a year that's seen a shimmering mirage of shifting style, and during the rest of the LP he adapts each idiom with varying success to the Ants' bright magpie pop. The only unmitigated disaster is 'Ant Rap' in which The Ants' rollicking boisterousness is obviously unsuited to a style that requires a subtle rhythmic sensibility and a certain authentic feel, and the cluttered result is pretty painful to contemplate.

Other than that, the emphasis is on spaghetti westerns which utilise the influence of this year's Latin-Americana, as in the Spanish Harlem style brass on 'That Voodoo', although '5 Guns West', which aims for the same heroic Eastwood atmosphere, turns into a pantomime parody. 'Mowhok' uses Hogarth prints and eighteenth century city squalor to draw an uneasy parallel with the present day Mohican punk. The purplish prose of 'S.E.X.' has got nothing on the wonderfully sleazy HM sludge of 'Physical (You're So)' that Adam and Marco created at an earlier stage of the Ants adventure. And you'll have heard the two best tracks before, since the high-spots of the LP are still the last two singles.

The only thing that disturbs the innocuous pop posing is the inclusion of 'Picasso Visita El Planeta De Los Simios', a vindictive little song that's reminiscent of the poisonous atmosphere of 'Dirk Wears White Sox', where art references and shallow shock appeal passed for an excuse to explore a dubious darkness. Probably the most successful of his new pop crop is 'Miles High Club', a dubbed-up pop soul song with bassy, black-sounding vocals taken apart by The Ants' chanting city-savage syncopation.

Overall, 'Prince Charming' is not the swift fall from grace that Adam's critics were eagerly awaiting, but it's still an LP which will probably only keep his committed fans sated without attracting any extra audience. The shift in emphasis is slight but just enough to pass for some sort of progress, and what the record really represents is a breathing space for a pop-star whose image is proving to be sadly limiting.

It still leaves Adam faced with the choice between a rigidly inhibiting image and a more challenging course of musical derring-do. Unfortunately musical tastes aren't so unerringly predictable as the story-line of a romantic novel, and unless he does something that will actively alter it, the ending of Adam's pop plot may be more premature than happy.

Lynn Hanna

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Carry On Oi (Secret)

Oi — and the spirit of Che Guevara

IT IS virtually impossible to write objectively about Oi in *NME* — or, for that matter, in *Sounds*.

For a start, there is the as yet unresolved libel suit filed by *Sounds* editor Alan Lewis and Oi the journalist Garry Bushell against Neil Spencer and Paul Du Noyer in the wake of the Southall riots, and our reporting on the media response to that event.

Not only does the existence of this writ automatically inject bitterness into an already heated dispute as to the worth of the papers' chosen allegiances, but it might also constrain any writer who might wish to be outspoken about the other paper. Paradoxically, it might also force writers to strike more polarised positions than they would wish, for fear of making concessions which could aid the other party's case.

Not that it wasn't already fraught enough *before* the writ. Bushell and *Sounds* have allied themselves so closely with Oi that they obviously have a vested interest in its success: having devoted so many column inches and front covers to Oi propaganda and having backed it to the extend of three compilation LPs, the egg would be well and truly on their faces if the 'movement' fizzled out. (As it happens, there's no chance of that. By now, it is obvious that if you hard-sell any youth cult long enough, it'll catch on. And don't cite Kid Creole back to me as proof this isn't so — with another year of constant plugging, even old August will eventually get a hit just like The Exploited.)

Thus it would seem frankly inconceivable for *Sounds* to print an all-out attack on Oi by any of their writers — and I'm sure there are several — who happen *not* to think the sun shines out of The 4-Skins' Sta-prest. And that's a situation no newspaper should let itself get into.

Meanwhile *NME's* coverage of Oi has been almost entirely condemnatory, certainly on a musical level — which could easily be misconstrued as sour grapes. (Though ironically, the unusual pressures of dealing with Oi have led to *NME* writers turning in a series of resolutely objective and well-argued putdowns. . . but putdowns nevertheless.)

And it's not just Oi music, or even the politics of Oi (which we'll get to in a minute), that has aroused *NME* animosity. Initially at least, our view was — rightly, I believe — that Oi was a figment of Garry Bushell's imagination. He coined the term, defined the parameters, and then set out to find the groups who would fit the picture he'd already painted. Thus while *Sounds* was issuing massive coverage of The 4-Skins in particular when they had scarcely played a single gig, *NME* deliberately stood off — because there really *wasn't* anything to cover. And indeed, were it not for The Expoited and, ironically, Southall, Oi would still be virtually non-existent outside of Bushell's diatribes and his LPs. When The 4-Skins did finally emerge as a genuine gigging band, we weren't in fact slow to interview them; by a grotesque coincidence, what would have been our first, low-key feature on the group appeared the same week they played Southall. . .

And finally, there is the vexed question of politics. While there has never been any intention on our part to tar all skinheads with the same brush — particularly since the widespread renaissance of crophead fashions in the past couple of years — it can't be denied that skinhead politics tended throughout the '70s to be right-wing. The right has been trying for years to get a foot in rock music door — with Siouxsie, with Sham, with the Pistols, with Madness — but every single time they had been brusquely rebuffed. . . until Oi.

The fact is that however sympathetically you view it, you always come back to the inescapable facts: that The 4-Skins' manager and singer are both self-confessed ex-members of the British Movement; and that Nicky Crane, the skinhead chosen to represent Oi on the cover of 'Strength Thru Oi', is a convicted racist thug. . .

Rightly, I think, all these factors lead the reviewer to approach the latest Oi product with caution.

'Carry On Oi' — presented not by *Sounds* this time, but by Garry Bushell — is the latest move in an on-going clean-up campaign (the other prong of this campaign, covered by Lynn Hanna last week, is the so-called Oi Against Racism, Against Political Extremism, But Still Against The System set-up involving The Business and Infa-Riot). Cannily, Bushell avoids any aggressive imagery in the packing, which plays on two themes: the old skins-herberts-and-punx if-the-kids-are-united refrain, allied to a Cockney music-hall tradition as epitomised by the seaside postcard pastiche on the front.

This chirpy Cockney bit strikes me as purely specious, particularly when it is reinforced by the album's absurd dedications list. Among innumerable other stabs at credibility by association with the likes of Martin Luther King (!) and "the spirit of Che Guevara" (!!), we find such worthies as Johnny Speight and Tony Hancock, who I'm sure would be quite contemptuous of the moronic attempts at 'humour' located on the LP itself.

As for what supposedly 'unites' the tribes Bushell would like to rope into Oi, it's their *lack:* their lack of jobs and job prospects, their lack of individuality (the degeneration of punk into shapeless gang mentality was

OVER

Linx. Pic: Anton Corbijn

Icebergs ahead

LINX
Go Ahead (Chrysalis)

So *this* is romance?

FROM cover to contents, Linx's second album would seem to be an exercise in maintaining one's (or two's, as the case may be) style while one's (ditto) illusions collapse, and ultimately refusing to give up. The cover depicts David Grant and Sketch being cool on board what is assumed to be an ocean liner while a gigantic iceberg looms up in the distance.

Inside the cover and on the vinyl, urban existence in Babylon UK ('Urban Refugee'), the possibility of an exit through stardom and success ('Tinsel Town') and human relationships (all the other songs) are unveiled as sources of little other than pain and frustration. The rejection experienced by the unfortunate protagonist of 'So This Is Romance' is only a cartoon version of the hurt and disappointment that wells up in songs like 'I Wanna Be With You' and 'Know What It Is To Be Lonely'. Even in 'I Don't Want To Learn', where loneliness and desertion are not problems, David Grant seems as if the *possibility* of pain is enough to prevent him from receiving pleasure.

However, each side ends on a note of defiance: 'I Won't Play The Game' caps the title line with *"Go play with yourself!"* as Grant tires of refusing to confront the person with whom his relationship is all screwed up, and on the second side's 'Tinsel Town' he berates Hollywood as a state of mind as much as a geographical location, and — egged on by a couple of stinging, chattering rhythm guitars overdubbed by Chic's Nile Rodgers — declares his intention of refusing to get sucked in to any corrupt star routines.

It's the humour of 'So This Is Romance' and the guts and intensity of the two defiant tracks which provide a context in which the more plaintive, 'defeated' material doesn't sound overly depressed and depressing. Grant's soft, pleading, gentle Michael Jacksonish voice can verge on the soppy occasionally, particularly as he never really adds on the edge of exuberance which — most of the time — keeps Jackson himself on the safe side of maudlin. At times — on 'All My Yesterday's', for example — he almost achieves the aching purity of a Smokey Robinson, but despite the pleasure that can be derived from an occasional wallow, Beautiful Suffering can rapidly become cloying in exaggeratingly generous doses.

Of course, everything is wrapped up in that sort of Linx-type sound that Linx use: co-producer Bob Carter's multi-overdubbed guitars and keyboards cushioning Sketch's adroit and inventive if under-powered bass lines and slick dance rhythms. Simultaneously lush and crisp, sparse and luxurious, Linx have a fine sound: an excellent development of what Chic created a few years ago. The next step they have to take is to start doing something with it.

Speaking as an old rockist, I'd like to see Linx end up a little less stylised and a lot more upful. Despite all their commercial and artistic success, what Grant and Sketch seem to be communicating on 'Go Ahead' is their Style is the only thing between them and defeat.

Charles Shaar Murray

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK
Architecture & Morality (Dindisc)
DEPECHE MODE
Speak & Spell (Mute)

IT WASN'T long ago that Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark were using trick shapes and conventionally stimulating rhythms to contain and convey little but the airy brightness of the world: and jingles sell.

Sombre but legitimate belief in Truth, Art and Hope, perhaps their reasoned appreciation of Joy Division's unspoilt achievements, has inspired or invited Orchestral Manoeuvres into areas of subject style, setting and feeling that are stoically ambitious and in ways intimidating.

Orchestral Manoeuvres suggested through pieces such as 'Stanlow' (from 'Organisation') that they were naively or arrogantly or desperately pursuing 'perfection' — the complete sound, the complete impression, the uncontestable insight, the smoothest passage, as if with a chilling faith they had placed EVERYTHING into musically resolving all the conflicts between the universal and the particular, between human beings and nature, between individual and individual. It's ecstasy or nothing: the way to step outside.

With 'Architecture And Morality' Orchestral Manoeuvres have beyond recall set their hearts and their sanity on the achievement of that perfection — through imposing discipline and devotion. The ten songs lack laughs, lumps, lines: these are guiltless hymns to dying glory, religious yearnings for order, rock steady studies of immensity and the sense of

IF AT

sacredness in time and space . . . OMITD have lost themselves to a dream, perhaps believe themselves behind the shyness to be charged with significance. They attempt — astonishingly — to elevate their music into Timeless Art, crossing strange absences and voids to break open dimensions inaccessible to other experience. Are they completely straight-faced? Is 'Architecture and Morality' a trick of the Dark — are Orchestral Manoeuvres scientifically testing just how serene, solemn, poignant and grave serious popular music can get and still stay popular?

Orchestral Manoeuvres view their great ambitions as

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

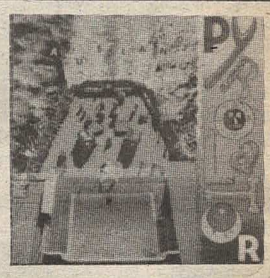
inevitable, I guess — from the initial, venomous "look at me, I'm different" to a resentful "look at *us*, we're different from you but the same as each other"); their lack of culture (endless reiterations of birds, beer, fags and beer); and, it must be added, their lack of talent. Depressingly, but perhaps realistically, each Oi artefact simply reinforces the image of resigned hopelessness — and if you can't rise above it, flaunt it.

As the likable but confused Oi 'poet' Garry Johnson intones on the album opener 'United': *"The voice of Oi is unity/No them and us, just you and me/United is the thing to be/ Think how strong we can be/ United against society."*

Apart from a couple of remarkably un-novel novelty items, the music inside us. . . well, you already know. Featureless, traditional Sham-punk from The Business, Infa-Riot, The Partisans, The Ejected, Blitz, Last Resort, The Gonads, 4-Skins, Red Alert. . . Certainly it's an improvement on the previous two Oi compilations, but compared to the wit and fury of, say, Discharge, it's all positively innocuous (apart from two sickeningly misogynistic and homophobic tracks by Peter & The Test Tube Babies).

Obviously, though, there *are* a few good things about Oi. They don't wear zoot suits, they don't play synthesizers or chinless white 'funk', they don't drink cocktails. . . And these days, that's almost recommendation enough.

Phil McNeill



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inevitable, not sensational, and seem determined to remove the self-consciousness and gloomy self-indulgence generally involved in such personal, specialist pop speculations — to shine the lights, the rays of darkness, as convincingly as Joy Division, Can, perhaps Coltrane.

The sort of non-sexual, mildly embarrassed straightness and personality blankness that made their teenybop appeal satisfactorily perverse here stiffens in a very formal fashion their ideological and cultural intentions, goes a long way to removing any sense of danger — Orchestral Manoeuvres

FIRST

appear too plain to be possessed. They can be recognised for their neutrality, their composure, more than any deep disenchantment. Dimensions missing from the music are such as active wit and authentic strangeness so that the music is too polite to assault, excite or disturb the intellect. Too many meditative passages, too few climaxes of assertion.

Obviously there are some attractive and beautiful moments, melodically and structurally — obviously, because of the influences involved, Orchestral Manoeuvres' technical skills and the purifying self-criticism of the main pair Paul Humphries and Andy McClusky. The singles 'Joan Of Arc' and 'Souvenir' sound less eccentric or wet in the context of the LP. 'The New Stone Age' is a major success — an achievement not to tease, a proud opening. 'She's Leaving' follows, and is beautiful high anxiety.

Quickly, though, the heavy weight of introversion and reflection, represented with stern dynamic discipline and relentless impressionism, becomes uncomfortably daunting: claustrophobic because of its preoccupied and pastoral pressure.

Orchestral Manoeuvres must find that it is a fine line between the dry and prosaic, and the sensuous sound world, between predictably

YOU

retreating into contemplation and valuably thrilling through the intensity of retrospection — effectively between the offensive (Joy Division/New Order) and the defensive (Orchestral Manoeuvres).

Depeche Mode ignore such complications. 'Speak And Spell' is a simple sample of generous, silly, susceptible electro-tickled pop — the most ingenuous version of pop (Mode) at play with a less tolerant perception (Miller) — that despite its relentless friskiness and unprincipled cheerfulness is encouraging not exasperating.

Where Orchestral Manoeuvres are sanctimonious and ultimately insubstantial, Depeche Mode are quaint, obtrusive and uplifting. Depeche Mode take

DON'T

things for granted: their indifference doesn't interfere with a diverting vitality. Twinkling Depeche Mode are the cynical ones: their concerns are sheltered, they've yet to be driven to despair, they see the jokes and refuse to dampen the spirits. Orchestral Manoeuvres are, maybe, paradoxically, the simple ones.

Depeche Mode's guitarless bubbly-fun pop is cohesive and supple: insinuating, well highlighted, untainted by any serious thoughts of historical conditions or examinations of charisma. They're a winsome pastiche of the kind of gaiety Orchestral Manoeuvres could never submit to in the days of 'Electricity' and 'Mystereality' without feeling guilty.

Depeche Mode have taste

SUCCEED . . .

for the stupid and treat the conventional codes and details of the pretty pop song with well stirred cheek and a friendly flippancy: their sound has a practical urgency, it's as funny and energetic a releasing of tensions as their genuine beneficiaries The Monkees, or as mischievously improbable as their distant cousins The Human League.

It's the sinister shallowness of The Sweet's 'Funny Funny' combined with the lively, desirable and elusive persistence of The Normal's 'TVOD'. It is the immoral action of Yellow Magic Orchestra blended with a gossipy compilation of trivialities.

Depeche Mode are a celebration of the immunity of pop. The League, as we have seen, have converted and controverted easy listening: Depeche Mode perform a similarly cheering job on the classically light and slight teenybop form.

They take the shiny, skimming, superficial, predictable NICENESS of 'teenbop' — the passive patterns of Slik, the fresh bounce of Bay City Rollers — and enamel it with intelligence and insolence. Depeche Mode introduce literacy into bubblegum.

If Orchestral Manoeuvres deal with The Universe from beginning to end, Depeche Mode concentrate their attention on pop culture and its consumer contingents. So 'Speak And Spell' is a little gem and 'Architecture And Morality' is the extremely flawed masterpiece. (This review is not a condemnation of ambition.) 'Speak And Spell' is a healthy spurt, 'Architecture And Morality' is an awkward space walk. (This review says respect and exploit your limitations).

Hearing 'Electricity' it would have been difficult to predict Orchestral Manoeuvres' future shift into the heavens. Depeche Mode, apparently, could quickly move as far up and away from constructing slightly sarcastic jingles. I have enough trust in the wit and wile of the group to suggest that they will go the ways of Fad Gadget, mentor Miller, Peter Baumann — ironists, absurdists, parodists — rather than transform into religious maniacs.

Paul Morley

PYROLATOR
Ausland (AtaTak/Warning — German import)

OR THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD: in keeping with the grand German tradition of pulp exoticism — begun by writer Karl May's Winnetou westerns and continued through the silent adventure films of Fritz Lang — Pyrolator plunders his sources second hand for the headily sensual moods he has worked into the most intoxicating of hybrids since Thomas Leer's 'Four Movements'.

'Ausland' is a quickstepping skip through foreign styles, as represented by flipping channels from a US TV cop serial to the Late Movie show and onto perhaps the Spanish American detective *Baretta*. It's the sort of LP Kid Creole might have made if his whims were more musical than lyrical — and thankfully, neither of them are bound by claims of authenticity. Unlike Creole/Darnell though, Pyrolator doesn't wear locations like patches; instead he'd rather appropriate a feeling or a flavour and integrate it into a highly engaging, idiosyncratic whole.

Not that he takes or uses anything straight. He is seemingly oblivious to the obvious, but he's not above approaching the familiar from oblique angles. Thus 'Bacano Brothercito!' wittily reconstructs a heated rant in Spanish to a backing track that rather brilliantly approximates a Latin mood without resorting to the Carmen Miranda theatrics of Blue Rondo A La Jerk. And 'True Love' is a collage consisting of an excerpt from a political hearing, daft dialogue and a squeaky blonde voice mouthing *"Gee that's true love"* to a saucy sequential throb, offset by some wonderful delayed drop drumming.

Elsewhere, Pyrolator increases the tension by decreasing the density, dropping players — including his two Der Plan compatriots — in and out of the mix with a sophisticated and exciting dub dexterity. What with its foreign flavourings and lurching motions, 'Ausland' is the ideal record for discotheques frequented by drunken tourists and hipsters with a bizarre taste for tack.

Pyrolator's gurgling sequencer displacements of modern dance patterns have all the tugging insistence of disco but none of its numbing predictability.

His basic rhythm urges share ex-partner DAF's throbbing originality though his aren't so obsessively sexual — apparently he's more at ease with the world than the psycho-disco duo appear to be. He might not be totally content with the way things are, but he'd rather punk his way out of depression than immerse himself in it.

Let's hear it for the new optimism! Wait a minute, I'm not finished yet . . .

(Possibly available from Virgin and Rough Trade — soon — or directly from AtaTak Furftenwall 64, D-4000, Dusseldorf, W. Germany).

Chris Bohn

DAVID ESSEX
Be-Bop The Future (Mercury)

NOT ONLY does Essex take the opportunity to give future generations redundant advice, he makes pronouncements on anything from Sunday papers and computers to political alignment — nudge nudge, guess who played Che Guevara in 'Evita'? Anyone who thought that the 'Silver Dream Machine' single signalled some sort of resurrection for Essex was suffering from premature ratiocination.

Paul Tickell

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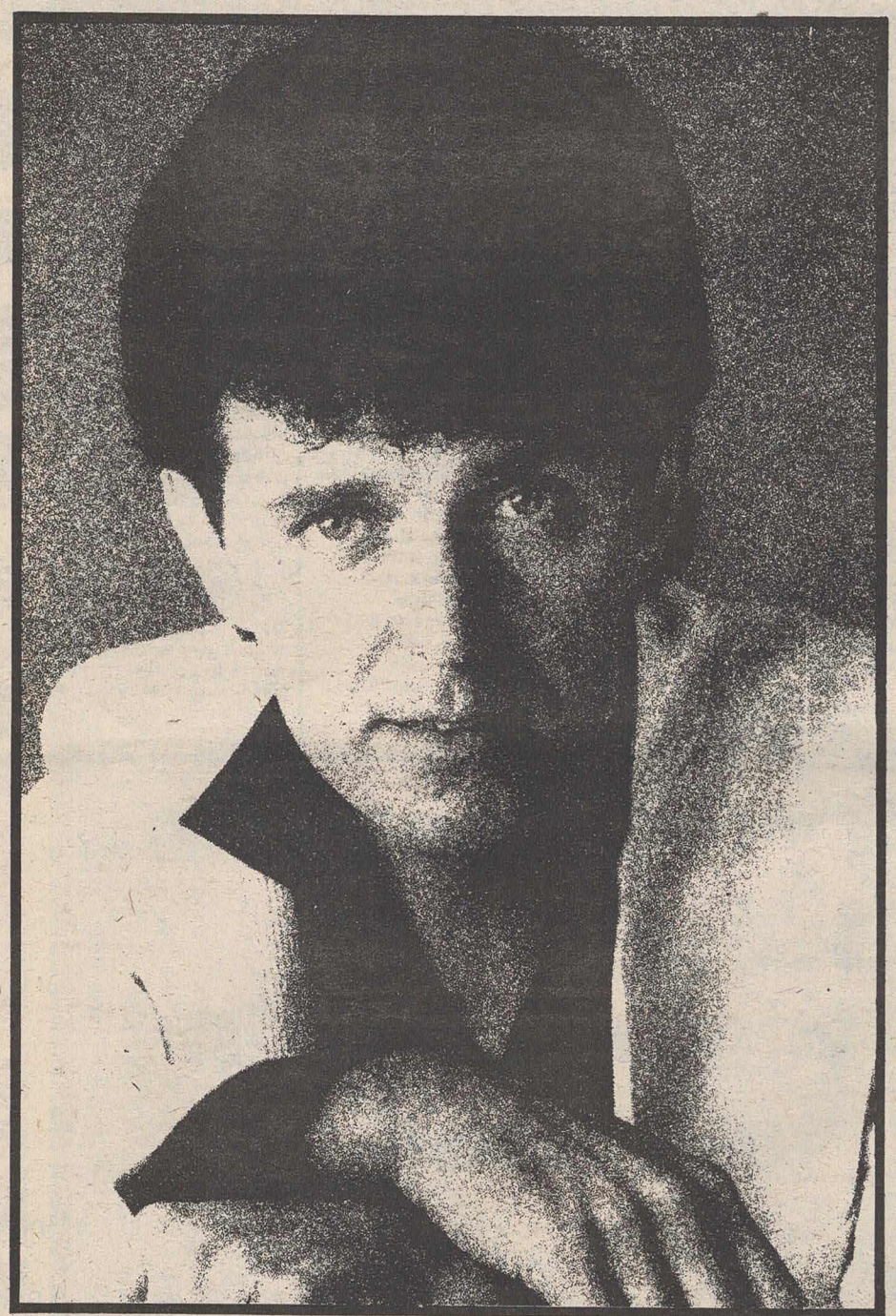

NEW SINGLE

A WONDERFUL TIME UP THERE

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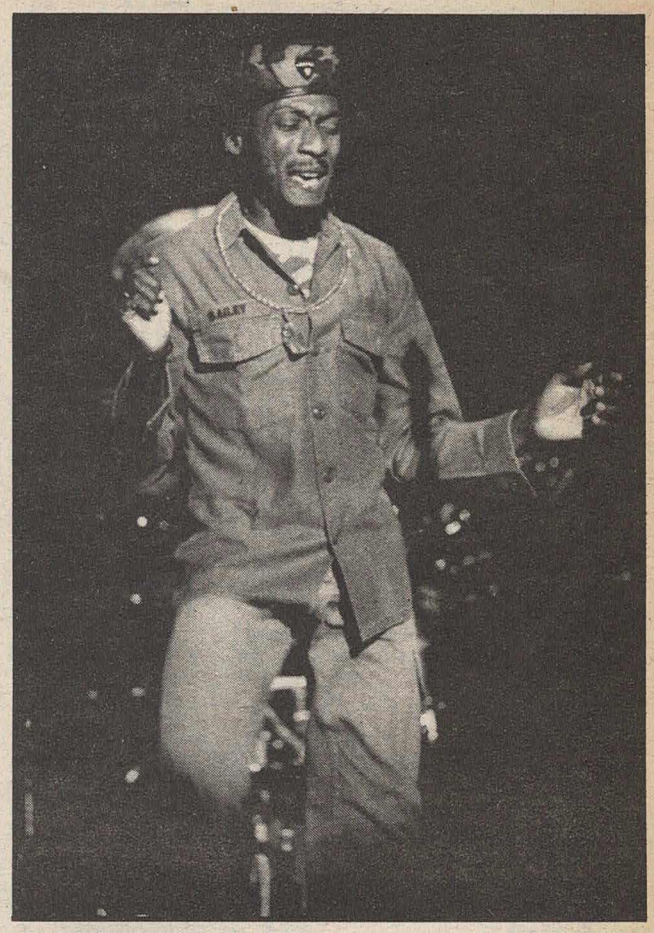
JIMMY CLIFF
Give The People What They Want (WEA)



Jimmy Cliff. Pic: Anton Corbijn

SIMPLY the best set of new Jimmy Cliff material I hear in years. 'Give The People What They Want' is an even, clean production of good songs, sympathetic arrangements plus some confident vocals that heralds what Somerton's own prodigal son exclaims to me last year to be the beginning of another consciousness.

In spite of his pioneering work in the reggae field, early successes, an acclaimed starring role in *The Harder They Come* and consistent worldwide approbation, Mr Cliff is generally considered in this country to be that character of which he sings in one of his best known titles, sitting in limbo waiting for the tide to flow. Reviewing his previous LP 'I Am The Living' last July, *NME's* Chris Bohn describes the singer as one of the music's tragic figures with his career in decline.

This latest set goes some way towards redressing those harsh critical conclusions, even though it offers nothing in the way of a new direction. As regards Jimmy Cliff's muse, the theme of the album — *"we're common people with integrity"* — merely reiterates what he has been proclaiming for years.

***"Son of man has risen up from his prison, broken the spell, and anyone can tell son of man is free,"* are the opening lines on this LP, and this optimism in the power of the ordinary citizen threads throughout its length. *"We will turn every table,"* he goes on to claim in a later songs; and this in spite of gloomier reflections, 'World In Trap' and 'Material World'.**

The consummation of this spirit is found on 'Majority Rule', with reference to Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Namibia, Poland, Afghanistan, Jamaica, England, Japan, America, Russia, from Cape to Cairo; and on 'What Are You Doing With Your Life?' advises: *"don't be no empty tin can to be kicked around by anyone, in any place, in any town . . ."*

There are gentle moments too. 'Shelter Of Your Love' is a song of great beauty that rightfully belongs at the top of hit parades all over the world, and one of Mr Cliff's finest fulfilments.

The album closes with 'My Philosophy', in which is recalled past lyrics from 'A

Backs to the Wall

WALL OF VOODOO
Dark Continent (IRS)

WHAT is whacky in Devo and cranky in Human Sexual Response becomes in fellow Americans Wall Of Voodoo merely irritating. At least Devo once had their day and Human Sexual Response are distinctively abysmal, whereas Wall Of Voodoo just tread mediocre water. And that's some transparent sound: obvious computer box rhythms, feeble 'primitive' percussive effects and unimaginative wordplay to go with it — Tse Flies and all.

Stanard Ridgway on vocals never modulates his voice: he's very much the college boy trying to sound gruff and rebarbative yet clever, but coming over dull and grating. The instrumentation (guitar, keyboards, bass and synth) is dull too, but I wonder if the band imagine it's 'modernist'? As for the beat and those Afro variations, I've seen puppeteers get Punch to do funkier things with his toy truncheon.

'Dark Continent' is big on fidelity. Wall Of Voodoo sound just the same live as they do on album. Poor consolation. But I bet the band rest easy at night, telling themselves they're special and 'new wave'. Dreamers.

Paul Tickell

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Whino's party and a sly nose sketch

Hard Road To Travel', 'You Can Get It If You Really Want', 'Let Your Yeah Be Yeah', 'Many Rivers To Cross', 'Struggling Man', 'Sitting In Limbo', 'The Harder They Come' and a number of the words on this present effort. Like I say, the muse of Mr Cliff reiterates itself constantly.

"How I survived, I don't know. Still I am glad to say I'm here today."

Penny Reel

Top: John Foxx. Peter Baumann pic: Jill Furmanovsky

JOHN FOXX
The Garden (Virgin)
PETER BAUMANN
Repeat Repeat (Virgin)

'THE GARDEN' has merely the alleged strength of 'sincerity'. 'Repeat Repeat' has plenty of colour and a kind of kinky conviction. 'The Garden' is rich: clammy detail. 'Repeat Repeat' is rich: descriptive denial of repressive rituals.

Baumann, ex-Tangerine Dream, deals in a metaphysical paraphrasing of the more serious pop music's examination of predicament. The songs are lean, clean, playful, brisk, a connected series of sketches and scenes exuberently embracing habit, deficiency and social convention. 'Repeat Repeat' is light and sure.

'The Garden' is over-decent and under-sly. A polite picnic in the country. Its detached forms of nostalgia and inexcitable dignity is unappealing and guilelessly complacent. For all its delicacy, fluency and cautious evocation, 'The Garden' is a tiresomely pseudo-romantic description of the impingement of the world of dreams upon mundane modern reality. The music lacks EVENT; the words though elaborate, lack SURPRISE.

'Repeat Repeat' is a sardonic commentary. It has been co-produced by Robert Palmer, though it's difficult to identify whatever his treatment has been of Baumann's set pieces — perhaps his role was to keep on smiling in the studio and cheerfully upset Baumann' exact plans. 'The Garden' quickly takes on the tone of a whine. 'Repeat Repeat' is slyness in the face of adversity.

Foxx, ex-Ultravox, appears to be taking whatever his position is a little too seriously. Any fun and games in his music have been ruled out: replaced by nothing menacing, intellectually entertaining or emotionally intense. A slight indignation at the vulgarity of the world has been polished up into an undramatic pomposity.

Baumann's third album, the third I've reviewed and the first that he sings through, connects the repetition and chance of the early '70s German music to the pace, contraction and prompting passion of the new European music. It's not a daring combination but it is refreshing and resourceful.

Baumann's vocals compound the music's mechanical intrigue and engineered energy — the songs are deliquent and quite probably deliberate equivalents of DAF's fixtures and fittings. 'Repeat Repeat' is comic economic exploitation of the unlovely view that there is nothing new at all. 'The Garden' is sober, competent and innocuous. 'Repeat Repeat' is NOT cheap cynicism smothered in sentimentality. It is NOT awe inspiring. It is rewarding in its limited way — an ironic fusion of whimsy and scepticism.

'The Garden' is banal oil paintings. 'Repeat Repeat' is devious diagrams.

There's no comparison.

Paul Morley

UB40
Present Arms In Dub (Dep International)

IT'S EASY to lose sight of UB40's offering of softly-softly lamentations in the face of so much reborn glimmer and flash. Their hymnal,. socio-reggae blues shimmerings can be taken unfairly for granted. Their aura can seem drab and uninspired, the presentation of their politics, dreary. Dub album? Too predictable perhaps?

Consider: UB40, though anonymous, are popular. Their particular blends are achieved with no fuss and bother. Thirteen-year-old reggae freaks in Clapham like them. *TOTP* mums like them. My neighbour and me decided that we like them. UB40's message spreads to many places, many of them places where frauds stand no chance.

Play this record at the right time in your day. A point when you need a little gentle freshening. UB40's slow motion style is well suited to dub activities; plenty of wide spaces to explore and explode. Their winning command of care and restraint is still used for dub exercises, building a smooth, softly ethereal body-action music. It is a sleek glide. It has a floating stride. For and from the head downwards. Relive it as you walk down the road.

UB40 are very useful to have around. Don't dismiss them too soon.

Dave Hill

THE HEE BEE GEE BEES
Never Mind The Originals Here's The Hee Bee Gee Bees (Hee Bee Gee Bees Records)

THE unimaginative packaging (Sex Pistols cover and music press inner sleeve with a free copy of Smashed Twits) seems to be part and parcel of the way in which The Hee Bee Gee Bees use their musical satires to shoot at easy, if deserving targets like The Eagles, Status Quo, Abba, Kenny Rogers and, inevitably, The Bee Gees.

However, the thinking person's Barron Knights are more effective when they choose subjects who are more difficult to satirise — Bowie, The Police, etc. This album is best listened to when you're smashed on Christmas Day and St Winnalot's Reform School Choir are singing that Granma is *"ugly"* and Neil Dung that he just ate The Bird Of Peace *"with mint sauce"* . . .

Paul Tickell

THE FRUIT OF THE ORIGINAL SIN (Les Disques Du Crepuscule)

THE alternative title for this compilation reads: "a collection of after hours preoccupations". Four sides of them, bits and pieces, 'Hooked On Classics' for intellectual poseurs who can be bothered to read Cocteau but not Brecht. And can be bothered to listen to William Burroughs.

Yes, pop culture's favourite writer (check Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer) is caught reading live in San Francisco, and a groupie is heard to remark "astounding". Winston Tong is caught live too, doing an improvised poem in Brussels with Tuxedomoon providing suitable background atmospherics.

There are studio pieces with a similar literary bias: Richard Jobson eulogises French novelist Marguerite Duras, and on another cut (he also contributes a sleeve drawing) sounds like some Ayrshire-Dumfrieshire ploughman with his mouth full of bread and cheese — Jobbo Burns? Marguerite Duras herself gets a slot, condensing her autobiography into a poem: it's the most rock 'n' roll thing on the album, all incest obsessed and carrying warnings about the chic pitfalls of fame in Paris.

In fact, the literary aspect to 'The Original Sin' is more interesting than the musical one — unless you go for the boring ineptitudes of DNA or like Orange Juice playing a weak-kneed jazz number and sounding like they're in need of plenty of porridge and broth. Swamp Children are little better: 'Flesh' is produced by ACR's Simon Topping and consists of jazzy noises with ethereal voices doing a Mancunian 'Je T'Aime'.

It's amazing how many of the lesser known artists on the album come over like they're laying down Joy Division demos, though at least Rhine River 3 and Paul Haig (from Josef K) make a decent job of theirs. Ultimately the only after hours music is provided by Durutti Column: I'm a sucker for Vini Reilly's electro flamenco muzak. But you can get into this via Factory's 'Quartet', so why bother with this album, especially as Morgan Fisher's 'Miniatures' is a more exhilarating exploration of the art of the hotch potch?

'The Original Sin' is merely arty, right down to the packaging with its bits of precious poetry and Pascal (in 17c French) all over the inner sleeve. Who's interested in this BOF's 'wisdom', basically a front for his writerly legitimation of the political hierarchies of his day?

Paul Tickell

LIGHTNING STRIKES

BILLY PRESTON AND SYREETA
Billy Preston and Syreeta (Motown)

BIG ballads and silky disco with all the Motown production stops pulled out are no guarantee these days of sparks flying. This duo don't so much bring out the best in each other as help the other partner to doze off elegantly. Even so, there are a couple of moments to savour like the Goffin weepie 'A Long And Lasting Love' and the smoothie funk of 'Just For You' which Billy helped to write.

Paul Tickell

DARK STAR
Dark Star (Avatar)

AN INGLORIOUS, grinding daytrip through Heavy Metal heavens in a rusty chariot. Dark Star are very popular.

Dave Hill

BUDGIE
The Best Of Budgie. (Cube)

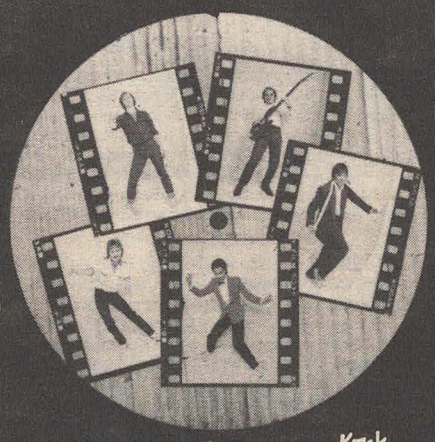
PAINFUL threads of adolescent recollection overwhelm a peaceful mind, Budgie clutch the straw of rock as resuscitation and gentle folk across the land take shelter from the endless storm.

Dave Hill

RTISEMENT

TABLE COMPANY P AD

'Predictable'
The unpredictable new single



Produced by Ray Davies. ARIST 426 - ARIPD 426 (Picture Disc)

Konk records and tapes

TOUR NEWS

by DEREK JOHNSON

CHELSEA EVACUATED INTO THE PROVINCES

CHELSEA make one of their rare sorties onto the gig circuit later this month, and they've been prompted to do so because their new single 'Evacuate' is scheduled for November 13 release. As reported last week, they guest in Gary Glitter's 'Rock For Jobs' concert at Brighton Dome (13), then they play nine dates in their own right — Preston Warehouse (November 19), Leeds Brannigan's (20), Weston-super-Mare Old Pier (21), Reading Top Rank (22), Sheffield Marples Club (23), Derby Rainbow Club (26), Rickmansworth Watersmeet (27), Grimsby Community Centre (28) and Bristol Granary (30).

STIMULIN, PIGBAG TO PLAY AT NEW VENUE

STIMULIN, Rip Rag & Panic and Pigbag are among acts booked to appear at a new London venue named The Rox, which will operate on Saturday nights at the long-established Royalty Ballroom in Southgate, and will be devoted to rising cult bands and chart newcomers. So far set are Stimulin and Buzzz (this Saturday), Rip Rig & Panic (November 21), Department S (December 5) and Pigbag (12), with Alexei Sayle and members of The Comedy Strip team making regular impromptu appearances. There's a resident DJ, new restaurant facilities, and admission to the four-hour sessions is £2.50.

Laura nets movie role, then dates

LAURA LOGIC — Whose debut solo album 'Pedigree Charm' will be issued by Rough Trade in January, with a new single to follow in the spring — intends to form a new band with whom she'll be undertaking a full UK tour in the New Year, in order to promote those releases.

But prior to this, Laura becomes the latest musician to enter the movie world, when she plays the role of Kim in a new British film called *Crystal Gazing* for which she'll also be writing the soundtrack music — it's being directed by Laura Mulvey and Peter Woollen, who were also responsible for the film about pioneer airwoman Amy Johnson called *Amy*, and it starts shooting in London next month.

JAMES 'BLOOD' ULMER comes to town to play a one-off show at London Victoria The Venue on November 19, coinciding with the release of his new CBS album 'Free Lancing' — support act is The Higsons, and tickets are £3 . . . and DILLINGER is also set for a one-off London appearance, at Camden Dingwalls on Novemer 17 (tickets available only on the night).

☐ JOOLS HOLLAND & His Millionaires, currently making guest appearances with both The Go-Go's and Level 42, have slotted in a few headline appearances of their own — at Brighton Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Dudley Polytechnic (Saturday), Salisbury Grange Hotel (November 9), London City Polytechnic (10) and Chester College of Higher Education (16).

☐ SUGAR MINOTT and new chart star Trevor Walters will be special guests in a reggae bill starring Lone Ranger and Tony Tuff, plus the Black Roots Players, to be staged at London Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, November 21. Another reggae show at the same venue on Thursday, November 12, features Tapper Zukie, Little Roy and Prince Allah. All tickets for both concerts are £4.

Altered Images 'birthday' gigs

ALTERED IMAGES — basking in the glory of the major chart impact achieved by their Epic single and album, both titled 'Happy Birthday' — have now confirmed dates and venues for their UK tour this month. They play Newcastle Tiffany's (November 11), Nottingham Rock City (12), Birmingham Aston University (13), Cambridge Corn Exchange (14), Sheffield University (16), Hull Tower Ballroom (18), Leeds Polytechnic (19), Bath University (20), Aylesbury Friars (21), Bristol Locarno (23), Portsmouth Locarno (24), Brighton Sussex University (25), Coventry Warwick University (26), London Walthamstow Assembly Hall (27) and London Victoria The Venue (28).

They'll be playing two performances on the final date at The Venue — one for the under-18s at 5pm, and the usual evening show at 8pm — and their Bristol gig (23) is a special benefit in aid of local unemployed youngsters. The band have also lined up a three-day Scottish mini-tour just before Christmas, visiting Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom (December20), Edinburgh Coasters (21) and Glasgow Tiffany's (22.)

Clock Of Seagulls are special guests on the first seven dates of the tour, up to Leeds on November 19. Prior to this, they support The Psychedelic Furs in their mini-tour this weekend (see Gig Guide). And they have further dates in their own right at Glasgow Night Moves (November 20) and Edinburgh Nite Club (21). The band have a new four-track EP issued by Jive Records on November 13 in both 7" and 12", on which the main title is 'Modern Love Is Automatic" — and there's an album to follow in the New Year.

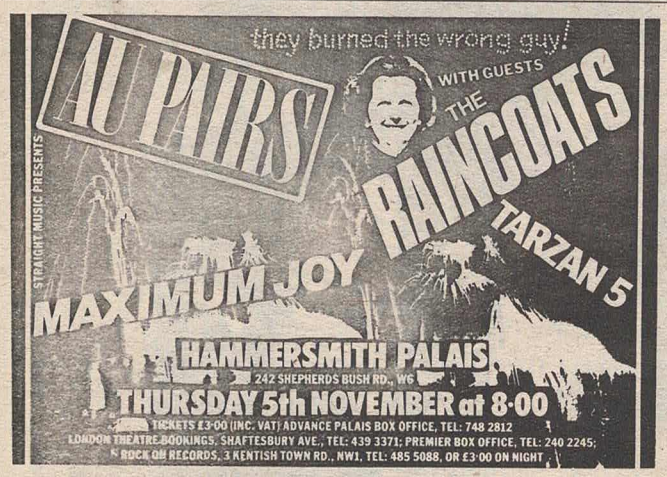
WILD HORSES . . . STAMPEDE!

STAMPEDE are a new band who'll be in action on the circuit within the next few weeks, and they've come together largely as the result of the recent upheaval in Wild Horses — with Laurence Archer (guitar), Reuben Archer (vocals) and Frank Noon (drums) having all defected from that outfit. The Stampede line-up is completed by keyboards man Alan Nelson (ex-Wildfire and Lautrec) and French bassist Francois Moreau. Debut dates are being lined up to start next month, details to be announced shortly. Picture above (from left to right) are Moreau, Noon, Laurence Archer, Nelson and Reuben Archer.

ALL-STAR CASSETTE LIVE ON THE CIRCUIT

TANDOORI CASSETTE are a new supergroup (for want of a better expression) who are about to begin their debut UK tour. They comprise guitarist Zal Cleminson (ex-Sensational Alex Harvey Band), bassist Charlie Tumahi (ex-BeBop Deluxe), drummer Barriemore Barlow (ex-Jethro Tull) and keyboards man Ronnie Leahy (who's played with virtually everyone, most recently Jon Anderson). With more dates being set, their first confirmed gigs are:

Swindon Brunel Rooms (November 10), London Kensington Imperial College (16), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (17), Cambrdige Sound Cellar (20), Coventry General Wolfe (25), Matlock College (26), Silsoe College of Agricultural Engineering (27), Derby Lonsdale College (28), Cardiff University (December 1), Huddersfield Polytechnic (2), Bradford College (4), Lincoln College of Art (8) and Lowestoft College (11).


they burned the wrong guy!
AU PAIRS
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ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1. TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

☐ **RIP RIG & PANIC** make another of their brief ventures out of London to play Reading University (November 10), Paisley Technical College (13), Edinburgh Nite Club (14) and Oxford Scamps (16). A similar provincial mini-tour is planned for December.

☐ **KILLING JOKE** stress that their two gigs this weekend — at Norwich (Saturday) and Leeds (Sunday) — are definitely going ahead, despite local rumours that they've been called off. And the band are planning further UK dates leading up to Christmas, including a London show next month.

☐ **SHAKATAK** have a headline London show at Victoria The Venue on November 27. Other dates this month are at Sunderland Close Encounters (13) and Farnborough Recreation Centre (28), with more being set.

☐ **WEAPON OF PEACE** have added another three dates to their current UK tour — at London Regents Park Bedford College (tomorrow, Friday), Bradford University (November 14) and Newport Harper Adams College (20).

BREAKTHROUGH BY JAZZ-FUNK

JAZZ-FUNK is showcased in a double-album compilation released by Beggars Banquet next week titled 'Slipstream', featuring many of the leading names in the field — Cayenne, Central Line, Freeez, Hipnosis, Incognito, Inversions, Level 42, Light Of The World, Morrissey Mullen, Multivision, Shakatak and UK Players.

And to coincide with its advent, a series of gigs have been lined up, including two at London Victoria The Venue — Cayenne, Inversions and Hipnosis (November 20) and Incognito (21). Morrissey Mullen are at the London School of Economics on November 21, and the following day (22) they're joined by Level 42 at London Hammersmith Palais. Also on November 22, Incognito play Luton Cesar's.

INCOGNITO ARE FLEXIBLE, TOO!

INCOGNITO are now a flexible unit revolving around Jean Paul Maunick, who intends to use different musicians as the need arises — and he's now getting together a band for a UK tour starting shortly, with full dates expected next week. Meanwhile, there's a new Incognito single out on Ensign this weekend titled 'North London Boy', on which Maunick introduces girl vocalist Tessa Webb.

More shows for Lizzy, plus album

THIN LIZZY set out on their delayed tour next week, and ticket demand has been so heavy that they've already added two more dates to their schedule — a second concert at Liverpool Empire on November 23, and a fourth night at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 28, with tickets on sale now at both venues. A new Lizzy album is being released by Vertigo to coincide with their outing, titled 'Renegade' — it consists of nine new tracks and it's issued on November 20. It's expected that a single will be culled from the LP, though titles aren't yet available.

MINOTT ONE-OFF

SUGAR MINOTT is to headline a special one-off concert at London Rainbow on Friday, December 11, supported by Jamaican artists Tristan Palma and Loui Lepki, and tickets are on sale now priced £4.50 and £4. The gig is a foretaste of a provincial tour early in the New Year, currently being lined up by TBA, and it also showcases Minott's new album 'Good Things Going' for release in mid-November. Minott also appears as special guest in another Rainbow concert on November 21 — see separate item.

DURAN DURAN have added yet another show to their upcoming UK tour, due to insatiable ticket demand. This extra date is an additional hometown concert at Birmingham Odeon on Wednesday, December 23, and this will be a special Christmas party night. Tickets go on sale at the box-office from tomorrow, Friday.

Disco-Void replaces defunct Flatbackers

THE FLATBACKERS have ceased to exist under that name and, with a changed musical policy, have now become Disco-Void. Leader Julie Usher — who is the outfit's principal songwriter, as well as vocalist and guitarist — has augmented the group to a six-piece, and the line-up is now mixed, comprising four males and two females. The re-shaped band have a string of London gigs at North-East Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Ronnie Scott's Club (November 9), Southbank Polytechnic (20), Camden Dingwalls (27) and Clapham 101 Club (28). Out of town, they visit Birmingham Golden Eagle on November 13.

☐ **TRIMMER & JENKINS** hit the road to promote their recently released Charisma album 'Live At London's Fabulous Comic Strip'. They visit **Cambridge** College of Arts & Technology (this Saturday), **London Stratford** Green Man (November 8), **Weybridge** College of Food (11), **London Kennington** The Cricketers (15 and 20), **London St. John's Wood** The Crown (16), **London Fulham** King's Head (19), **Croydon** Cartoon (23), **Reading** University (27), **Coventry** General Wolfe (December 9), **Coventry** Warwick University (10) and **London Woolwich** Thames Polytechnic (11). More dates are being finalised.

☐ **HOT GOSSIP** are on tour to promote their new Dindisc single 'Soul Warfare' and album 'Geisha Boys and Temple Girls', as well as their full-length video which utilises the LP soundtrack. They're at **Southen** Talk Of The South (November 10), **Ipswich** Gaumont (19), **Eastbourne** Congress (20), **Worthing** Town Hall (21), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (22), **Barnstaple** Queens Hall (23), **Bristol** Locarno (24), **Machester** Free Trade Hall (26), **Edinburgh** Odeon (28), **Aberdeen** Fusion (29), **Nottingham** Sherwood Rooms (December 3), **Southsea** Kings Theatre (6), **Cardiff** Top Rank (8), **Oxford** Apollo (9), **Birmingham** Odeon (16) and **London Tottenham Court Rd.** Dominion (18).

☐ **THE TWINKLE BROTHERS** emerge from the studios — where they're recording a 12-inch disco single, for imminent release on their own Twinkle label (through Rough Trade) — to play another three dates. The Jamaican group are at London Camden Dingwalls (November 11), London Oxford St. 100 Club (12) and Birmingham Handsworth Sports & Leisure Centre (14).

☐ **THE HIGSONS** play Leicester Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Coventry General Wolfe (Saturday), Uxbridge Brunel University (Sunday), London Victoria The Venue with James 'Blood' Ulmer (November 19), London Herne Hill Half Moon (20) and Portsmouth Polytechnic (21).

RECORD NEWS

Neil Young LP

NEIL YOUNG releases his first new studio album of the year this weekend on the Reprise label, titled 'Re-ac-tor'. It was recorded with his Crazy Horse band — Billy Talbot (bass), Frank Sampedro (rhythm guitar) and Ralph Molina (drums) — and features eight new Young compositions.

● **Herman Rarebell,** drummer with top European band The Scorpions, releases his debut solo album 'Nip In The Bud' on EMI next Monday (9). The title track has already been issued as a single.

● 'Easier Said Than Done' is the title of the new **Shakatak** single, issued by Polydor on November 13 in both 7" and 12" formats. From the same label comes a three-track single by **The Wall** — featuring 'Epitaph', 'Rewind' and 'New Rebel' — to be followed by an album early in the New Year.

● **Carl Green & The Scene,** winners of the 1980-1 Battle Of The Bands contest, have their latest single 'Fresh Start' issued by RCA this weekend. It's taken from their recently released debut album 'The Thing Is'.

● **Victims Of Pleasure,** newly signed by Rialto Records, have a new single released this week via their new outlet. It couples 'Slave To Fashion' with 'On The Game', with different versions available in 12-inch form.

● **Johnny G** has a new single, appropriately titled 'G-Beat', out on Beggars Banquet. It's taken from his upcoming album 'Water Into Wine'.

Boss cat BRIAN SETZER

STRAYS COME BACK

THE STRAY CATS — who've just complete their world tour which culminated last week in Georgia (USA), where they supported The Rolling Stones — bid to re-establish themselves in the UK by releasing their second Arista album on November 16. The 11-track self-produced set is titled 'Gonna Ball', and it was recorded in Montserrat with several guests musicians, including keyboards ace Ian Stewart. The group will be undertaking a British tour in the near future (and that means before Christmas), with dates to be announced shortly.

● **Imagination,** currently figuring strongly in the charts with their album 'Body Talk', have their third single — titled 'Flashback' — released on the R&B label this weekend. And the band are planning a 30-date UK tour in the early spring.

● Rock City Records is launched this weekend with the first single by **Denny Laine** since he quit Wings earlier this year, titled 'Who Moved The World'. From the same label on November 13 comes 'The Superstar And The Roadie' by comedian **Jim Davidson.**

● **The Piranhas,** of 'Tom Hark' fame, are back in action on a new label. Their latest single 'Vigelegele'/'Nobody' appears on Dakota Records, distributed by PRT.

● **The Force,** the band formed by Sean Tyla and Deke Leonard, have their debut single 'Trick Of The Light' issued by Zilch Records (through Stage One) on November 16. Two other singles from the same label next week are 'Xylophone Jet' by **Michael O'Brien** and 'Killing The Ones You Love' by **Last Touch,** whose debut album 'Ladies In Grey' follows in the New Year.

● The new single by **Human Sexual Response** is 'Andy Fell' and it appears on the aptly named Don't Fall Off The Mountain label. The B-side is an extended version of 'Pound'.

● Derby-based band **The Enemy** release their first single '50 Thousand Dead' next weekend on their own Tin-Tin label, with distribution through Fresh.

● **Massacre** is a group featuring the combined talents of Fred Frith and New York funk band Material. Their self-titled debut album is available through Recommended Records.

● **The Normil Hawaiians** have been inoperative for almost a year, but are now back with a re-shaped line-up and a new single. Titled 'Still Obedient', it's on Illuminated Records (through IKF, Rough Trade and Pinnacle.)

DANCING METHODS

THE METHOD ACTORS have their five-track 12-inch EP 'Dancing Underneath' available in the UK from this weekend through Armageddon — though it's actually on the company's American sister label DB Records and is being imported. All five titles have previously been released here in one form or another, but the group — Vic Nurney (guitar and vocals) and David Gamble (drums and vocals) — have a brand new 12-inch dance single called 'Commotion' due out on November 13. And the following week (20) sees the release of their double album 'Little Fingers'. The duo will be playing an extensive series of British dates early in the New Year.

● Cherry Red have signed **The Passage,** who previously had a No. 1 hit in the indies charts with 'Pindrop' through Object Music — and their 12-inch single 'Taboos' is issued via their new outlet on November 13, with an album scheduled for February. The same label has also signed **Kevin Coyne** from Virgin, and release his new album 'Pointing The Finger' this month, followed by an LP and extensive tour in the New Year. Also from Cherry Red comes 'The Glitterhouse', the first album by **Medium Medium.**

● November 20 sees the release on Epic of a **Beach Boys** compilation album titled 'Ten Years Of Harmony', a selection of their best tracks recorded over the past decade, and including two previously unissued titles — 'San Miguel' and 'Sea Cruise'. At the same time comes the news that the group's **Mike Love** has signed an exclusive solo deal with America's Boardwalk label (distributed here through CBS) — he'll soon be touring with his own outfit, the Endless Summer Band, and his first LP is expected in early spring.

● 'Emotion/Sound/Motion' by **I'm So Hollow** and 'Europeans' by **B. Troop** are both debut albums on the Illuminated Records label. On Glass Records, the compilation 'The Wonderful World Of Glass' features **The Lemon Kittens, Eyeless In Gaza** and **English Subtitles,** among others. Reissues on the Dining Out label include **The Addicts** EP 'Lunch With The Adicts' and the neo-classic self-titled EP by **Occult Chemistry,** the only offering from the group who went on to become parts of A Certain Ratio, Funkapolitan and Stimulin. All these releases are distributed through IKF Ltd.

● The second single by **Long Tall Shorty,** out this week on Ramkup Records, is 'Win Or Lose'/'Ain't Done Wrong'. It was produced by Charlie Harper of the UK Subs.

● **The Virgin Prunes** this week release the second instalment of their seven-part project 'A New Form Of Beauty'. It takes the form of a ten-inch single on Rough Trade, coupling 'Come To Daddy' with 'Sweet Home Under White Clouds' and 'Sad World'.

XMAS CHART CONTENDERS

KIM WILDE, firmly entrenched in the Top Ten best-selling singles artists of the year, can be expected to consolidate her position with her new single 'Cambodia' — issued by Rak this Friday.

SPANDAU BALLET have their new single out this weekend on Chrysalis in two formats. The seven-inch has 'Paint Me Down' on the A-side, coupled with 'Man With Guitar'. The 12-inch features an extended version of the A-side, with 'Re-Paint' as the flip.

ELTON JOHN & KIKI DEE get together again five years after their No. 1 hit with Don't Go Breaking My Heart'. Their new single is 'Loving You (Is Sweeter Than Ever)' taken from Kiki's recent album 'Perfect Timing', and recorded when Elton popped into the studios to see her. It's out this week on Arista.

LINX have their new single 'Can't Help Myself' / 'I'm Not Joking' issued by Chrysalis this Friday, the second to be culled from their 'Go Ahead' album. It's also available in 12-inch form, featuring two different mixes of the A-side and an extended version of the coupling.

ALVIN STARDUST, whose recent revival of 'Pretend' reached No. 5 in the charts, follows it up with a new single titled 'A Wonderful Time Up There' — released this weekend by Stiff.

ISLAND'S STAR GALAXY

ISLAND Records release two major albums on November 16 — the debut LP from ex-Buzzcocks leader **Pete Shelley** titled 'Homosapien', which appears on his own Genetic label; and the latest set from **Toots & The Maytals** called 'Knockout', their first this year and including their recently issued single 'Beautiful Woman'.

On the same date comes a cassette-only collection called 'Wheel To Reel', featuring a selection of top Island tracks over the past year. Among artists involved are **U2, Robert Palmer, Black Uhuru, Grace Jones** and the **Tom Tom Club.**

The following week, November 23, sees the release of 'A Christmas Record' on the Ze label (through Island), comprising nine seasonal songs by the likes of **August Darnell** (leader of Kid Creole & The Coconuts), **Suicide, Cristina** and **Was (Not Was).**

Finally, the new **Stevie Winwood** single for November 16 release is 'There's A River', taken from his upcoming album due out next year.

● **Depeche Mode** have their first album released this week by Mute Records, coinciding with their UK tour. The 11-track LP, which includes their two hit singles, is titled 'Speak & Spell'.

● **Plain Characters** have signed a worldwide deal with Abstract Records, and have their single 'Menial Tasks' issued this weekend, with their album 'Invisible Yearnings' following on November 13.

● Four-piece London band **The Lines** are back in action this week with a new single called 'Transit', plus the album 'Therapy', on the Fresh Records label. Dates are currently being arranged for the outfit on the London circuit.

● **Weapon Of Peace,** currently engaged in a UK tour, have their self-named debut album issued by Safari this week — it features ten original tracks and was produced by Bob Lamb.

Compilations

THE DAMNED have a compilation album released by Chiswick Records (distributed by Pinnacle) on November 13, to coincide with their major UK tour, announced last week. It's called 'The Best Of The Damned', a title which speaks for itself.

TOM WAITS has a compilation issued by Asylum on November 13 titled 'Bounced Checks'. All the tracks are self-penned, and they comprise a mixture of previous favourites — plus a live track ('The Piano Has Been Drinking' recorded in Dublin earlier this year) and a hitherto unreleased song called 'Mr. Henry'.

OTTOWAN have a collection of their best-known tracks released by Carrere on November 13, not surprisingly titled "Ottowan's Greatest Hits' — whcih is a bit premature in the case of one of the songs 'Help, Get Some Help!', issued the same day as their new single.

RAINBOW have put together a collection of all their best tracks up to an including 'I Surrender', and the resultant double album is issued by Polydor next weekend under the title of 'Best Of. . .'. It will also be available at the same time as a cassette.

THE MONKEES have a double album set of all their big hits from the period 1966-69 released by Arista this weekend. You won't be surprised to learn that it's called 'The Monkees.'

● **Matt Johnson,** who's a member of both The The and The Gadgets, releases his first solo album 'Burning Blue Soul' this week on 4.A.D. Records. He plays all the instruments on the LP, and will shortly be going on tour with his own outfit.

STRAIGHT MUSIC & KENNEDY STREET PRESENT

RUSH

WEMBLEY ARENA
WED/THUR/FRI-4th/5th/6th NOV at 8·00
STILL A FEW TICKETS LEFT FOR EACH NIGHT AT £5·00 AVAILABLE FROM LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. W1. TEL: 439 3371 (BOOKING FEE CHARGED), OR BY POST FROM RUSH BOX OFFICE 12 GREAT NEWPORT ST., LONDON WC2 H7 JA. POSTAL ORDERS ONLY, PAYABLE TO 'KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES'. PLEASE ENCLOSE S.A.E.

NEW BINGLEY HALL
WESTON RD., STAFFORD
MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £5·00 FROM USUAL AGENTS, OR BY POST FROM RUSH BOX OFFICE, YQ BOOKINGS, P.O. BOX 4 ALTRINCHAM, CHESHIRE WA14 2JQ. POSTAL ORDERS ONLY, PAYABLE TO 'KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES'. PLEASE ENCLOSE S.A.E.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

BAUHAUS

talisman

THE BEECH BUOYS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245; ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DEPECHE MODE

POSITIVE NOISE

BLANCMANGE

PALAIS SCHAUMBURG

NOT AT BRISTOL
LOCARNO
NEW BRISTOL CENTRE, FROGMORE ST., BRISTOL
MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LOCARNO BOX OFFICE, TEL: BRISTOL 276193, OR BRISTOL: VIRGIN RECORDS, RIVAL RECORDS, REVOLVER RECORDS, BATH: RECORDS UNLIMITED, OR £2·50 (INC. VAT) ON NIGHT.

NOT AT BRIGHTON
TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON
WEST ST., BRIGHTON
WEDNESDAY 11th NOVEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE, TEL: BRIGHTON 25895 OR BRIGHTON: VIRGIN RECORDS, POLYSOUNDS. CRAWLEY: CLOAKS, OR £2·50 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUN/MON 15th/16th NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

&????! WOW WOW &???!

WEDNESDAY 25th NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
&???! &?!

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE JAMES BROWN Revue

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6
MON/TUES 7th/8th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £6·50, £5·50, £4·50, £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

theatre of hate

THE MEKONS

BLUE ORCHIDS

peter & the test tube babies

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 8th NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

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marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 | 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS. SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 5th November (Adm £2.50)
For one night only
TYGERS OF PAN TANG
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Friday 6th November (Adm £2.00)
SIAM
Plus To The Finland Station & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 7th Nov (Adm £2.00)
NO DICE
Plus Steve Linton Band & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 8th Nov (Adm £2.00)
GARRY HOLTON, CASINO STEEL & THE TEQUILA BAND
Plus BMT'S & Jerry Floyd

Monday 9th November (Adm £1.50)
FINGERPRINTZ
Plus X-Review & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 10th November (Adm £1.50)
SAPPHIRE
Plus Empire & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 11th November (Adm £2.00)
ANY TROUBLE
Stiff Allstars & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 12th November (Adm £1.50)
THE GAS
Plus Cast 5 & Jerry Floyd

Hamburgers and other Hot and Cold Snacks available

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967
OPEN MONDAY-SATURDAY 8PM-2AM.
& SAT LUNCH 12-3PM

THURS 5
ANY TROUBLE
x STIFF ALL STARS £2.50

FRI 6
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
x THE ACT £3.30

SAT 7. FROM U.S.A.
RAVENNA & THE MAGNETICS
x RESTLESS £3.30

MON 9
XENA XEROX, SCEEN 3
TELEGENTS, £1.75

TUES 10
SLOW TWITCH FIBRES
x T.9.C. £1.75

WED 11.
RETURN BY PUBLIC DEMAND. FROM J.A. £3.75
TWINKLE BROTHERS

THURS 12. FROM NEW YORK
B.M.T.s x SUPPORT £2

COMING UP! TUES 17
ONLY LONDON SHOW! FROM J.A.
DILLINGER
£3.75

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Saturday 7th November £1.50
PARK AVENUE
+ The Crack

Thursday 5th November £1
NIGHTWORK
+ Strange Gang

Friday 6th November £1
GERRY McAVOY
+ Friends including STEVE WALLER
+ Hilda (all girl band)

Sunday 8th November £1
S.A.L.T.
+ Ready Rubbed

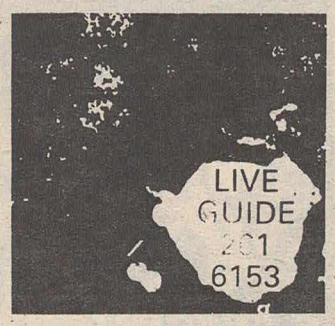
Monday 9th November £1
MONTAGE REAL ESTATE
+ MK Trixter

Tuesday 10th November £1
THE SKA-DOWS
+ The Area

Wednesday 11th November £1
T34
+ Scizzors

THE DADS MONDAYS

THOMAS A BECKETT
OLD KENT RD.



TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

NOVEMBER
6 Rush
7, 8 Kool & The Gang
7, 8 Styx
8 Theatre of Hate
9 Bauhaus
9 Psychedelic Furs
10 Nils Lofgren
12 Tapper Zukie
12 Enigma
12, 13 The Nolans
13-15 Dexys Midnight Runners
14 Woodstock Revisted
15 Iron Maiden
16 Depeche Mode
16 Bow Wow Wow
16 Bad Manners
17 Stranglers
18 Chris De Burgh
18 Madness
21, 22 Judas Priest
22 Level 42
23 Rick Wakeman
23, 24 Pointer Sisters
24 Gary US Bonds
25 Peter Skellern
28 Thin Lizzy
28 Glen Campbell
29 9 Below Zero
30 Shakin' Stevens

DECEMBER
1, 2, 4 ELO
4 Stranglers
4-6 Linx
6 Shakin' Stevens
6 Billie Jo Spears
6 Human League
7 Tenpole Tudor
7, 8 James Brown
8 Echo And The Bunnymen
9, 10 ELO
13 Pretenders
14, 15 Joan Armatrading
16, 17 Duran Duran
19 Rose Tattoo
20 Christmas on Earth
20 Slade
20, 21 U2
21, 22 Gillan
23 Elvis Costello
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
POSTAL APPLICATION ENCLOSE SAE PLEASE.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

SLITS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
MONDAY 30th NOVEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW AND PHIL McINTYRE PRESENT

Gillan
BUDGIE NIGHTWING

MON./TUES. 21st/22nd DECEMBER 7.30pm
TICKETS £4.25 £3.75 £3.25
TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

★ PERRY HAINES PRESENTS ★
SATURDAY 7th NOVEMBER
STIMULIN
+ GUESTS **BUZZZ**
DJ STEVE LEWIS

Adm £2.50 — Free Membership

All drinks 50p to 10.00pm
Best Dressed snapped for ID Mag

LONDON'S NEW DANCE CLUB
EVERY SATURDAY
ROX
ROYALTY SOUTHGATE N14
1 min Southgate Und. Stn.
Tel. 01-886 4112

THE Venue

160-162 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON SW1E 5LB
TEL. 828 9441
Opp. Victoria Tube Station

Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 5th Nov. £3.00
THE GO-GO'S
+ Jools Holland & The Millionaires

Friday 6th Nov. £3.00
ALEX HARVEY

Saturday 7th Nov. £4.50
ODYSSEY

Sunday 8th Nov. £4.50
THE LEGENDARY
JOHN HOLT
+ Black Roots

Monday 9th Nov. £3.00
RANKING DREAD

Tuesday 10th Nov. £2.00
REMIPEDS
+ Diz Internationale + BMT's

Wednesday 11th Nov. £4.00
TITO PUENTE LATIN SEPTET
featuring Patato, Alfredo de la Fe, Jorge Dalto, Mauricio Smith, Johnny & Bobby Rodriguez & Tres

Thursday 12th Nov. £2.50
TV21
+ Airstrip One
+ Language from Memory

COMING SOON
Friday & Saturday 13th & 14th Nov. £4.00 — MINK DE VILLE
Wednesday 18th Nov. £3.50 — DAVID LINDLEY
Thursday 19th Nov £3.00 — JAMES 'BLOOD' ULMER + The Higsons
Friday 20th Nov. £3.00 — CAYENNE + Inversions + Hypgnosis
Saturday 21st Nov. £3.50 — INCOGNITO + Scarlet Warriors
Tuesday 24th Nov. £3.00 — MONOCHROME SET
Saturday 28th Nov. Early show, 5.00pm £2.00 Evening Show 8.00pm £3.00
ALTERED IMAGES

Cheques not accepted. All ticket prices include free brochure.

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 5th November £1.25
THE DIRTY STRANGERS
+ Natural Scientist

Friday 6th November £1.50
NIGHTDOCTOR
+ One Track Mind

Saturday 7th November £2.00
GARY HOLTON & CASINO STEEL WITH TEQUILA BAND
+ The Boolie

Sunday 8th November 50p
MINNS & GOLD (Folk Rock)

Monday 9th November £1.50
THE GORILLAS + Bad Detective

Tuesday 10th November £1.25
LEE KOSMIN + Only After Dark

Wednesday 11th November £1.00
THE DEVRONS + Empty Vessels

ROCK CITY

TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8 pm — 2 am

Thursday 5th November £2.50 adv
DEPECHE MODE

Friday 6th November £4.50 adv
KOOL AND THE GANG

Saturday 7th November £2.50 adv
BAUHAUS

Thursday 12th November £2.00 adv
ALTERED IMAGES

Friday 13th November £2.00 adv
NINE BELOW ZERO

Friday 20th November £3.50 adv
STRANGLERS

Thursday 26th November £2.50 adv
LINX

Thursday 3rd December £3.50 adv
RORY GALLAGHER

Friday 4th December £2.50 adv
ASWAD

Saturday 5th December £3.00 adv
ROSE TATTOO

Must be 18 years of age or over. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Way Ahead Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, AW Associates, Lincoln — In the Groove, Arnold — Rock It, Ilkeston — or by Post from ROCK CITY. PLEASE ENCLOSE SAE.

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 4th November £1.00
RE-FLEX

Thursday 5th November £1.00
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Friday 6th November £1.25
THE MONSTERS

Saturday 7th November £1.25
NIGHTDOCTOR

Sunday 8th November £1.00
LAST TOUCH

Monday 9th November £1.00
BLACK MARKET

Tuesday 10th November £1.00
LONDON APACHES

Wednesday 11th November £1.00
BOP NATIVES

THE PITS

383 Euston Road, N.W.1.
Licensed 8.30-1am — Opp. Gt. Portland St. Tube

Thursday 5th November £1.50
CLOCKS
+ Mad Shadows

Friday 6th November £1.50
THE COBRAS
+ The Hamsters

Saturday 7th November £1.50
THE BLUE CATS
+ King Kurt

CLOSED FOR REDECORATION FROM MONDAY 9th NOV — WEDNESDAY 11th NOV.

DJ — BEEF BOX

THE GREYHOUND

Psychedelic Stadium
900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath N98 night bus to Central London
Admission £1.00 (£1.50 Fri & Sat)
8pm — midnight
10.30pm Sunday

Thursday 5th November
Psychedelic Night
SCARLET PARTY
+ MILES OVER MATTER

Friday 6th November
CAROLINE HEAVY ROCK ROADSHOW

Saturday 7th November
SAM APPLE PIE
+ After Dark

Sunday 8th November
Psychedelic Night
LE MAT

Monday 9th November
Boogie Rock
SPIDER
+ Quiet

Tuesday 10th November
Mod Night
THE STRIPES
+ Flat 19

Wednesday 11th November
Kosmik Rock
CHEMICAL ALICE
+ Merrillion

Thursday 12th November
SMALL WORLD
+ The Reaction

Whisky A Go-Go

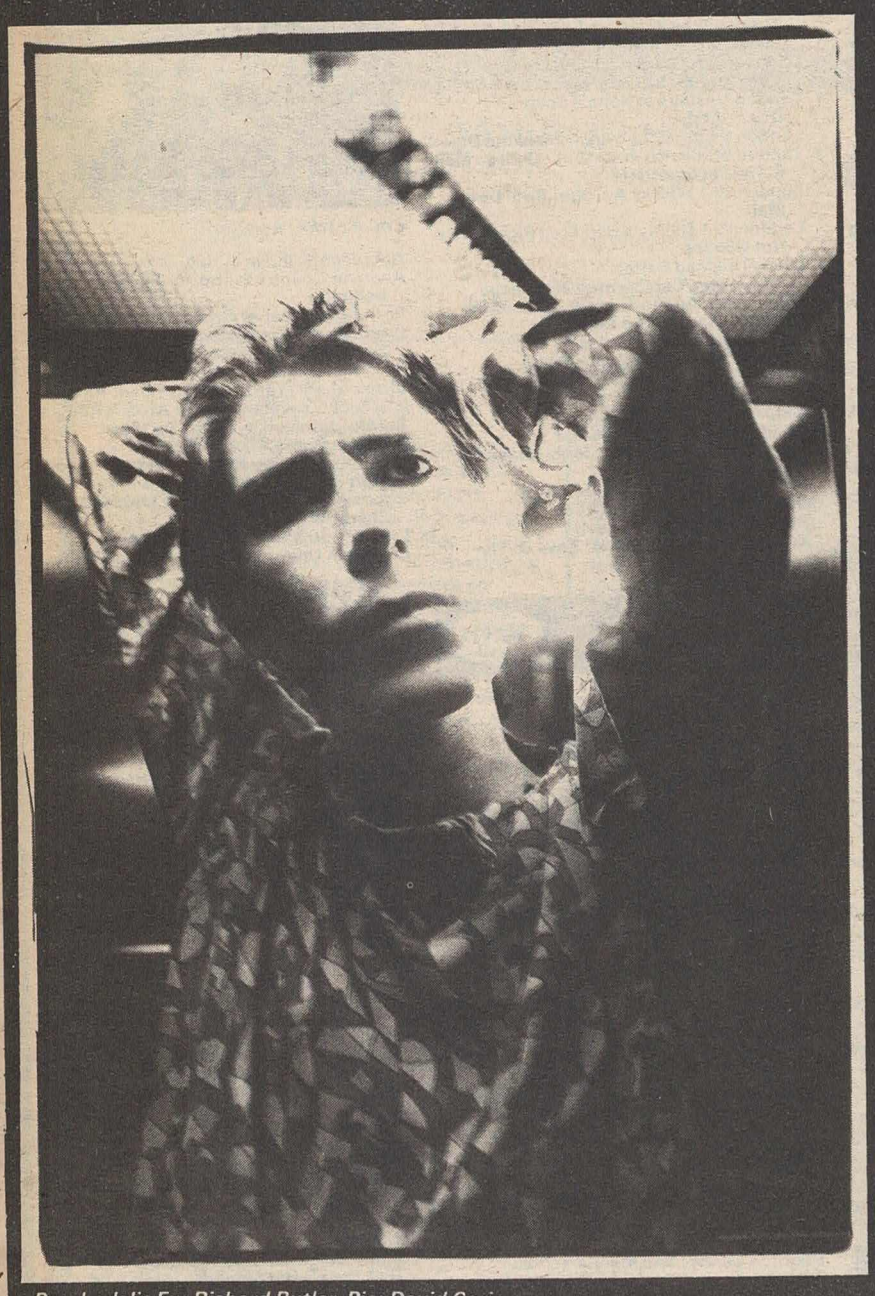
Psychedelic Music presents
BACK DOOR MAN
+ Half Hearted
+ Support
+ Disco
MONDAY, 9th November
Whisky A Go-Go
35 Wardour St, W1

SUNSET JAZZ

3 NORTH END CRESCENT, W14
Tel: 603 7006

Thursday, 5th November
HOT SOX
Friday, 6th November
BLUES BLASTERS
featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith
Saturday, 7th November
DIZ & THE DOORMEN
Tuesday, 10th November
NEW BANDS FROM ART SCHOOL
Wednesday, 11th November
FUMBLE
Thursday, 12th November
ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS
Friday, 13th November
THE BREAKFAST BAND

Nationwide Gig Guide



Psychedelic Fur Richard Butler. Pic: David Corio

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark

ROLL UP, roll up. It's the greatest show on earth. Yes, folks, the massive autumn tour bonanza continues unabated, with another dozen big-name acts joining the circuit mayhem this week. And in all honesty, no other country in the world — not even the States — could offer such a wealth of live entertainment, concentrated in such a relatively small area.

Pride of place goes to ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES who open their major tour in Lancaster on Saturday, and the always-welcome MINK DeVILLE whose latest UK gig series begins in Dunstable on Thursday — and in both cases, major London dates follow later in the month. THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS are also on the road, headlining a mini-tour which starts in Birmingham on Saturday and includes London Dominion on Monday.

If you like your rock hard 'n' heavy, then JUDAS PRIEST are obviously your bag, and their outing commences in Hull on Friday. American visitors STYX fly in to play three concerts at Stafford (Friday) and London Wembley (Saturday and Sunday). And THIN LIZZY's delayed tour finally gets under way at St. Austell on Wednesday.

ALTERED IMAGES have lined up an impressive schedule to celebrate their chart breakthrough, and it gets under way in Newcastle on Wednesday — and RICK WAKEMAN sets out for the first time with his new permanent rock band at Bournemouth on Monday. And besides the afore-mentioned, other acts starting UK treks this week include CHRIS DE BURGH, BUCKS FIZZ and country stars BILLIE JO SPEARS and TAMMY WYNETTE — full details in the listings below, of course.

Finally, two one-off London concerts of special mention feature NILS LOFGREN at Hammersmith Odeon (Tuesday) and LEO KOTTKE at the Dominion Theatre (Wednesday).

Thursday 5th

Mink DeVille: Dunstable

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Run Rig**
Aberdeen The Venue: **Tenpole Tudor**
Bangor University: **The Mood Elevators**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Kool & The Gang**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **The Vulgar Bros**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Centre: **Dr Hook/Sundance**
Brighton New Regent: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Canterbury Art College: **Why This**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Boxcar Willie/Skeeter Davis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Scarlet Party/Miles Over Matter**
Chesham Elgiva Hall: **The Sound**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **21 Guns/Ramrods**
Coventry Warwick University: **Pigbag**
Croydon Cartoon: **Monkey**
Crumlin Woodbine Villa Club: **Ohibo Paronti**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Anti-Pasti**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Mink De Ville**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Juvessance/Lipslide**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Exeter Boxes: **In The Red/Dread Wars**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Crass/Dirt/Annie Anxiety**
Guildford Civic Hall: **John Martyn/Bumble & The Beez**
Harrow Headstone Hotel: **Mirror/L. A. Hooker**
Huddersfield Ivanhoe's: **The Gents**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Albertos/Remipeds**
Leeds Hoffbrauhaus: **The Fall**
Leeds Warehouse: **Nico/Eric Random & The Bedlamites**
Liverpool C.F. Mott College: **The Cheaters**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Comsat Angels**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Any Trouble/Stiff All-Stars**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Nightwork**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **SJ & Her Gem**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The 45's.**
London Euston The Pits: **The Clocks/Mad Shadows**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Smart**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/Natural Scientist**
London Fulham King's Head: **The London Apaches**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Le Mat/Regency.**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Au Pairs/The Raincoats/Maximum Joy/Tarzan 5**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Neon Blondes/1942**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Highgate The Wellington: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **The Cannibals**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lee Kosmin**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins.**
London Marquee Club: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Combo Passe**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Stephane Grappelli/Julian Lloyd Webber**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Red Shift/Standard Deviation**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bireli Lagrene Ensemble**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Frankie Ford**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Cardinals/25th Street**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Go-Go's/Jools Holland and His Millionaires**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Rush**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club **Crown Of Thorns/Martin Besserman**
London W1 (Dean Street) Gossips: **Screaming Lord Such & The Savages**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Ginger**
London W1 Raymond's Revuebar: **Eddie Maelov & Sunshine Patteson**
London W14 Sunset Jazz: **Hot Sox**
Maidstone The Ship: **The Hollywood Exiles**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson/Don Weller Quintet**
Manchester Carrack Wine Lodge: **Tone Quinn & The Stallones/Suzanne's Greenfields**
Manchester Deville's: **Victor Mature & The Hams**
Manchester The Pound: **Aztec Camera**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **The Permanents**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Marillion/The Hippy Psyches**
Newcastle University: **Nine Below Zero**
Northampton White Elephant: **State Of The Act**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Depeche Mode**
Oxford New Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Fool**
Paighton The Coverdale: **Dark Troupe/Criteria II**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Jack Russell & The Terriers**
Poole Arts Centre: **Odyssey**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Madness/Belle Stars**
Sheffield City Hall: **Gillan/Budgie**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Level 42**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Bad Manners/Dolly Mixture**
Sheffield The Big Tree Hotel: **Eiger**
Sheffield The Penguin: **Saracen**
Sheffield University: **Fifth Flight**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Steeleye Span**
Southend The Greyhound: **Back Door Man**
Southport Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Stockport Smugglers: **Belgian Bitch**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **Waso/Benny Waters**
Willenhall The Calvalcade: **Sub Zero**
Wooler Black Bull: **Erogenous Zones**
Worcester Pershore College: **Red Star Belgrade**
Workington Slipped Disc: **Rage/Bailey Bros**
Worksop (Dinnington) The Dragon: **Maddison Blues Band**
Yeovilton RNAS Station: **The Nashville Teens**

Friday 6th

Carla Bley: Bradford

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Boxcar Willie/Skeeter Davis**
Banbury Knightsbridge Club: **The Difference**
Bath University: **The Revillos/The Mood Elevators**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fightin Cocks: **The Pinkies/Fast Relief**
Birmingham Imperial Cinema: **The Fall/Nico/Eric Random & The Bedlamites/Dr Filth**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **John Martyn/Bumble & The Beez**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Rockbottom Club: **Marillion**
Birmingham (Selly Oak) Station Hotel: **Close Rivals/Jealous Girl**
Birmingham The Porksword: **Tone Quinn & The Stallones**
Birmingham Waterworks Club: **Waso**
Bracknell South Hill Park Art Centre: **Madhouse Theatre Company**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Bradford Star Hotel: **Roy Bailey**
Bradford University: **Carla Bley Band**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Jools Holland & his Millionaires**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Lucan**
Bristol University: **Jacques Loussier**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Bad Manners/Dolly Mixture**
Cardiff Grass Roots: **The Living Legends**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Twelfth Night**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crew Brierley St. School Hall: **Oedipus Complex**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Drivers**
Denny Pines Hotel: **H20**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Berlin Walls**
Dundee University: **Nine Below Zero**
Durham Brewers Arms: **The Toy Dolls**
Durham New College: **Moscow Philharmonix**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Gillan/Budgie**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Edinburgh University: **The RB's**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Tenpole Tudor**
Great Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre (for three days): **Ronnie Hawkins/Frankie Ford/Black Cat/Crazy Cavan/The Deltas/Shades/Flying Saucers etc.**
Guildford Surrey University: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Harlow Square One: **Final Warning**
Hull City Hall: **Judas Priest**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Bauhaus**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Level 42**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Anthropology**
Leeds Compton Arms: **The Gents**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel Hotel: **Red Star Belgrade**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Higsons**
Liverpool Bluecoat Hall: **John White, Gavin Bryars & Ensemble**
Liverpool Mountford Hall: **Depeche Mode**
Liverpool Neptune Theatre: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson/Don Weller Quintet**
London Barons Court Tavern: **Mothers Ruin**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Digwalls: **Manufactured Romance/The Act**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Adrienne Amor**
London City University: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Exciters**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The B. M. T.'s/ The Deadbeats**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Remipeds**
London Euston The Pits: **The Cobras/The Hampsters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nightdoctor/One Track Mind**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Decoy Ave/Boys Will Be Boys**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Some Burglars**
London Hayes Working Mens Club: **The Tremeloes**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Europeans/Re-Flex**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Monsters**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Stray**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Not The Miles Davies Quintette/Irving Street Band**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Praxis/Evil Minds**
London Putney Half Moon: **Ronnie Lane Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Danny Adler & The Deluxe Blues Band**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dave Shepherd Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Up-Sect/Empty Vessels**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **Talisman/Far Image**
London Strand The Coalhole: **The Cannibals**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Disco-Void**
London University Union: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's **Ojah**
London Victoria The Venue: **Alex Harvey Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Rush**

Nationwide Gig Guide

London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Cuddly Toys**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Standing On Edge**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Legs & Co**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **The Bluesblasters**
London W.C.1 Birkbeck College: **Jam Today**
Malvern Mount Pleasant Hotel: **Scream & Scream Again**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **J. G. Spoils**
Manchester University: **Mink De Ville**
Mansfield Lidworth Club: **Dawn Fury**
Middleton De La Salle College: **The Cheaters**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Raven/White Heat/Jess Cox Band/Erogenous Zones/R&B Spitfires**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **Any Trouble**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Pigbag**
Nottingham Rock City: **Kool & The Gang**
Oxford New Theatre: **Chris De Burgh**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Splash**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Pontypridd Treforest Polytechnic: **Ohibo Paronti**
Ramsgate Flowering Bowl: **Naughty Thoughts**
Reading Top Rank: **Odyssey**
Retford Porterhouse: **Anti-Pasti**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Afrikan Star**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **A&R Trio**
Somercotes Black Horse: **Saracen**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Styx**
Stoke Mayfair Ballroom: **Rage/Bailey Bros.**
Sutton-in-Ashfield New Cross Hotel: **The Jets**
Taunton Market House Tavern: **Chalice**
Torquay 400 Club: **Theatre Of Hate**
Treforest Glamorgan Polytechnic: **The Dynamos**
Waterlooville Community Centre: **Red Flag/Dream Sequence**
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **Red Factory/ Mind Tunnel**
Windsor Arts Centre: **Fear Of Falling/We're Only Human**
Wisbech Angles Theatre: **The Media**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dave Ellis Band**
Wolverhampton Barley Mow: **Sub Zero**
York Caribbean Club: **Back Door Man**

Saturday 7th

Styx: London

Ashford Working Men's Club: **The Graphics**
Belfast Queen's University: **The Comsat Angels**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Natural Mystiques / Ashanti**
Birmingham Imperial Cinema: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Birmingham Odeon: **Billie Jo Spears**
Birmingham University: **Mink De Ville**
Birmingham Waterworks Club: **Waso**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **The Celebrated Ratliffe Stout Band**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Any Trouble**
Cambridge College of Arts & Technology: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Sam Apple Pie / After Dark**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Clacton Reg Brown's: **Spazmodic Caress / I'm Dead**
Cosham Highbury Technical College: **Look Back In Anger**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Higsons**
Croydon Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Sub Zero**
Dudley Polytechnic: **Jools Holland And His Millionaires**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Boxcar Willie / Skeeter Davis**
Durham University: **Talisman**
East Stanley The Club: **The Toy Dolls**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Tenpole Tudor**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Gillan / Budgie**
Fareham Technical College: **Zounds / Polemic Attack**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Alex Harvey Band**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Nine Below Zero**
Hull College of Higher Education: **Decade Resistance / Dorian Grey**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Lancaster University: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre: **Carla Bley Band**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Chris De Burgh**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Chase**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Rage / Bailey Bros**
London Ballroom Hydeburn School: **The Wahoos / Necropolis / The Papers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ravenna & The Magnetics / Restless**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Gay Brown / Anabel Leventon**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cobras / Ohibo Paronti**
London Euston The Pits: **The Blue Cats / King Kurt**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Gary Holton & Casino Steel with The Tequila Band / The Boolie**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Conflict / Eratics / Anthrax**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Johnny Mars Band / Dirty Strangers**
London Hendon Football Club: **The Cannibals / Treatment**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Mad Shadows / Taiwan Pins**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Nightdoctor**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Plain Characters**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London NW1 The Cellars: **Pyewackett**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Sluts / Root Jackson & The Tucker Finlayson Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Kool & The Gang**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Alan Elsdon Quintet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Stimulin / Buzzz**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Knife Edge / Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ojah**
London Victoria The Venue: **Odyssey**
London Wembley Arena: **Styx**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Luton Cock Inn: **Patrik Fitzgerald / Attila The Stockbroker**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Judas Priest**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Rockin Horse**
Melton Mowbray Colles Hall: **John Allan's Trax**
Middlesbrough Southgate Theatre: **Back Door Man**
Milton Keynes Stantonbury Theatre: **Chas & Dave / Ivor Biggun**
Newcastle Birtley Sports Centre: **The Gents**
Newcastle University: **Level 42**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Killing Joke**
Nottingham Rock City: **Bauhaus**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Mosquitos**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Peterborough Crowland Crown Hall: **Handsome Beasts**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mercedes**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Cuban Heels**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Red Star Belgrade**
Scunthorpe Berkeley Hotel: **Arrowmatic Tors**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **John Martyn / Bumble & The Beez**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Depeche Mode**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Starlings / Bizarre Unit**
St Albans Horn of Plenty: **The Exciters**
Stockport (Bredbury) Roaring Winds: **The Permanents**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **The Freshies**
Weston-Super-Mare Old Pier: **Theatre Of Hate**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Marillion**
Worcester Five Ways: **Victor Mature & The Hams / Eddie Edgar & The Chickens / Lindsay Bright & The Boys**
Worcester Tolladine European Club: **Tone Quinn & The Stallones / Beki & The Cogburns**
Workington Matador Hotel: **The Cheaters**
York Alcuin College: **The Au Pairs**

Sunday 8th

Killing Joke: Leeds

Altrincham The Unicorn: **The Freshies**
Birmingham (Aston) The Holte: **Tennessee Shakers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham G.D.'s Club: **Victor Mature & The Hams**
Birmingham Odeon: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Reprory Theatre: **Carla Bley Band**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bracknell South Hill park Arts Centre: **Waso**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Sherry's: **Odyssey**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Sparrowhawk Hotel: **Fault**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Le Mat**
Croydon Cartoon: **Mainland (lunchtime)/Rockola (evening)**
Croydon The Star (lunchtime) and London Kennington The Cricketers (evening): **Starcore with Nicky Barclay**
East Grinstead Adeline Genee Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **Rush**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Chris De Burgh**
Glasgow The Mayfair: **H20**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Madness/Belle Stars**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Huddersfield Flix: **Level 42**
Hull Clouds: **Decade Resistance/The Criminals**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band and Guests**
Langwith Miners Welfare Club: **Saracen**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Tiffany's: **Killing Joke**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Bad Manners/Dolly Mixture**
Liverpool St. Catherine's College: **The Gents**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Precautions**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Stun The Guards**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Flats/The Creamies/The Masked Orchestra**
London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Fred Wedlock/Chris Newman**
London Finchley Torrington: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Minns & Gold**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **John Bennett Big Band**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The News/Ritual**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Last Touch**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
London Lewisham Riverdale Hall (2pm): **Dali's Car/Ambivalent Pilots/New Touch/Mellow Roots/Sweet Charity**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ken Barton Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Kool & The Gang**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Theatre Of Hate/The Meteors/Blue Orchids/Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's (lunchtime)/Trimmer & Jenkins (evening)**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Holt/Black Roots**
London Walthamstow Assembly Hall: **Herb Miller Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Styx**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London W.1 (New Burlington St.) Samantha's: **Mood Six**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Hefty Jazz**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Judas Priest**
Machester Rotters: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Manchester UMIST Union: **Shoot The Moon/Private I.D./Southbound/Freestate/The Feel/Thin End Of The Wedge/First Class Ticket (Battle of the Bands semi-final)**
Middlesbrough Gaskins: **Tenpole Tudor**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Steeleye Span**
Nottingham (Long Eaton) Silver Band Club: **Dawn Fury**
Nottingham Playhouse Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Perth Grampian Hotel: **The RB's**
Plymouth Ark Royal **Matrix**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Johnny Silvo/Abalon**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Nine Below Zero**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Juvessance/B.M.A.**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Billie Joe Spears**
Slough (Cippenham) Alexandra's: **Brian Knight Band**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Boxcar Willie/Skeeer Davis**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Higsons**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Worcester Five Ways: **Tone Quinn & The Stallones/Lemsip & Hawkman**

Monday 9th

Fad Gadget: Oxford

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Gillan/Budgie**
Aylesbury Friars: **Madness/Belle Stars**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Expozer**
Bishops Stortford Railway Hotel: **Marillion**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Rick Wakeman**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Steeleye Span**
Brighton Dome: **Kool & The Gang**
Bristol Locarno: **Depeche Mode**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Spider/Quiet**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **Rage/Bailey Bros.**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Victor Mature & The Hams/Felton & The Roosters**
Coventry The Belgrade Venue: **The Silence/7th Heaven**
Croydon Cartoon: **Seventh Avenue**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Tammy Wynette**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Chris De Burgh**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Tenpole Tudor**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse Bar: **New Model Army**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Judas Priest**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Xena Xerox/The Telegents/Screen 3**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Nico/Eric Random & The Bedlamites/The Room**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Le Mat/The Human Beings/The Gents**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Tone Quinn & The Stallones/Pete Stacey's Clothes Sense**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gorillas/New Detective**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Me & G**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Bauhaus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Vampires/Room 13**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Black Market**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Cannibals**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Eddie Thompson & Guests (for a week)**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Syco & The New Yorkers**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Great Guitarists with Charlie Byrd/Herb Ellis/Barney Kessel (for four days)**
London Southall White Hart: **Reaction**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Bablyon Rebels/The Reactions**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Scorch**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Psychedelic Furs/A Flock Of Seagulls/Everest The Hard Way**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **The Gatecrashers/I**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Disco-Void**
London Victoria The Venue: **Ranking Dread**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London W.1 Whisky A-Gogo: **Back Door Man**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Luton The Mad Hatter: **Commuter/Catcherman/Morpheus**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Showaddywaddy (for a week)**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Stumble**
Oxford Scamps: **Fad Gadget**
Poole Arts Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
Salisbury Grange Hotel: **Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
Shoreham Airport Lounge: **Waso**
Southend Zero Six: **Black Cat**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Rush**
Westcliffe Palace Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**

Tuesday 10th

Nils Lofgren: London

Aberdeen Capital Theatre: **Tammy Wynette**
Basildon Raquel's: **Depeche Mode**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Bingley Hall: **Madness/Belle Stars**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Steeleye Span**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inn: **Atomic Rooster**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Ian Carr/Lennie Best Quartet**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Herb Miller Band**
Brighton Centre: **Bad Manners/Dolly Mixture**
Brighton New Labour Club: **Victor Mature & The Hams/Patrick & His Little Guerneys**
Brighton Sussex University: **Carla Bley Band**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Judas Priest**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Dancing Teeth**
Bury The Derby Hall: **White Lightnin' / Dr. Filth**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Anti-Pasti**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Stripes/Flat 19**
Chippenham Rock Theatre: **Level 42**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Tone Quinn & The Stallones/Felton & The Roosters**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Exciters**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Billie Jo Spears**
Durham University: **Nine Below Zero**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Gillan/Budgie**
Halifax Civic Centre: **Boxcar Willie/Skeeter Davis**
Hythe Imperial Hotel: **Waso**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Nashville Teens**
Leeds Cinderella's: **The Berlin Blondes**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Fad Gadget**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Slow Twitch Fibres/T.9.C.**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London City Polytechnic: **Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Silence / The Times / Doris & The Dots**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Lee Kosmin / Only After Dark**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Feelers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Nils Lofgren**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Exhibit A/The Wailing Pumas**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The London Apaches**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The 45's**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Unlimited Source**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Charge**
London Plaistow North—East Polytechnic: **The Pinkies**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cats**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Talk Like That**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Whisky A-GoGo: **Pleasure Dome**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Gents**
Manchester University: **Tenpole Tudor**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Billie Jo Spears**
Nottingham Ad Lib Theatre: **Attrition**
Nottingham University: **The Stumble**
Oxford Blades: **Mirage**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Bauhaus**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Rotherham Domino: **Whammer Jammer**
Southport Arts Centre: **About Time**
Sunderland Le Metro: **The Toy Dolls**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Albertos/Remipeds**
Warrington Parr Hall: **Max Boyce**
York University: **Mink De Ville**

Wednesday 11th

Leo Kottke: London

Aberdeen Valhalla's: **H20**
Andover Country Bumpkin: **Red Star Belgrade**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **A Formula/Intermittent Thud**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackpool Cleveland Hotel: **Atomic Rooster**
Bradford University: **Mink De Ville**
Brighton Dome: **Rick Wakeman**
Bristol University: **Roger McGough**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Judas Priest**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Marillion / Chemical Alice**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chesham Underground Club: **Rage/Bailey Bros.**
Corby Rafters Bar: **Skua**
Croydon Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Croydon The Star: **The 45's/The Marines**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Steeleye Span**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Orchestra Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Grimsby Town Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Harow Headstone Hotel: **Some Burglars**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Anti-Pasti**
Ilford The Granbrook: **Neuer Art**
Ipswich The Victoria Boogie: **Victor Mature & The Hams**
Keele University: **Level 42/Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
Kettering Rising Sun: **Marillion**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Stun The Guards**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Au Pairs**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Twinkle Brothers**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Gents**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London City University: **Tour De Force**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Drowning Craze / Doll Drums**
London Euston The Pits: **Talkover / King Kurt**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Devrons / Empty Vessels**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Duck Baker / Pat Kilbride**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **007 / The Distant Echo**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bop Natives**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Red Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Any Trouble**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Niblettes / The New Vibrations**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm /The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Dali's Car / Xeon X**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Le Sage Ouartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Ned Porridge Band**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Leo Kottke**
London Tottenham-Court Road The Horseshoe: **Panic**
London Victoria The Venue: **Tito Puente Latin Septet**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **The High Tide**
London W.1 Langans Brasserie: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London W.1 Raymond's Revuebar: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations / Eraserhead**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Fumble**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Tenpole Tudor**
Newcastle Tiffany's: **Altered Images**
New Romney Seahorse: **L'Espace Au Loin**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Tone Quinn & the Stallones**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Noise Annoys**
Poole Arts Centre: **Madness / The Belle Stars**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Nine Below Zero**
Southampton Concorde Club: **Waso**
Southport Theatre: **Boxcar Willie / Skeeter Davis**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Morrissey Mullen**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Thin Lizzy**
Sunderland Close Encounters: **Ray Dorsey & Mungo Jerry**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Hershey & the 12 Bars**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **The Mad Daddies**
Weybridge College of Food: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
York TA Centre: **Fad Gadget / Moscow Philharmonix**

Gig guide dates should be in our hands on the Wednesday, a week before publication. Send them to Derek Johnson, Gig Guide, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

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NICO
Ex Velvet Underground
+ ERIC RANDOM
+ THE BEDLAMITES

THURSDAY 12th NOVEMBER
FAD GADGET

WEDNESDAY 18th NOVEMBER
HAMBI AND THE DANCE

THURSDAY 19th NOVEMBER
TENPOLE TUDOR
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Wednesday 11th
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Thursday 12th £1
THE 45's

Friday 13th — The Clocks
Saturday 14th — Calling Hearts & Wahous
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Progs: 1.10 (not Sun), 3,30, 5.50, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

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Saturday
Warhol's
FLESH 1.25 4.30 7.35
+ **UNDERGROUND USA** 3.00 6.05 9.10
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LET IT BE 2.15 5.45 9.15
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+ **KWAIDAN** 1.00 5.10 9.20
Thursday
Gloria Grahame:
BIG HEAT 6.00 9.15
+ Bogart in
IN A LONELY PLACE 4.20 7.35

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC SHAFTESBURY AVE.

Sep Perfs. All Seats Bkble Exl. 1st & 2nd perfs. Mon-Fri. Bar. pkg nearby

1: **Mel Brooks**
HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.20, 8.20.

2: **BLAZING SADDLES** (AA)
MONTY PYTHON & THE HOLY GRAIL (A)
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 7.15.

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 FULHAM ROAD

Seats Bkble Last Sep Prog. L'cnd bar. Doors open 15 mins prior

1: **Mel Brooks**
HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30.

2: **SOUTHERN COMFORT** (X)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.40.

3: **THE FOUR SEASONS** (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30.

4: **THE BURNING** (X)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.50

5: **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK** (A)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30. Special Offer Monday Only — All Seats £2 at all above cinemas for a season.

ABC 1,2,3 BAYSWATER (Queensway)

1: **THE BURNING** (X)
1.30, 5.10, 8.55 Sun: 5.15, 8.55
WHEN A STRANGER CALLS (AA)
3.10, 6.55 Sun: 6.55
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.00

2: **SOUTHERN COMFORT** (X)
Progs. 2.15, 5.0, 7.45 Sun: 5.0, 7.45.
Late show Tonight & Sat. 1.00.

3: **Steven Spielberg's**
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Progs. 2.0, 4.50, 7.45 Sun: 4.45, 7.35.
Late show Sat. 11.15.

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 EDGWARE ROAD

1: **THE BURNING** (X)
1.45, 5.20, 9.05 Sun: 5.20, 9.05
WHEN A STRANGER CALLS (AA)
3.25, 7.0 Sun: 7.0 Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15.

2: **SOUTHERN COMFORT** (X)
3.15, 5.55, 8.40 Sun: 5.55, 8.40. Progs. 2.35, 5.10, 7.50 Sun: 5.10, 7.50. Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15.

3: **BLAZING SADDLES** (AA)
1.55, 5.25, 9.05 Sun: 5.25, 9.05
MONTY PYTHON & THE HOLY GRAIL (A)
3.40, 7.10 Sun: 7.10 Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15

4: **HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I** (AA)
1.50, 4.10, 6.35, 9.0 Sun: 6.35, 9.0. Progs. 3.30, 5.55, 8.15 Sun: 5.55, 8.15. Late show Sat. 11.15.

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THE OLD VIC
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LONDON W1
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THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
EVEREST THE HARD WAY
MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £3·50 £3·00
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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS

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92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET
NOVEMBER'S NIGHT MOVES
OPEN THURS. 9-1.30 : FRI. 9-2.30
A ROCK CLUB IN GLASGOW
NIGHT MOVES-FAST FUN
VIDEO • DISCO • BANDS

THURS. 5 — EVEREST THE HARDWAY & H20
FRI. 6 — TENPOLE TUDOR & THE DICEMEN
FRI. 13 — NICO & ON A CLEAR DAY
THURS. 19 — THE SCHEME & 7 MINUTES
FRI. 20 — FLOCK OF SEAGULLS & THE RECOGNITIONS
THURS. 26 — T.V. 21 & SUPPORT
FRI. 27 — DURITTI COLUMN
CARD HOLDERS ONLY BETWEEN 9-10 PM N.B. THURS. 12 . . . PRIVATE FUNCTION

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ALVIN LEE
featuring MICK TAYLOR
FUZZY SAMUELS
TOM COMPTON
with DARK STAR
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tuesday 17th November, 1981
at 8.00pm
Tickets — £4.00, £3.50, £3.00 inc VAT available from
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BEATROOTS
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Doors open 8.00pm
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THE DRUM CLUB
Welcomes
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with guests DJ and the
RHYTHM METHODISTS
under the Plaza
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Dance: Video: Cocktails
7pm - Midnight £3
8th November '81
book 'em dannó prods

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100 West End Lane W6 Sundays 7.30—10.30

Thursday 5th November £1.75
CROWN OF THORNS
+ Martin Besserman
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CUDDLY TOYS
+ The Time Flies
Saturday 7th November £2.00
A BLUE ZOO
+ The Three Laws
Sunday 8th November £1.50
THE REPUBLIC + Furniture
Monday 9th November £1.75
LONDON APACHES
+ Gin & The Tonics
Tuesday 10th November £1.50
MOSCOW PHILHAMONIX
+ The Laughing Apple
Wednesday 11th November £1.75
Fortnightly residency with
THE HEATERS
+ Lolipop + Oscar La Mood + The Ettes
Thursday 12th November £1.75
! ARMAGGEDON PARTY NIGHT !

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+ Boys Will Be Boys
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+ Dirty Strangers
Sunday 8th November £1.50
THE NEWS
+ Ritual
Monday 9th November £1.50
THE VAMPIRES
+ Room 13
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EXHIBIT A
+ Whaling Pumas
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Mod night with
007
+ DISTANT ECHO
Thursday 12th November £1.50
WHO'S GEORGE
+ Competition

THE OPENING PARTY!!!
ZIGZAG CLUB
22-24 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, LONDON W9
BOW WOW WOW!
DANCING DID
REFLEX
ZEITUNG DA!
LIGHTS - SOUND - VIDEO - FILM
MEMBERS FREE — MEMBERSHIP AVAILABLE
MONDAY 16th NOVEMBER 7pm
GUEST TICKETS £6.00 ADVANCE ONLY
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289 7001 — 289 7003

Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:—
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
THE 45's
Darlings of the 'beat group boom' who said, SOUNDS, "have thrown together every kind of R&B wall of sound pop, and the result is irresistable."
THU. Nov. 5
B-M-T's
FRI. 6 • Doo-wop oldies & other 50's hand-me-downs punctuated by some good-time R&B. Undeniably infectious and just about escapes parody. From Long Island, N. York.
THE COBRAS
SAT. 7 • What if Chuck Berry joined Asleep at the Wheel or an ex-Yardbird, ex-Feelgood, ex-Count Bishop, ex-X got together a band.
SUN. 8 • FLATS + THE CREAMIES + THE MASKED ORCHESTRA
MON. 9 • LE MAT + HUMAN BEINGS + AGENTS
TUE. 10 • SILENKE + TIMES + PARIS & THE COPS
DROWNING CRAZE
WED. 11 • "Muscular rolling music ... a sorted out Simple Minds ... promising new act." SOUNDS
DURUTTI COLUMN
THU. 12. NOV. "3 or 4 minute pieces for the guitar that possess a fractured beauty." NME
THE DOORS OPEN 7·30 TILL LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 TILL 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. TILL 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1279
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100 Oxford St W.1
Monday 9th November
THE SHAPER
+ Support
Tuesday 10th November
ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE
+ Charge
Thursday 12th November
Jamaican Superstars
THE TWINKLE BROTHERS

FINAL SOLUTION & HEAVEN PRESENT THE MERRY FUNSTERS
NICO, ERIC RANDOM & THE BEDLAMITES & THE ROOM
9.30-3.00 AM. MON. NOV 9TH
Heaven
OVER 18's ONLY. HEAVEN IS UNDER THE ARCHES AT CHARING CROSS, WC2. TICKETS £3.00 FROM SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK, BONAPARTE AND PREMIER BOX OFFICE OR ON THE NIGHT

THE OLD QUEENS HEAD
133 Stockwell Road, London SW9

Thursday 5th November £1.00
THE CARDINALS
+ 25th Street
Friday 6th November £1.00
UP — SECT
+ Empty Vessels
Saturday 7th November £1.25
KNIFE EDGE
+ Steve Hookers Shakers

Monday 9th November £1.00
BABYLON REBELS
+ The Reactions
Tuesday 10th November £1.00
TALK LIKE THAT
+ YJ Disco
Wednesday 11th November
This month's residency
TALKOVER
+ King Kurt

PVK presents
BRIAN KNIGHT
(LEGENDARY SLIDE GUITARIST)
AND HIS BAND
at
SATURDAY, 7th NOVEMBER
NEW MERLINS CAVE,
NEW MARGERY ST WC1
SUNDAY, 8th NOVEMBER
ALEXANDRA'S CLUB,
CIPPENHAM — SLOUGH
R & B!

Golden Agency presents
THE IDIOT BALLROOM
at the Windsor Castle, Harrow Rd W9
Westbourne Park Tube
Every Wednesday 8-12
November 11th
MURPHY CLAN
BRAILLE GRAFFITI
Compere — Michael Abelson
Sound — Noise Method
FREE

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
DEREK BLOCK IN ASSOCIATION WITH T.B.A. PRESENTS
Nils Lofgren
plus GRAND PRIX
TUESDAY 10th NOVEMBER 7·30pm
TICKETS £4.75 £4.25 £3.75
IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01·748·4081/2)
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS

Paradise Present
WOODSTOCK REVISITED
SATURDAY 14th NOVEMBER 2.00pm
at THE Rainbow THEATRE
Splodgenessabounds
Charge
Anti-Pasti
Vice Squad
Angelic Upstarts
Eraserhead
Auntie Pus
The Wall
Kids Next Door
Chron Gen
TICKETS £4.00 inc VAT
AVAILABLE FROM RAINBOW BOX OFFICE PREMIER BOX OFFICE 240 2245
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS 439 3371 AND USUAL AGENTS

SUNDAY 15th NOV
THE ORGANISATION PRESENTS
anti-pasti
VICE SQUAD
CHRON-GEN
PORTSMOUTH LOCARNO
ARUNDEL STREET (0705 825491)
Doors Open 6·30pm
TICKETS £2.50 IN ADVANCE £3.00 ON DOOR FROM BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS
Management Reserve the Right to Refuse Admission OVER 16's ONLY

The STAR
196 LONDON RD. CROYDON
01-684 1360
presents on
SATURDAY 14th NOVEMBER
CHAS 'N' DAVE
in concert
with support band
SCORPIO
Tickets £3.00 on sale from 7.30 pm on the night.

MCP *presents*
Judas Priest
ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
SAT & SUN 21st & 22nd NOVEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 £4.00 £3.00 Available from B/O Tel 748 4081 and usual agents

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REMIPEDS
Plus DIZ Internationale
Plus The BMT's
At The Venue
Victoria St, SW1
Tuesday 10th November

BERET 'N' GOATEE EXTRA!

BIG BEAT WEEK

These were Beats? Don't believe it. Adam & extra in 'Beat Girl'.

IF YOU thought that underground cinema began with Warhol, Beat Week at the London Film-makers' Co-op selection of celluloid will open up *your* mind, man.

It kicks off on the 11th with *Pull My Daisy* (9pm) — in which real Beats (Gregory Corso, Ginsberg, etc) play pseudo-Beats under the direction of Robert *(Cocksucker Blues)* Frank. It features an uncredited bit by Delphine Seyrig and an out-of-sync voiceover by Kerouac himself — pumped full of booze and improvising the speech for each role. This slice of loft life is paired with the '66 Warhol-Gerard Malanga short *Bufferin:* a single-character monologue on drugs, sex et al with all names changed to 'Bufferin' (the American equivalent of Anadin).

On the 12th at 7.30, fans can catch *Beat Girl* — the English equivalent of America's Problem Teen picture, a *Hot Rods to Hell* for a country with no highways. Between that seminal arty-fact and Tony Hancock's cult performance in *The Rebel* come a series of '50s shorts plus simultaneous performances by ex-British Beat poets and musicians.

Friday the 13th features *Kiss Me Deadly,* from the Mickey Spillane story; a deliberately seamy mood piece called *The Pestilent City* and *The Cry of Jazz,* a 'black power' jazz short. Featured after is *The Cool World* — a hard-hitting feature about another black power struggle, within a street gang called The Royal Pythons.

Saturday the Co-op will open at midday with a Beat bookstall (courtesy of London's Compendium bookshop) and a showing of *Wholly Communion,* the documented Royal Albert Hall poetry reading in which Beats Ferlinghetti and Corso took part. Other features of the day include Mekas' *Hallelujah the Hills,* shorts *(Senseless* and *Blond Cobra* as well as William Burroughs' *The Cut-ups* and *Towers Open Fire)* and 1960's notable *The Subterraneans* where George Peppard takes on the Kerouac character opposite Leslie Caron (no longer a black girl for the purposes of the silver screen).

There will also be films by nouveau British Beats and a six-person performance effort entitled *He located a Lesbian who lived in the Village and said she was a Poetess.* Saturday's all-night films include the Polish Beat flick *Innocent Sorcerers* (starring Cybulski, the Polish James Dean), the dependably hilarious *Reefer Madness,* Shirley Clarke's highly-rated *The Connection,* and *6.5 Special: Calling All Cats.* Breakfast will be offered to beat Beats around 7am in the Co-Op's coffee bar . . . which will of course have remained open to fuel the whole week's festivities on an appropriate note.

Bring your beret between November 11-14 to the London Film-Maker's Co-op at 42 Gloucester Avenue, NW1 (586-4806). Temporary membership for Beat Week will be 30p with admission £1.50 per evening and £2.50 for the whole of Saturday.

CYNTHIA ROSE

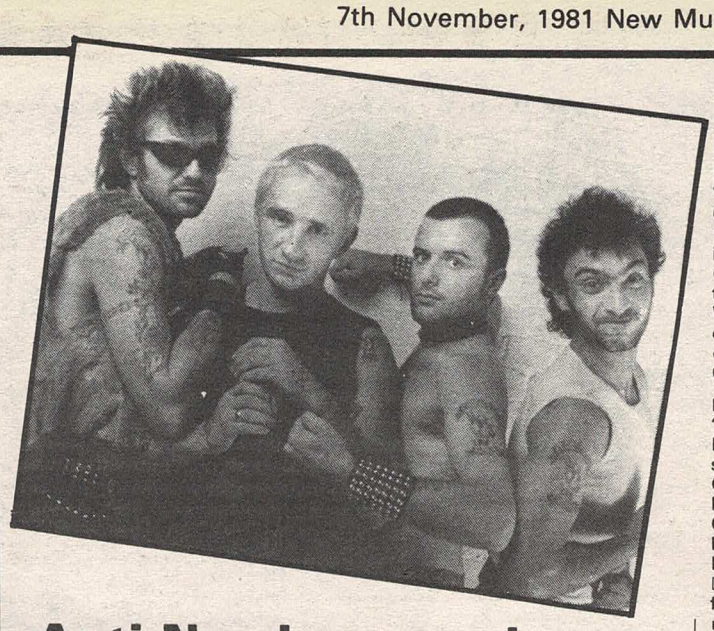
TOUR NEWS

☐ **LINO'S LOST PATROL,** the group who feature World War 2 adventures in a rock context, have London gigs at Clapham 101 Club (tomorrow, Friday), Herne Hill Half Moon (November 13), Fulham Greyhound (20) and Camden Dingwalls (30).

☐ **BIDDIE & EVE, B-Movie** and **The Bollock Brothers** star in an Anti-Nuclear Awareness Concert at London Victoria The Venue on November 16 (late night, all tickets £2). There will also be surprise appearances, futurist records and guest speakers.

☐ **DEPECHE MODE have added another London date to their current UK tour. They were originally set to play the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, November 15 — and now they'll be appearing there on the Monday (16), as well. Support acts on both nights are Positive Noise and Blancmange.**

☐ **ROBERT FRIPP, Ivan Kral and The Lounge Lizards** have written the soundtrack music for a new movie called *Subway Riders,* which has its first British screening at London's National Film Theatre on November 13. And showing at the same venue the next night is the film *Sun Ra: A Joyful Noise.* Both movies will subsequently go on release.



Anti-Nowhere go places

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE have been named as special guests on the major UK tour by The Damned (November 12-December 6), announced last week. They'll be appearing on all gigs, including a newly confirmed date at Peterborough Wirrina Stadium on December 4, plus a second London show (in addition to the Lyceum on December 6) which is still being finalised. The League are the first signings to the newly-formed WXYZ Records label, distributed by Faulty through leading indies, and their first single is due out on November 20 — it's a double A-sider coupling their version of the Ralph McTell standard 'Streets Of London' with their own inimitable punk anthem 'So What'.

☐ **ATOMIC ROOSTER** have added more dates to their schedule listed last month — at Blackburn Bay Horse New Inn (November 10), Blackpool Cleveland Hotel (11), Newport Caerleon College (14), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (18), Chester College (21) and Ilford Palais (29). Their November 12 gig in Birkenhead is now at the Gallery Club instead of the Civic Hall, and the next day (13) they play Workington Slipped Disc instead of Leeds Fforde Green. Further dates are being set through to Christmas.

☐ **FAD GADGET'S** second album 'Incontinent' is released by Mute Records this week, and there are six tour dates to tie in with it — Oxford Scamps (November 9), Liverpool Warehouse (10), York TA Centre (11), Leeds Warehouse (12), Manchester Rafters (13) and Retford Porterhouse (14).

☐ **BOW WOW WOW** headline the first night party, which marks the re-opening on November 16 of the Zigzag Club in West London, and the bill also includes The Dancing Did, Zeitung Da and Re-Flex. The new premises are at 118 Talbot Road, W11 — phone 01-221 6711/7422 for membership details.

☐ **KIDZ NEXT DOOR,** the group featuring Grant Fleming of Sham 69 fame, have broken up — which means they won't now be appearing in the 'Woodstock Revisited' festival at London Rainbow on November 14. In fact, their agent insists they were never approached to perform in the event!

THE GENTS find the RIGHT Record Co Tour

9th November ROCK GARDEN
10th/11th November GIGS WANTED
12th November THE CLARENDON
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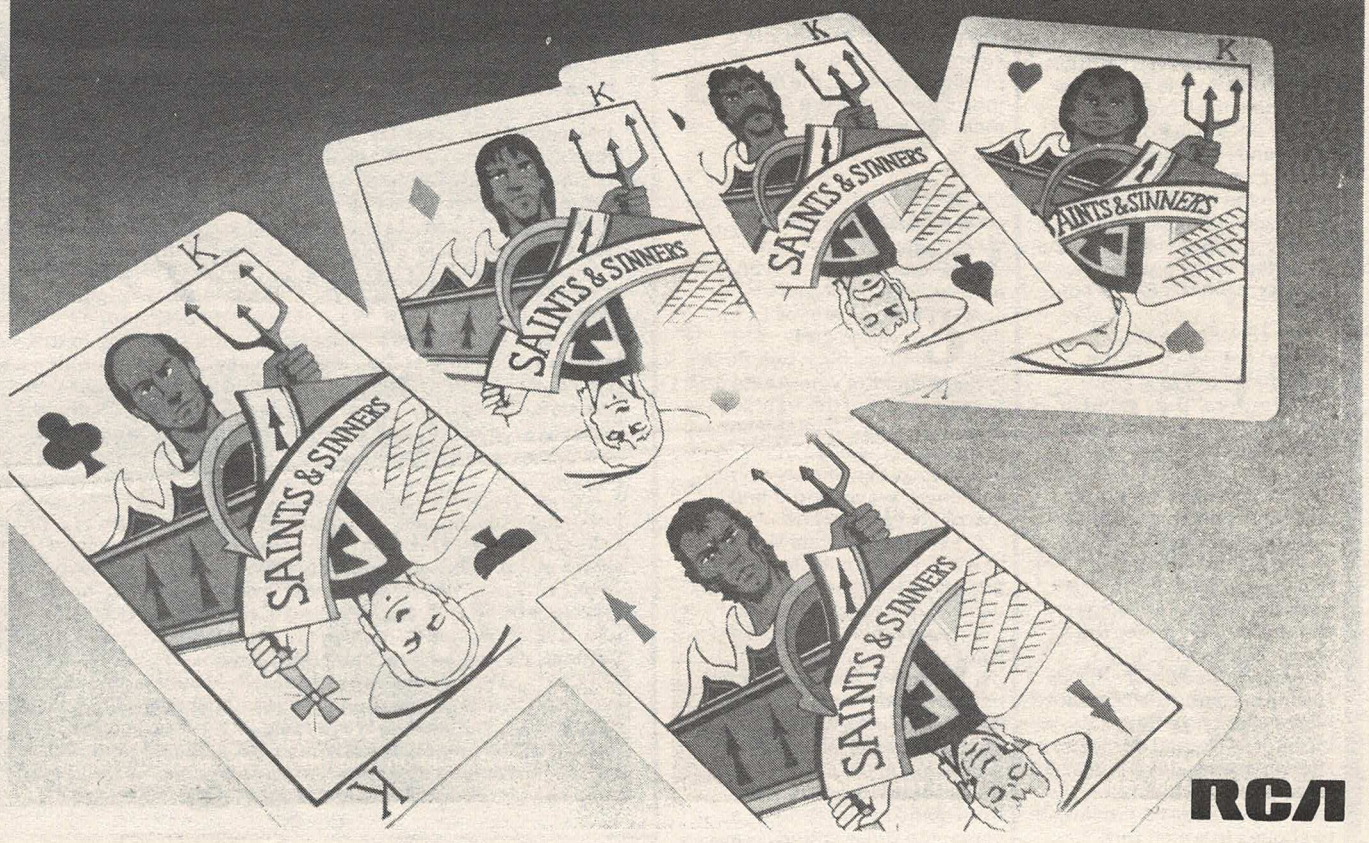


RCA

Crass

Pic: Kevin Cummins

SEDITIONS OF YOUTH?

Crass
Annie Anxiety
Dirt

Halifax

YOU CAN swear by who the hell you like but . . . Crass are still the hardest of the punk hardcore.

Tonight, the punks come to Halifax. Crass emphasise they don't want to play to the same audience at every stop of this tour and here at the Metro, once the Polish Club, now a busmen's boozer, they get a local crowd. Though there's a kid from Wales and a couple of followers from Newcastle, the majority of the audience are from Halifax itself, drawn by word of mouth.

The stage is covered in flags and banners — not just one backdrop but a row of anarchist and peace symbols. Dirt's backcloth is strung up alongside the Crass logo, where once The Poison Girls' black and red banner hung. It's Dirt who start the evening, though the two TV monitors either side of the stage had been providing visuals for the recorded commentary droning from the PA for some time.

Dirt come on to slow, echoed menace from the soundtrack of *For A Few Dollars More.* They stand in darkness as the wind blows and pistol chambers rattle before the gunfight. As the gunfire climaxes the guitar and drums crash into gear.

Dirt are two boys and two girls out front with a drummer hidden at the back. The lead guitarist and the girl singer chant, a banner above the stage repeats the slogan. *"Object Refuse Reject Abuse".* Meantime, suburban sit-com blares silent on a third TV monitor; a framed domestic kitchen-scene, cleverly placed to be obscured by the seething crowd. You're forced to choose to watch Dirt.

They come across too much like 'the proteges' which they aren't. Crass can't be accused of pampering their finds. All those who they've helped have recorded one single on the Crass label (to publicise the name and make the band some cash) and then been moved on elsewhere. Dirt sound like all the other white punks on hope. Each number starts with buzzsaw guitar tracing the chord sequence followed by a speed-roll drum intro; it's not as good as the last place I heard it *(and* Six Minute War's politics were better).

Annie Anxiety provides continuity but little else as I can't make out a word she's saying. The film on the monitors was OK, the backing music was good, but Annie's message is lost.

CRASS ARE suddenly onstage in dim light. Steve Ignorant advances grinning, a strip of gaffa tape across his nose, and wails into the mike, "Stand and Deliver!" Crass blast out 'Punk Is Dead' and the young kids go berserk. Most of the frantic pogoers are pre-teenage but standing at the edge of the murderous dancers are some *real* tinies, waist-height and five or six years of age.

Crass look old. Pete Wright and Phil Free stand stage right and stage left respectively like balding professors. Between them Andy (N A Palmer/B A Nana) and Steve stare from behind spikes and dreadlocks, haggard and menacing. Steve barks out 'Tired' while the TV monitors mix drink ads with slow-motion car crashes. The Crass sound transfers well from stage to vinyl and vice versa; the Crass sound is raw and venomous. But if the harshness of their music means they mirror, live, their performance on record better than any band their size (remember, this gang's huge) it also blunts their lyrical argument. The pneumatic drill attack monopolises the senses — even if their politics do stink, Rimbaud's lyrics have a valuable power. The array of visuals drag your sight away from the group, from monitor to screen and back again, but for certain periods both the TVs and the projection screen go blank, leaving the black music, black uniforms . . .

Eve replaces Steve at the mike. She might have sung 'Berkertex Brides' but I was watching the screen's flitting images of stockbrokers and war graves. I caught 'Poison In A Pretty Pill' and 'Shaved Women' (Nazis goosestep on the monitors while jews are herded on the screen). Eve warbles and the eyes wander back to the TVs. More cars drive and crash. More test-dummies dive and smash

Defunkt
23 Skidoo

The Venue

Everything about 23 Skidoo suggests fallibility: the uneasy switching between instruments, their urge to ground every twist and turn in spattered polyrhythms. The vocals are rabidly garbled until only single phrases jut out: *"Get On Your Knees,"* say Skidoo, yet they're trembling all the while, unfocussed, wrongly-realised Lilliputians before the squandered irrelevance of their backdrop of films and slides. It can be a mockery of aspiration, but some of their echobox harshness has stuck in my memory.

Skidoo's is a funk built in flints; Defunkt have made themselves into steel. Defunkt's jive ass slippers *hurt.* Joe Bowie has made Defunkt sharp beyond belief.

This is the new Defunkt: even nearer to the bone, the lip curled tighter, the crease ironed closer. Defunkt have blurred the borders between party-down and agonisation so effectively that the contradiction no longer exists — dancing into a thermonuclear sweat never seemed so tenable a proposition.

And Defunkt *move;* even the comatose Venue regulars crowded the dancefloor. Were they aware of the ominous bile Joe Bowie, chicken-wire frame jerking and snapping to the beat, was directing at their complacency? Bowie's cunning has been nurtured on a history of (black and white) audience delusion. Plenty of people are talking about 'funk' just now, almost as many purport to play it. Defunkt play *around* it — their funk is the cornerstone of a vocabulary writhing with birth pangs.

It's not the playpen nonsense of George Clinton's funk-language, hitched to a freakout medicine show that finally collapses under the weight of its own trivia. Bowie's funk uses skeleton wordplay, cast-offs from the dictionary of hipspeak: *"Funkin' down the street, listenin' everybody talkin' funky".* It's just something to say; and when he says it, the vocals infused with a scathing derision, Bowie is questioning it too. So: Defunkt, de-funked (you must already know).

If Chic's 'Good Times' was the zenith of bubblegum disco cynicism, Bowie twists the sneer a stage further. When he says happiness is just an ILLUSION, believing in love is just a FALLACY, the point looks obvious; but a minute later he'll rap out a line wrapped in the ancient hieroglyphics of R&B baby baby songs — I tried living alone but I CAN'T DO IT! We all dance TOGETHER! A flip of the coin; a double-headed loser.

Defunkt are about progress, a positive outlook, an assault to destroy and reconstruct. Bowie has himself rebuilt Defunkt to channel his outrage down a single barrel. The Defunkt sound, diversified on their LP and eventually diffused in earlier live incarnations, has sacrificed space to maximise impact. The blistering tempos demand extraordinary ability, but Defunkt are superb players. Guitarists Kelvyn Bell and Richard Martin bookend the group on stage and lock into a duel — Bell's torrential articulation and Martin's corrosive slide imaginings, Elmore James riven by desperation — that simultaneously mingles with the groundbeat and shoots the rapids into the clearing. Byron Bowie's sax has departed, but the chopping bite of the trumpet-trombone duo upfront suits the breathless, clipped cogency of Defunkt now.

That concision is expressed in tersely dealt hornplay deliberately pared to the simplest motifs — there's no *time* for slack, distended melody lines. Just as the lyrics are curtailed to brittle basics, so the cool cat riffing is gutted down to the essential. Only once, in a heavenly interlude of 'Manha De Carnival', Bowie's trombone almost languorous, is there any easing of the tension — and that turned a few heads too.

Bowie has them play fast, yet he's developed a course of variation that doesn't diminish the punch. When he cuts out a soloist or brings it down to the rhythm section with a wave of the arm, he's picked his moment with exact judgement: the edge of hysteria is never quite breached. When all but the drums disappear and Kim Clark's shark-toothed wah-bass suddenly rips in it's a moment of wild exhilaration.

Disparagements as to lumpy jamming and defeatist soloistic self-indulgence no longer hold good. Players' features are held on a tight rein; the discipline remains constant. Who would say this was a jazz group? Ah, yes, jazz: Bowie doesn't forget. He's leading you towards it without actually delivering the final kick in the ass into the maelstrom. One song closes with the brass bawling into a duet that suddenly peters out — *you* finish it off, *you* take another, deeper look. Defunkt want to make you *try.*

So there are myriad justifications and plus-points in the Defunkt ethos. What's most telling is that they deliver unstintingly in performance every iota of what they promise. Eighty minutes of Defunktion had me totalled, footsore and howling for more. This is no illusion. Defunkt *will* make them dance. Who's going to stop them now?

Richard Cook

LIVE!

through windscreens as the songs climax. Warm leatherette.

Crass play art collage shlock horror like McLaren before them. Myra Hindley stares out from newspaper cuttings and Thatcher whines on about law-abiding citizens.

The kids have quietened down. The spray of water pistols (?) and subdued gobbing that greeted Crass has long since dried up. Dirt came under continuous fire, wave after wave of phlegm, to leave them wet and germ-ridden. Few of the crowd dare spit at Crass; maybe they're scared (for non-violent pacifists Crass look incredibly aggressive) or intimidated by the band's importance. Crass are stars, worthy or not, and the joke is that, like The Clash who they despise, they have that heroic presence that makes this gig *special* and excuses their shortcomings.

Stand in awe at the white Rastas. Crass play heavy, dense music to a knowing audience. The completeness of their lifestyle/bandstyle (the secondary position of music to their religion) owes more to JA than Proudhon. No pose — the *image* is total.

Libertine, this time accompanied by Joy de Vivre, screams and shrieks the start of 'Nagasaki Nightmare'. As the women scream, the clinical countdown closes in on year zero and the screen explodes in colour. The cathartic threat's there even if the clock on the wall is stuck at six o'clock — half way to midnight. The torrent of nuclear imagery begins to suffocate; Crass' anti-war commitment is certainly strong in their set. Microphone: song after song. Television: shot after shot. The anti-nuke rage storms.

CND leaflets are distributed around the hall along with copies of a draft letter to your favourite world leader (Ronnie or Leonid) and a Crass handout quoting a survivor of Hiroshima. Crass gigs are a time for taking up and promoting ideas. Someone sells his crass-spawned fanzine, another plugs his band, Curst — both eager to explain what they're doing.

Crass end with 'Do They Owe Us A Living?'. Stem the argument with a pop classic. Of all their material, and their output is prolific, this and 'Banned From The Roxy' use Ignorant's rant chant the best. 'Do They Owe' would go great on TOTP (go wild, if Peter Powell was hosting). Crass say they won't tone down their act for television but, the way their singles sell, the next one may give Crass the chance to accept or reject wider channels for communication. I hope they'd take it.

THERE'S A lot — about where Crass are now and what they see themselves doing in another four years — that needs discussing.

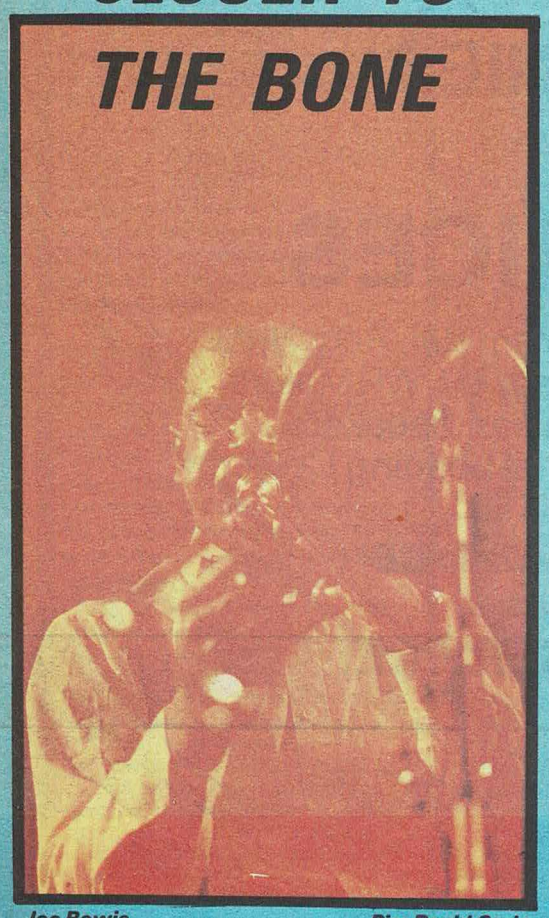
Crass put on a well-sold rock package. The bands fit, the videos fit, the ideology fits . . . which doesn't mean that any, or all, of them work. The music of Crass may hammer hard but it often bores; I'll listen but I distrust them. What intimidates is not the noise produced, unlike Throbbing Gristle, but the group's attitude. Crass as individuals are undoubtedly amicable and accessible but, as a body, their aggression/suspicion alienates and confuses.

It's Crass that have to face this confusion. They should not dismiss the large number of Nazi punks who support them or the mentality that sprays "The Exploited" next to Crass' logo on the studded leather surplice. If they are serious about their message (or is *this* their rock 'n roll swindle?) they should take a look at their own tribal following, 'cos the message is not getting through. The reds know why: no matter how many "fucks" they use to dress up their lyrics, the politics are soft.

Go hard, go revolutionary or match the uniforms to the politics, but don't stay Crass (the idea is not as total as you think).

X Moore

CLOSER TO THE BONE



Joe Bowie *Pic: David Corio*

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GET DOWN, SHEPP!

RICHARD COOK checks out the Camden Jazz Week. Pix: PETER ANDERSON

Carla Bley

Carla Bley Band

PERCHED AT the organ and squinting through her big spectacles at the music, Carla Bley faced the horn players in her group like some loopy schoolmarm dealing with the obstreperous class band. "There are a lot of people who have flow. . . I have something else."

Keeping order in this ten-piece outfit, half of whom are determined to prove they can sing, seemed a daunting task, but the humour (unfortunately rooted in Footlights Revue insolence) was clearly a lightening aside. Bley music is not very easy to play, though it can fall with deceptive lightness on willing ears.

Only 'Reactionary Tango' and an encore of 'Hot River' were familiar in a set which glowed with inspirational enthusiasm. Sifting through scores (some completed only days before) festooned with barrelhouse vulgarity, strangely-turning tricks of tempo and reference points that hinted at lumber-rooms of arcana long since abandoned, the Bley band was a roaring, dizzy delight.

The horn section isn't a group of greatly individual soloists — wth the exception of Gary Valente on trombone, whose surly, sorehead barking consistently grabbed the lapels — but they have exactly the right amount of brash assurance to spark the peculiarly regimented craziness that colours Bley's ideas.

Some moments for you: 'The Lord Is Listening To Yer — Hallelujah', an hilariously solemn mission hall lament blown through the roof by Valente's desperate attack; a trio of chiding cabaret songs; Steve Swallow's opulent basswork; Bley tripping around to conduct the ensemble and bowing her birdcage hairdo over the keys while picking out a solo or two; and (wait for it) *the slowest drum solo ever played.*

For all the jokes (nervous wheeze into belly laugh) a tenderness still courses through Bley music — twisted askew, endlessly disguised, yet — there it is, a big, bumping heart at the centre. If they're in your town, attend: I sure don't want to wait another four years to hear this great band.

Archie Shepp

SHEPP WAS the 'star' of the Jazz Week: legends might find it tough to match in-person presence to reputation, but from the moment this huge man sauntered on to join his group the awesome strength of Shepp's Way was believable. Archie Shepp blows tenor and soprano saxes and blows them very hard.

Shepp's Way has never been about essences. As the volatile archetype of the angry black jazzman, a dozen or more years ago, Shepp's playing was not so much a torch of liberation as a flamethrower. Solos that started stark and austere would rage out into lacerating vilifications of his situation: *"Music must at times terrify!"* Years, trends and movements have passed since then. The '80s Shepp might seem a different man, working in an orthodox (though excellent) hard bop quintet and taking his solos alongside the others.

The fascination lies in how Shepp deals with the changes. Shepp knows about tradition. He's aware of the ceaseless variegation that has ruptured jazz and deprived it of its former figureheads; of its disintegration as a force for militancy. So he reconsiders; and this is how he sees his best shot now. Shepp isn't a fool.

The jazz establishment, who mocked Shepp's virulence before, now berate him for going soft. If anything, Shepp's Way is even more thorny than before. His tenor drives iron-cast avenues into the recesses of the themes chosen: there is no pretence of gentility or sentimental affection, even when dealing with his favourite 'Body And Soul'. This exceptional recomposition offered a different slant to, say, Rollins' sardonicism, urbanity displaced by a penetrating gravity.

Shepp had to play after Louis Moholo's African Drum Ensemble, the sort of percussive storm which he himself used to front. Shepp's decision now is to scour the corners of hard bop; channel the shocking resentment into a regular display cage.

Shepp's *playing* isn't about essence — it can be as many-noted, as extravagantly bitter as before — but the discipline it adheres to is a distillation of the many endeavours he made himself explore. His final solo on soprano grew progressively broken and gnarled until it wound up choked. This will not yield to easy release of feeling. This is hard music. That's Shepp's Way.

George Coleman Hannibal Marvin Peterson and Don Weller

DUKE ELLINGTON'S 'In A Sentimental Mood' always has me swooning, and Don Weller's big-boned smooch on tenor fitted it rather well. It was the best thing by far in a set that was largely swamped by Peterson's vacuous trumpet showmanship, a brassy, conceited bravado that's easily dispensed with.

Coleman, an old Milesian associate, had five horns and three rhythm to make up his group — it's no great combo, workmanlike, sometimes involving, mostly just filling. Mainstream arrangements can take off if a firecracker player lets go — the next piles in — the rhythm section suddenly sniffs some trouble up front — they're away! But this outing relied on players who looked too neighbourly — Mornin' Mr Coleman! — to get sore.

Sprawling renditions (over-long, I mean) of 'On Green Dolphin Street' (Bronislauw Kaper — there's a forgotten giant) and the loathsome 'Isn't She Lovely' were no more than functionally entertaining. Some plaudits are due, though. Clint Houston, the bassman, played with gasping speed; I kept waiting for the nonsense to come out, but it was all useful, exciting. He seemed to set himself harder and harder tasks, have then beat, then finally close with all the loose ends tied up, utterly impassive and oblivious to the ovations.

Coleman played well, too: a bopper's rig infiltrated by

Brotherhood Of Breath

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heathen desires for something a bit more squalling and dangerous round the edges. Sinister, perhaps, that he looked so expansive and jolly? The stubby, faintly bewildered Sal Nistico played a sidekick's role to the leader and his own tenor ran a thoughtful, interrogative parallel to Coleman's. The audience took it like they were used to bolting their food: give them lots and they won't bother about the seasoning.

Brotherhood Of Breath
Dollar Brand

DOLLAR BRAND is Abdullah Ibrahim is . . . a piano player, perhaps a peoples' voice. Ibrahim's reserve of South African melodies was embroidered into a lengthy sequence that slowly rose and fell in expressive strength, thunderous clusters of azure brilliance dissolving with a flamingo's grace into a different theme.

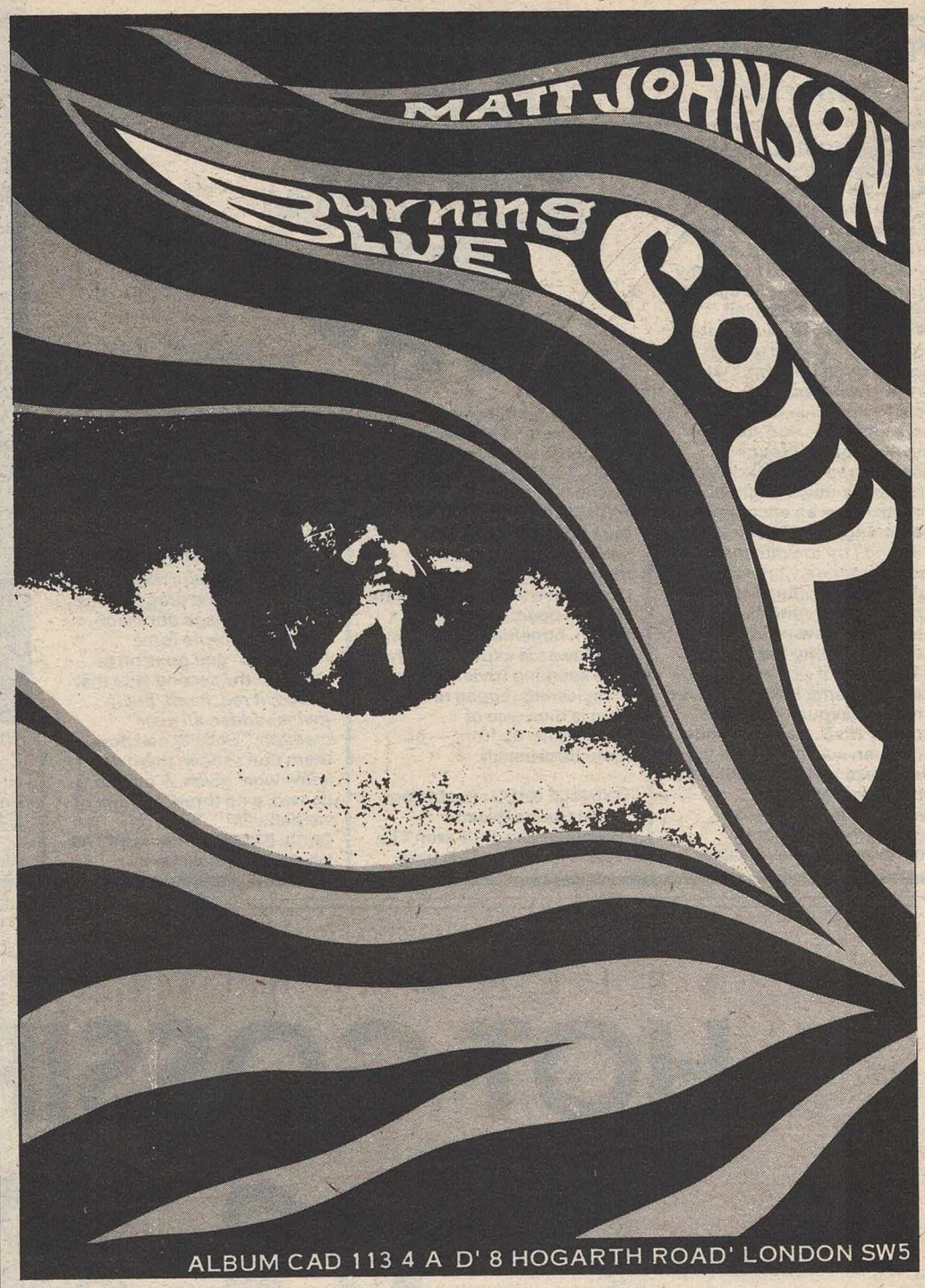
Ibrahim's tunes don't swirl, like the Ellington pieces he also loves (I think I caught a ghost of 'Prelude To A Kiss' tonight); rather they open out slowly, waxy and sweet. I was bothered, finally, by the morose rhythmic imagination, the stern left hand: a distance from the academy, maybe, but the senses grow stiff.

This big, gentle man ended with three songs of revolution, sung alone in his plain voice: *"South African sunshine, see how the guns shine"*. When we clap, he joins in too, as if to say: We can be as one! I'm afraid we are not. We are far away.

The Brotherhood's music comes from the townships too; a bright orange flame to Brand's deep, dark blue. Chris McGregor has piloted this group through years of fluctuating line-ups; tonight there were fifteen players jostling the stage. BOB's bowdlerisation of big band tradition spells trouble for their charts. A simple theme like Mongesi Feza's 'Sonia' opens on rolling castors, builds into a canter and straggles on into inebriated celebration, the horns crowing into call and response routines at will while McGregor flails the keyboard and beams like some friendly village woodcarver.

It's not a matter of taking chances. Just about anything goes in this conglomerate, and only intuition holds off chaos. There are fine players present — Harry Beckett's honeyed trumpet is always a treat — but it's the splashy loquacity of the section work which predominates. No bad thing. I'm prepared for a dose of Xhosan fever. The Jazz Week ran out with its roots showing — Africa under sun and under a cloud.

George Coleman



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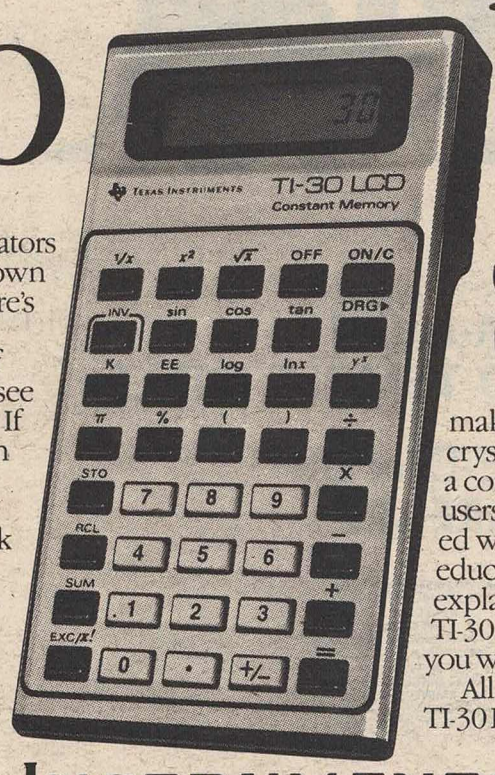

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Reggae Singles Roundup by Penny Reel

ROCKERS TIME

WAILING SOUL: Up Front (Volcano). The story comes to bump. As gentle reader M. Preece of Grays Inn Road maintains, the lines are being drawn; and as is already previously pointed out by my humble self, we must against the tyrant forces prevail. Winston Matthews and idren contend: *"you got to hold your ground up front,"* which is not always easily accomplished in the face of poisonous gas and sub machine guns, though demonstrations outside police station windows might be construed as an encouraging beginning, notwithstanding: *"if I and I try to unite them say we're ignorant."* International criminals including Ms Thatcher and cohorts presently convene in Mexico towards solving the dichotomy of rich and poor nations. Some individuals, we are told, favour aid; others, notably Ms T, trade; nobody, however, acknowledges the true reason why such states of affair exist, namely wickedness perpetrated against the emergent countries by the avaricious Northern peoples and maintained by sophisticated weaponry and a propagandist press. Still, as Allen Ginsberg points out, Our evil has gotten so thick that it's going to come back on itself and judge itself . . . in the sense that there does seem to be a cumulative karmic judgement coming down on America. Which, hopefully, goes some way towards explaining my own seeming trivial business of reviewing reggae records. Here is the voice of judgement: up front — no more back bench.

TWINKLE BROS: Rasta Pon Top/It Gwine Dreada (Twinkle). This time won't be like the last time. This time will be terrible time. Further judgement from Norman Grant and his band of Trelawnyites reiterating two titles originally recorded for the 'Rasta Pon Top' LP in 1976, and reinterpreted towards a harder conclusion at the time of the group's 'Countryman' sessions for this discomix coupling. On the topside Mr Grant remembers how those in service to the dragon used to *"beat us, rape our black sisters and brute force Rastaman"* and goes on to claim on the second side that *"it red, it red, it red, but it gwine redder, all over creation."* Society no know, them don't know, them don't know wha' gwan. A no one, a no two, a no three, enough of we deh yah!

CECIL BROWN: Hands Of The Wicked (Thrillseekers). Continuing similar theme comes new name Cecil Brown on a thunderous Synmoie production, claiming his lack of progression in life is due to the hands of evildoers placing obstacles in his path. I too could furnish details of my own many frustrations at the hands of landlords, business executives, policemen, night club owners, schoolteachers, railway inspectors, Upper Street habitues, journalists and others, but happily young Mr Brown says it all for me.

TRISTON PALMA, JAH THOMAS & TOYAN/LITTLE JOHN & TOYAN: Entertainment/Jah Guide I (Greensleeves). Somewhat lighter reflection from the youthful protagonist of "jay-style" vocalising, nevertheless with an undercurrent of menace exploiting a theme previously given rock steady reference in the Alton Ellis song 'Dance Crasher'. Jah Thomas in tie and Toyan in shorts chant up the version to standard effect. On the flipside cyclist Little John entreats guidance from his God, until Toyan takes over to discuss the relative merits of Paulette, Claudette, Yvette, Lorna, Sheryl and Anette, and concludes his preference for women over 30.

WINSTON HUSSEY: Where Fat Lies Ant Follow (Leggo Sounds). The moral is that of selfseeking, set to a steppers rhythm, and enunciated by a light vocal with something of the phrasing of Gregory Isaacs. Pleasant debut.

THE JAYS: Cuss Cuss (Jays). Lyrically reminiscent of the honourable Bob Marley's 'Hypocrites', vocal trio The Jays bring some fine harmonies into play over a horn led rhythm, castigating gossips who "cuss, cuss, cuss, kicking up some fuss."

DON DRUMMOND & THE SKATALITES/CARLTON & THE SHOES: Heavenless/Let Me Love You (Studio 1). Magnificent, lazy ska workout with free blowing saxophone playing from the lamented master exponent of the

Alton Ellis — the man they couldn't gag *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez*

ARLENE PHILLIPS'

HOT GOSSIP

THE ALBUM-DID 13
GEISHA BOYS AND TEMPLE GIRLS

THE SINGLE-DIN 38
SOUL WARFARE

THE TOUR-NOVEMBER
1, HAYES, Alfred Beck Centre
3, SUNDERLAND, Sunderland Empire
4, SHEFFIELD, Lyceum
10, SOUTHEND, T.O.T.S.
19, IPSWICH, Gaumont*
20, EASTBOURNE, The Congress Theatre
21, WORTHING, Worthing Town Hall
22, BOURNEMOUTH, The Winter Gardens
23, BARNSTABLE, Queens Hall
24, BRISTOL, Locarno*
26, MANCHESTER, Free Trade Hall*
28, EDINBURGH, Odeon*
29, ABERDEEN, Fushion
DECEMBER
3, NOTTINGHAM, Sherwood Rooms
6, SOUTHSEA, Kings Theatre
8, CARDIFF, Top Rank
9, OXFORD, New Theatre*
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MORE LIVE!

Ariva

Ronnie Scott's

AS THE leading lights of Britain's balmy barrage of new funk — Spandau, ABC, Haircut and Haines — limber up for an almighty chartland battle and Blue Rondo A La Turk prepare for the propulsion of a certain Mr Sanchez onto the same early December edition of *Top Of The Pops*, something is stirring back down at the roots of the capital's new club scene.

That something is Ariva.

Downstairs at Ronnie's is practically the perfect place to sample the timbale-tainted but subtly intoxicating rhythms of Ariva: the night is Sunday, the room is smokey, the mood is relaxed and the sounds sophisticated and undeniably sexy.

Ariva's greatest asset is their vocal strength. Their one-man, two-woman front line scat and soar their way through the songs, bouncing verses off one another in a call-and-response sequence with the darkly-suited Nick Moxham taking most of the lead lines, leaving the twin chanteuses Sade and Barbara to emphasise harmony and melody.

Their two best songs — 'Black Magic' and the sublime 'Sweet Loving Music' — are soothing and soulful, giving the vocal trio an ideal opportunity to stretch out and move away from the growing clichedom of relentless Latin riffing.

In fact, the most irritating moments of Ariva's set come when the group attempt to liven things up on more rumbustuous numbers like 'Ecstacy' and the argumentative 'Candy Is Dandy But Liquor Is Quicker', neither of which quite live up to the hedonistic promise of their titles. With a rhythm section which shows a tendency to drag and fumble its way around the intricacies of the samba, Ariva would be best advised to leave the more rousing aspects of London Latin to the likes of Blue Rondo and concentrate more forcefully on making the mood a mellow one.

Like most of this year's better new bands, Ariva thrive on a culture clash. They mix alien styles to create a new sound that borrows from Latin, jazz, rock and soul idioms without every being wholly derivative or lacking in originality — all their songs are their own, written by guitarist Ray St John during a sojourn in the West Indies.

Artful, arresting and articulate in their vision, they warmed up a cool November night no end . . . Ariva have arrived!

Adrian Thrills

Gregory Isaacs

Rainbow

COOL RUNNINGS: the atmosphere at Rainbow reggae shows is as mellow as it gets without ever becoming

instrument; cutting into a raw dub of the same, and featuring some underplayed picking from the unknown guitarist who brought his style to bear with such accomplished effect on Windew Hayes' 'Flood Victim'. Carlton Manning and company wax sentimentally on the flip with subtle harmonies. Double sided classic reissue.

ALTON ELLIS/PAPA RITCHIE: Breaking Up/Phantom (High Note). STRANGER & PATSY: Certify My Love (High Note). Also reissued courtesy public approbation, two titles from the extensive rock steady archives of Sonia E. Pottinger. Alton Ellis sings wistfully and memorably, though the more recent Papa Ritchie toast detracts from rather than adds to Mr Skabeana's woeful performance. Stranger Cole and his sister certify their love with a passionate announcement hardly heard since Inez and Charlie Foxx declared themselves hurt by the same affliction, while The Supersonics accompanying deliberate a thumping beat.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Skinhead Classics Vol II (Trojan EP). Yet further material from the past, though issued for less honourable reasons, to wit as a sop to the ridiculous skinhead charts printed weekly by *Snouds* culled from the enormously popular 'Tighten Up LP series from the early '70s, the disc features mildly risque titles from Nora Dean ('barbwire') and the Soul Sisters ('Wreck A Buddy') coupled with Simaryp's 'Skinhead Moonstomp' wherein Eddy Grant adapts Derrick Morgan's 'Moon Hop' for a weak skit that time has done nothing to improve. The last track presents Toots & The Maytals singing '56-46 Was My Number', a lesser variation, and I am sure Marianne Faithfull would agree with me, of the group's '56-46 That's My Number', also recently re-released by Island.

TREVOR WALTERS: Love Me Tonight (Ital). Recent reggae chart topper of some weeks standing, former Youth and Youth singer Trevor Walters sings with such assurance that he transforms a fairly ordinary love tune into a masterful performance. As it progresses, the song builds to a peak of assurance and Trevor extends himself to great falsetto range. A voice to be heard.

DOUGLAS BOOTHE & HUNTLEY DAKIN: Jolly Joseph (Greedy Puppy). Messrs Boothe and Dakin take a city ride on public transport, though lacking the necessary fare. So brassic, in fact, that funds for purchase of the *Star* and even a stick of bubblegum are not forthcoming. Humorous lament of poverty.

BESHARA: Men Cry Too Much (Mass Media Music). Lovers rock on mauve vinyl pressing postulating the interesting theory that women have no monopoly on tearful remonstrance in the instance of a broken heart. Exacting performance of current popularity with a spoken flip on the same subject.

FREDDIE McGREGOR: Once A Man (Heavy Duty). *"You only have one life to live, so live it upfully,"* urges Mr McGregor on this Joe Gibbs recut of a familiar Studio 1 rhythm, which is advice as pertinent as its execution.

TOMMY ISAACS: Was It True? (Astors). Unusual throwback in the style of what used to be called a beat ballad. Strong melody, heavy backdrop and a strident vocal from this previously unheard singer. File under country and western.

RINGO: Push Lady Push (Black & White). Toaster Richard Starkey details the condition of his birth in the Dingle: *"push lady push, push and make the youth man born."* Musical disc called the physical fitness set to rollicking rhythm and defies you to dance.

Gregory Isaacs

dull, lazy or soporific. Everybody is grooving, everything is handled. The place is packed, but everybody respects everybody else's space.

And everything is irie. Even though Gregory Isaacs and his stellar backup band, Roots Radics, are late on — the old 'Soon Come Productions Present Sometime If You're Lucky' routine — you can stand and groove without pressure. Finally, there's a warm-up which isn't a windup — a little toasting and a number sung by rhythm guitarist Bingy Bunny — and Isaacs — 'Mr Cool' as the poster hath it — sashays onto the stage looking just immaculate in a black 3-piece suit and a white shirt and launches into 'Mr Brown'.

Isaacs has been accused of screaming understatement in his presentation, but his air of incredible relaxation seems authentic and uncontrived. He saunters from one end of the stage to the other and sings so *perfectly:* that warm, plangent voice sounds the same and comes from the same place whether he's inveighing against the system in 'Uncle Joe' or craving for affection in 'Perfect Lover,' and he hits the groove of the evening just right with an extended 'Oh What A Feeling' into which he intersperses snippets of hits by Dennis Brown, Bunny Wailer and Black Uhuru.

Roots Radics — definitely *the* JA session band since Sly and Robbie went international — provided perfect support, resisting the post-Junior Marvin tendency to frenzy out on the lead guitars which has become so prevalent in live reggae. Resting on the simultaneously solid and bouncy sonic mattress provided by bassist Flabba Holt and drummer Style Scott, they demonstrated exactly what 'effective backing' should be.

Charles Shaar Murray

Reggae Runnings

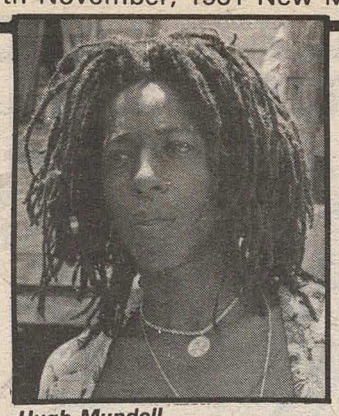
CURRENT on import is a batch of new recordings from producer Joel Gibson, including albums from Delroy Wilson and Ruddy Thomas, plus a selection of discomix and 7" single titles.

The **Delroy Wilson** set is a 10 track waxing co-produced with Bunny Lee and entitled 'Living In The Footsteps' (JGML 6037). The LP includes new renditions of the cool operator's 'True Believer In Love' and 'Here Comes The Heartaches' plus versions of Rochelle and the Candles' 'Once Upon A Time' and Eugene Record's 'Conference Table'. Meanwhile, the singer is also represented on a new Canadian pressing produced by one time Pioneer Sydney "Luddy" Crooks and issued on the Power International label. Entitled 'Super Mix Hits' (PI 009), the album devotes all its first side to a 15 track medley of reggae standards including 'Shirley My Love', 'Move Out A Babylon', 'Love Is A Treasure', 'Cherry Baby' and others, and is coupled with four old Delroy Wilson hits, notably 'I Shall Not Be Moved' and 'Lion Of Judah'.

From "The song bird of reggae" **Ruddy Thomas** is issued a 10 track recording entitled 'First Time Around' (JGML 6010), containing past Thomas hits 'Loving Pauper' and 'Sad Eyes', as well as versions of Lennon-McCartney's 'Ticket To Ride' and 'Little Jeannie'.

Other new Joe Gibbs titles include 12" discomixes: **Home T Four,** 'Play Mate'; **Delroy Jones,** 'Scorcher' c/w **Music Machine,** 'Womb Sweeper' (JGMD 8139); **Chalice,** 'Good To Be There'; **Paddy Roots,** 'Jah A The Magician' c/w **Professionals,** 'Gates Of Zion Open' (JGMD 8138); and **Mighty Diamond,** 'Party Time' (JGM 001); and 7" singles: **Madoo:** 'Backway Mr Landlord' c/w **Prince Mohammed,** 'Backway' (Town & Country); **Errol Scorcher,** 'Under Me' (Crazy Joe); and Chalice, 'Good To Be There' c/w Paddy Roots, 'Jah A The Magician' (Joe Gibbs) — the latter title identical to its discomix coupling sans dub.

Ms **Erica Gale** follows up her debut 'Don't Draw The



Hugh Mundell

Line' title with a new Leonard Chin production, 'Stranger In The Night' c/w Santic All Star, 'Midnight Serenade' (SAN 0020), which features backing vocals from Trevor Walters. Other new discomixes from currently touring **John Holt** with 'Ghetto Queen' (Creole CR 12-22) — a Henry Lawes production; **Lion Youth,** 'Decelia' c/w 'Chant In A Dance' (Virgo Stomach VG 108) — produced by J Ruby and C Williamson; **Victor Romero Evans,** 'I Need A Girl Tonight' c/w 'Two Timing' (Epic EPC A 13 1647); **Ranking Dread,** 'Poor Man Story' (Live and Love LLDIS 119); **Fantells,** 'Name Of The Game' c/w **Hugh Mundell, 'Walk With Jah' (Arawak); and Carlton Livingston,** 'Marie' (Power House) — produced by Lone Ranger and Clive Jarrett.

New 7" pre-release titles include: **Tony Tuff,** 'Round The World' (Dance Hall); **Sammy Dread,** 'Dread Locks Is The Wisest' (Volcano); **Barrington Levy,** 'Revelation' (Jah Guidance); **H Brown,** 'Blow Brother Blow' (Bent Vibes); **Prodigal,** 'Reality' (Roots Vibration); and **Gregory Isaacs,** 'Top Ten' (African Museum).

Upcoming on Island is a new nine track album from **Toots & The Maytals,** 'Knockout' (ILPS 9670).

Penny Reel

Observer pre chart

1 HANDS OF THE WICKED, Cecil Brown (Thrillseekers)
2 REALITY, Prodigal (Roots Vibration)
3 GOOD TO BE THERE, Chalice (Joe Gibbs)
4 PROPHECY, Little Roy (Tafari)
5 TALKING ABOUT LOVE, Junior Delgado (Volcano)
6 ONCE A MAN, Freddie McGregor (Heavy Duty)
7 ONCE A VIRGIN, Eek-A-Mouse (Joe Gibbs Ultra Sound)
8 UPFRONT, Wailing Souls (Volcano)
9 WAS IT TRUE? Tommy Isaacs (Astors)
10 TOP TEN, Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)

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Noise annoys

. . . so listen to the music again

ARE YOU plagued by snap, crackle and pop? No, not the ideal breakfast for hangovers; surface noise.

You may have tried cleaners realigned your cartridge and bought a replacement stylus only to find *that* noise still there. So have you thought about changing your amplifier?

This is one of the benefits of a good amp — surface noise is less obstrusive and annoying. Not only are the ticks, clicks, and pops quieter, but surface noise is separated from the music. Instead of interfering, surface noise becomes like stage curtains, incidental to the action and the drama.

If the amp separates surface noise then you will also have each instrument in the piece of music you're trying to reproduce separated so you can hear what each is playing. What fun is listening to music when your brain has to work so hard sorting it out?

Listening to a poor amp compared to a good one is like looking through a heat haze. OK for lying on the beach but hard work if you're driving. Objects don't stay still: they shimmer, they blur, they lose their proportions, they merge and separate, you can't judge depth accurately, you start seeing things that aren't there.

In most systems though such sonic faults will not be so obvious. But if you have a half decent turntable player which can give a solid signal, what the amp is doing to the sound will be more important. After the source, the amplifier is the next most important piece in the hi-fi chain.

But don't go buying a new amp even if you are plagued by surface noise without improving the turntable as much as you can. You may succeed in reducing the annoyance level of noise, but if the turntable is contributing to a vague and swimmy, sound, that will still be there even if the amp isn't now aggravating it further.

Without changing your amp, you can still do things to help with surface noise. One of them is to optimise the cartridge/amplifier interface. Good hi-fi sound has a lot to do with how the different components in the chain link up with one another. In each system there are several interfaces, each of which can influence the sound, and the trick in getting good sound is not only choosing components which are capable of good sound in themselves, but which work well together.

The cartridge/amplifier interface has a lot to say about how surface noise will come through, but for reasons too involved to get into here. If surface noise is a problem, and the sound is sizzly on cymbals and vocalists seem to slur their Ss rather than sing them, obtain some little gadgets called 'phono equalisers' and fit them between the record player leads and the phono input on the amplifier.

It's best to get a couple of different ones and experiment to find what's best. (They come in different pF — "puff' — values; from most good hi-fi dealers). Here we are modifying' the amplifier a little bit, just its disc input section, and it will help with noise off records, though it will also take out some sparkle from the sound (usually unnatural but often thought impressive).

Some amps have high filters which can also help with surface noise. Really though this is like closing the stable door after the horse has bolted.

That's not meant to start you worrying about your amp. If you are happy with the sound, that is what counts. It's merely drawing attention to the fact that it all costs and, from the makers' point of view, it's all a performance/price compromise.

This is worth remembering in the light of how the makers set about selling you an amp. They will bring out graphs and specifications which show that this year's distortion figures are even lower than last year's, though both distortions are very much below the threshold of audibility, so you can't hear the difference anyway!

Of course you *can* hear the difference between any two amplifiers — if they are not being 'masked' by the other components in the chain or in the interfaces. But these differences will have precious little to do with the distortion figures quoted, which are merely sales hype.

But probably the biggest myth about hi-fi amplifiers is about power. Calling it power madness would not be too far from the truth.

Forget power ratings when choosing a hi-fi amplifier and try it for loudness.

Hype, red herrings, and irrelevancies abound in hi-fi. Don't be swamped by all those fancy-looking tone controls and 'sound shapers' when you choose an amp. In my experience, tone controls change rather than improve the sound.

And in more expensive equipment with pretensions to good sound quality, tone controls can be a liability. Because to fit them into the circuit the designer has to compromise other areas, which could mean degrading the sound.

But for equipment at all prices, if you're playing it loud and have the tone controls up and it doesn't sound quite right, zero the tone controls and listen. The bass will be much better defined, and there will be less risk of the tweeters in the speakers blowing up. This is especially for reggae and disco fans who can't enjoy their records unless all the controls are set at maximum.

To those who judge an amplifier by the number of knobs, buttons and flashing lights on its front panel it will come as a surprise that the best sounding hi-fi amplifiers (almost all British made) feature little more than a selector switch, volume control, and balance control. But when you think about it, what else do you need from your hi-fi amplifier to listen to music?

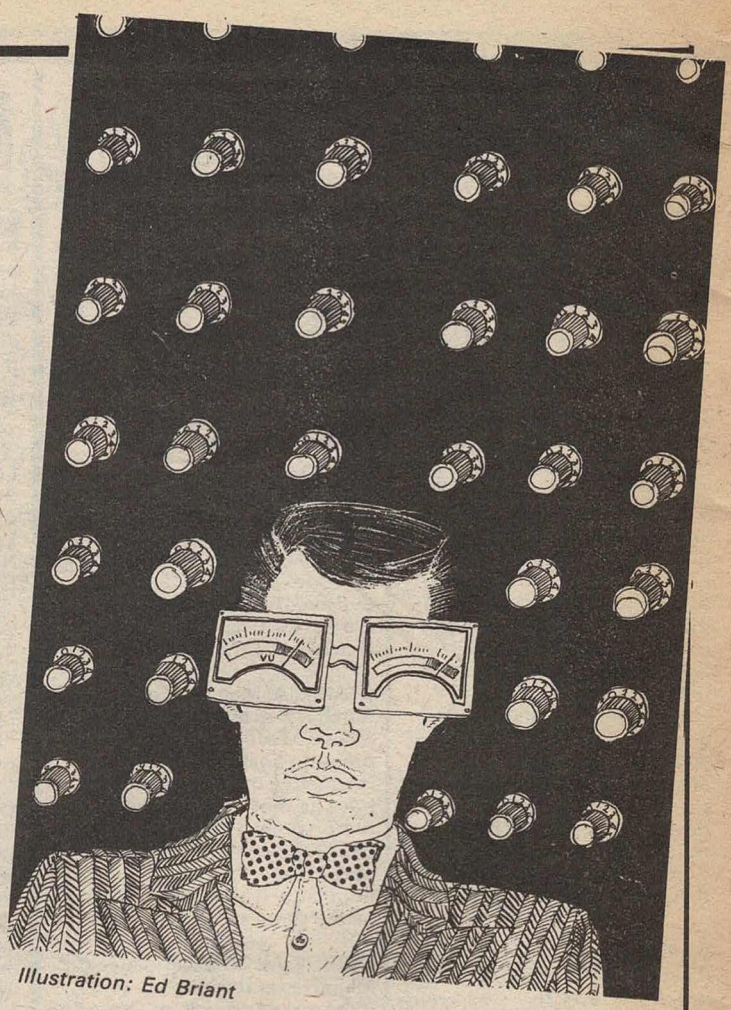
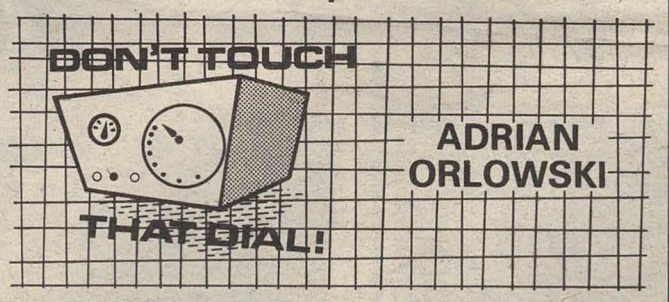
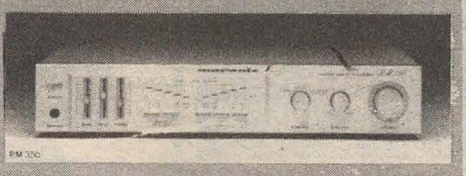


Illustration: Ed Briant



Marantz PM350



The Marantz PM350

the deep bass and the high treble. With a mere 40p between them in price, which to go for depends on the rest of your system. Take the PM350 if your hi-fi needs livening up. Nice one, Marantz! Price: £89.90 inc.

Adrian Orlowski

The JVC A-X1

JVC A-X1

A BIGGISH looking amp to impress friends with for your £72, it's not as heavy as it looks. To me it presents an anonymous appearance with its brushed silver fascia and 'ergonomic' layout of the controls.

It's rated at 30 watts per channel, special features being two tape inputs, and (!) a mono/stereo button which can help cut down surface noise and hiss from radio reception. Also included are centre-indent treble and bass controls, loudness, headphone socket, and speaker switching between two pairs of speakers.

Compared to the NAD3020, which is NO FEEL of cold steel about this amp with its warm gold finished fascia and legends in a variety of easy to read scripts. It's next up from bottom in Marantz' range of amps, rated at 38 watts per channel into 8ohm loads. Besides the standard features of tone controls (three here), headphone socket, loudness button (don't use at high volumes), and the usual (useless) power meters, it's got facility for copying from one tape to another, plus a subsonic filter which I recommend you to switch in if you have a basic turntable and/or ported type loudspeakers to prevent subsonic overload which can mess up the sound no end. There's also speaker switching between two sets of speakers, which is fine if you switch between them, but liable to impair the sound quality if you use both pairs together.

Sound quality is on a par with that fave rave the NAD3020. Instruments stay separate, the music comes over with a sense of purpose, and it's easy to get an overall feel of the music and how it was put together.

Compared to the NAD, the PM350 has a forward, bright sound — the NAD3020 is more laid back, with greater emphasis on universally acknowledged as the best sounding amp under £100, the A-X1 sounded soft and unexciting. Cymbals tended to become high frequency splashes of sound rather than sounding like real cymbals. Guitars and keyboards were less well separated out than with the NAD, and music in general becoming a sequence of sonic events rather than a coherent structured thing.

The type of sound (ie bright) may appeal, but I would scrape together the £20 or so which would get you the NAD or the Marantz above.

Adrian Orlowski

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DIE KRUPPS

From page 29

"Aha," smiles Ralf. "You have to consider me like Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. In a way Die Lemminge are another reaction to all this depressive stuff coming out of England, which reminds me of that Kitsch epoch. Then, melancholy featured strongly in the art of Arnold Bocklin and Caspar David Friedrich, and the writing, too, like Goethe's *Sorrows Of Young Werther* (about a young man who kills himself when an impossibly doomed love affair fails). It was all very romantic, but very melancholy, about death, despair and that sort of thing. With Die Lemminge, I wanted to bring this older melancholy to new life."

By satirically plumbing the depths of a past gloom, he's testing the current taste for it, which he finds suspect, not to say half baked.

"Germans may want to be reminded of this melancholy feeling, but they don't want to be stuck in it," rues Ralf. "They'll play a depressing record and then a happy pop thing to get out of it. But if I want to be depressed, I want to be depressed for life!

"I see things in cinematic terms," he continues. "I picture a state where people are always depressed and only records like Die Lemminge get played!"

The film that comes closest to the intense, uncompromised state Ralf Dorper describes is David Lynch's *Eraserhead*. It's one of the few to define its own deeply disturbed world, draw the viewer into it and hold him there for the duration. Nobody leaves *Erasèrhead* untouched and it moved Dorper to record a homage to the director Lynch.

The result is his second great single, now temporarily out of stock because the struggling Dusseldorf independent can't afford to repress it. In three minutes he recalls the overwhelming despair of *Eraserhead's* dork through a pastiche of barely audible murmurings, the film's sunken theme song and his own electronic treatments. It is backed, incidentally, with his tribute to Carpenter's *Assault On Precinct 13*.

"When I first saw *Eraserhead*," Ralf recalls," it was a really terrible experience. I was with Jurgen Engler and after it was finished we couldn't say anything for 15 minutes. It was a film whose form and content was very new to me, something very special. It goes very deep into the self, which is the way I like it, because I don't like things done by halves!"

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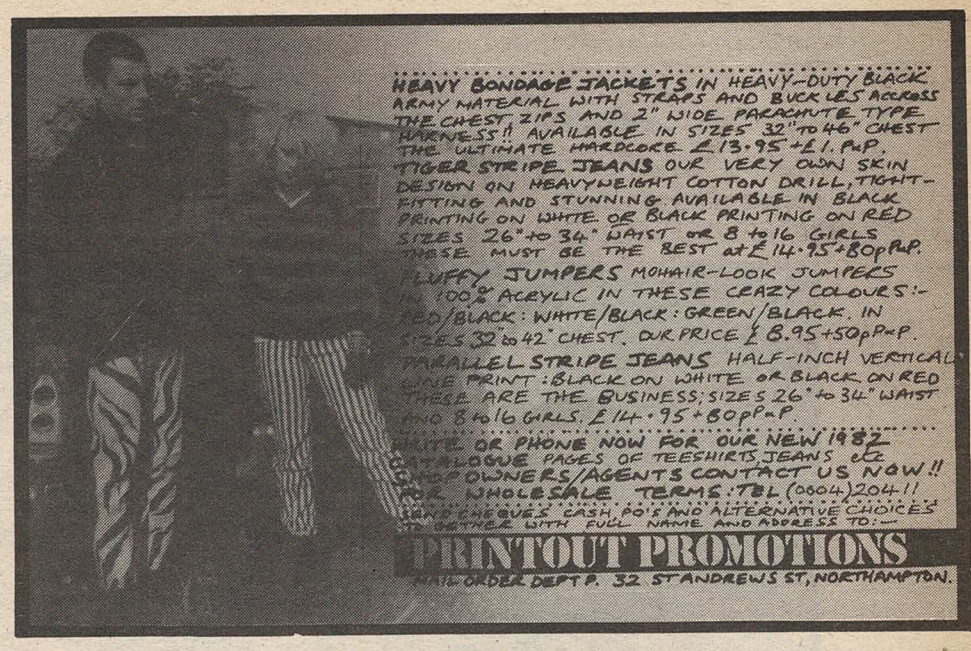

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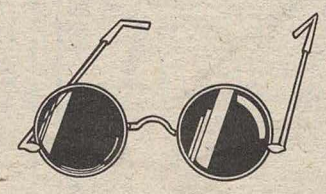

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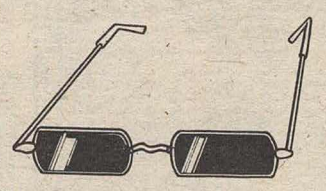

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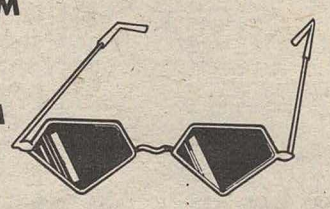

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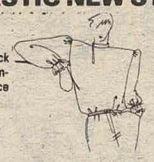

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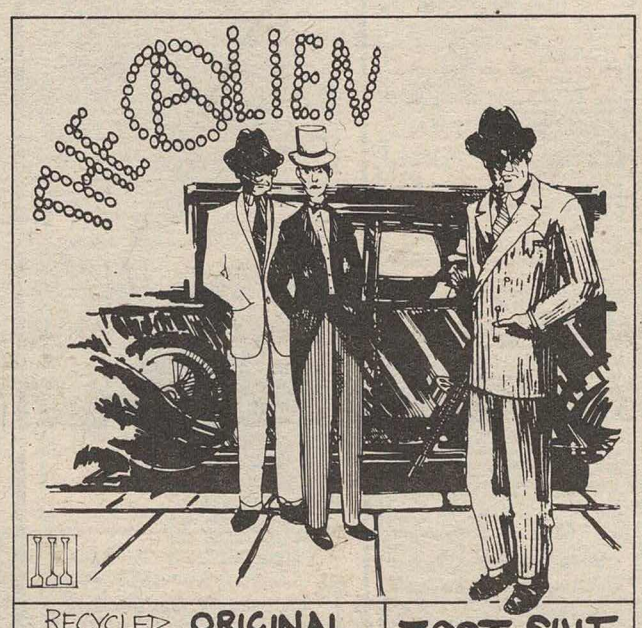

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ON THE BOX

Thursday November 5
A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA (Directed by Alexander Mackendrick 1965). Forget the fireworks for a couple of hours and watch this stirring adaptation of Richard Hughes' classic novel which pits a bunch of cut-throat pirates against a group of captured schoolchildren; no prizes for guessing the winners. It's not quite *Lord Of The Flies*, but Mackendrick (director of gems like *Whisky Galore* and *Sweet Smell Of Success)* fills the drama with marvellous detail and has at his disposal a first-rate cast: James Coburn, Dennis Price, Gert Frobe, Nigel Davenport, all so good you forget Anthony Quinn is the captain. And one of the kids is Martin Amis, but don't let that put you off either. **(BBC 2)**

THE SWISS CONSPIRACY (Jack Arnold 1975). The incredible shrinking Arnold was pulled out of dotage to slap this together, a feeble-minded intrigue set among the fat gnomes of Zurich, all that lovely moolah put in the care of ace agent David Janssen. If Janssen ever once made a halfway decent film, it must've been by mistake. **(ITV)**

Friday November 6
THE GIRL ON THE LATE LATE SHOW (Gary Nelson 1974). Lots of second-string Hollywood duffers in this one, too: Don Murray, Cameron Mitchell, Yvonne De Carlo, Walter Pidgeon, Gloria Grahame, Van Johnson. Movieland murders is the name of the game, and falling asleep is by far the best game-plan. **(ITV Thames)**

TARZAN AND HIS MATE (Cedric Gibbons and Jack Conway 1934). The only pectorals on show here belong to Johnny Weissmuller, though Maureen O'Sullivan certainly sports a natty line in provocative shifts as the Ape Man's 'mate', buying her round and swopping off-colour jokes down the local. Better than Bo's poor show, of course, but is that enough? **(BBC 2)**

THE MAGNIFICENT HUSTLE (Michael O'Herlihy 1978). Dumb TV-flick that resurrects the played-out Bonnie and Clyde fascist groove thang. Superstars David Kyle and Elissa Leeds are the two runaways stupid enough to go on a binge with money belonging to a drugs syndicate. The mob don't go a bundle on the idea and neither do I. **(BBC 1)**

Saturday November 7
MY BROTHER JONATHAN (Harold French 1947). Michael Denison and Ronald Howard are the brothers both lusting over Dulcie Gray in this turn-of-the-century drama so tepid it doesn't rate a mention in *any* of the TV guides. **(BBC 2)**

PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX (Robert Hamer 1945). Hamer's house of horror is a Victorian pub, wherein the notorious Googie Withers plans to poison her hubby. Stodgy version of a creaky old play, but Mervyn Johns breathes fire as the heavy-handed dad. **(BBC 2)**

LIPSTICK (Lamont Johnson 1976). Inept attempt to do for rapists what Charlie Bronson did for muggers. Margaux Hemingway is the avenging angel, Anne Bancroft her impotent attorney, in a worthless piece of crap. **(ITV)**

ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW (Robert Wise 1959). Lots of shouting in a tough crime thriller as bank robbers Robert Ryan and Ed Begley fall out with Harry Belafonte. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday November 8
SANTIAGO (Gordon Douglas 1956). A gun-running Mississippi steamer sets out for Cuba in this ropey old period 'actioner'; Rossana Podesta's on a pedestal, Alan Ladd's on a box. **(BBC 1)**

THE BELLES OF ST TRINIANS (Frank Launder 1954). "A rich pile of idiot and splendidly senseless images", was *The Times* verdict (fact), and it's as good a description as any of the first and best Trinian caper. Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell, Beryl Reid — who could ask for anything more? Well, how about George Cole as the world's most conspicuous spiv? How long before Peter Sellers crops up in this Sunday season of Brit comedies? **(ITV LWT)**

THE TEMPTER (Damiano Damiani 1974). Nothing to do with another 1974 Italian film called *The Tempter* (a messy *Exorcist* rip-off by Alberto De Martino), this is a continuation of the Glenda Jackson season, the one in which she was promoted from the Alliance Premier into the Fourth Division. Well, what do you expect? Even Glenda hasn't seen this one. Sounds riveting: In a Rome convent, a young writer helps a Polish priest write his war memoirs. Not exactly stiff competition for Elvis Costello's *South Bank Show*. **(BBC 2)**

Monday November 9
THE MAD MISS MANTON (P J Wolfson 1938). The Beeb's Monday afternoon Star Movie slot picks up steam with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda, in one of those 'wacky' '30s comedy-thrillers which were written better than anything being done in the same line today; 80 minutes of richly enjoyable nonsense. **(BBC 2)**

BARQUERO (Gordon Douglas 1970). Routine spaghetti western derivative, Lee Van Cleef chasing Warren Oates deep into Mexico. The title, by the way, refers not to liquor but to the bloke who runs a barge. **(BBC 1)**

Wednesday November 11
THE ENEMY BELOW (Dick Powell 1957). Robert Mitchum in an American destroyer chases Curt Jurgens in a German pub — at least, I think that's what it says. For a war movie directed by an old song and dance man, it's terrific. **(BBC 1)**

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"...no more books and studies, I can stay out late with my buddies, everybody come and go with me, we're gonna have a night with Daddy Gee..."

A go Daddy!

SO WE are sitting listening to the American top 10 show beaming through a fog from the Grand Duchy one evening in 1960 when a voice exclaims a hey yea hey yeah and the muffled sounds of a party in progress ensues, which in spite of its uncertain reception strives to spill from the radio and awaken the spirits in Abney Park cemetery nearby.

The revelry of which I speak occurs within the grooves of a disc named 'New Orleans', as performed by one U S Bonds. Initially, we imagine this to be a vocal group of that name, but some months later when the recording enters the British charts it transpires — courtesy of Keith Goodwin in the *New Musical Express* — that the Mr Bonds in question is a Geminian gentleman christened with the unlikely appellation of Ulysses Samuel, erstwhile singer with The Turks, hailing from Jacksonville, Florida and now resident in Norfolk, Virginia. It is also said that Stateside disc jockeys spin the record not only because they like it, but also because it is an ideal way to encourage teenagers to save by buying Government Bonds. Later still, we learn that U S Bonds is in fact plain Gary Anderson, and from then on the name is compromised as Gary US Bonds.

'New Orleans' is a grand expression of gleeful noise, with demented chorus and aberrant saxophone accompaniment. In addition to its description of Crescent City nightlife, where Basin Street swings to the muse of Dixie and there is an incidence of a Mississippi Queen in every southern bar, the song's lyric also reflects on the pastoral merits of the region, where *"the magnolia blossom fills the air"* and *"the honeysuckle's blooming on the honeysuckle vine and the love is a blooming there all the time."*

Despite its US prominence, 'New Orleans' is a very slow starter in this country. Released here in November of 1960, two months elapses before it makes any impression on the UK charts, peaking at number 17 on this publication's listings and hovering about the lower reaches for a total of seven weeks.

'Not Me', which follows, is in the fashion of those times a carbon reproduction of its successful predecessor, retaining an almost identical melody line, albeit a more imaginative lyric in humorous vein, wherein Bonds rails against the perils of wayfaring. In one verse he visits Alabama, where *"Don and Phil are jivin' around, they turned and looked at me and called me Cathy's Clown. I said wait a minute buster you didn't call me right. They said what you trying to do boy start a little fight?"* A minor hit in the US, it fails to register at all over here.

The third record in the series, 'Quarter To Three', returns Mr Bonds to public prominence and provides him with his biggest ever hit. It tops the Billboard chart in America, and climbs to seventh position in the *New Musical Express* census, extending its run to 11 weeks, and giving the singer his last hit in this country.

The sound of the record is unlike anything previously heard. It is another wild frolic, even more riotous than heretofore, with a fat saxophone punctuating its middle eight, and Gary relating how he dances until 2.45am, courtesy of his band the Church Street Five, and claims: *"Everybody was as happy as they could be, 'cause they was swinging with Daddy Gee. A go Daddy!"* The paternal personage responsible for such satisfaction being the said saxophonist Daddy Grace.

I am so positively excited by 'Quarter To Three' that I wear my own copy white the same day I buy it by leaving my Dansette on automatic the whole afternoon. A later generation accomplishes as much with 'White Riot' by The Clash. Producer Frank Guida later contends that the sound of the track is coolly calculated and there never is any carousing in the studio, but Gary Bonds himself remembers: "We were always lit up. I don't think we ever did a session where at least 99% of us weren't bombed — and the other one per cent just happened to show up late because they were drunk somewhere else."

Gary US Bonds continues in hit vein Stateside with an announcement of vacation entitled 'School Is Out', stating *"no more books and studies, I can stay out late with my buddies, everybody come and go with me, we're gonna have a night with Daddy Gee. A go Daddy!"* The follow up 'School Is In' signals a return to studies, and is consequently less successful. The singer's encouraging whoop of *"a go Daddy!"* on this particular recording is without apparent reference, except as the by now obligatory saxophone break ensues.

He finds further favour with a couple of twist singles, 'Dear Lady Twist' and the latin tinged 'Twist Twist Senora', and recounts further on the activities of Daddy Grace with 'Havin' So Much Fun', before the advent of The Beatles destines him to the valley of Lethe. In the interim, the Church Street sound is further exerted by Jimmy Soul who gives voice to 'Twisting Matilda', 'When Matilda Comes Twisting Back' and the big hit 'If You Wanna Be Happy'; and also by pretty little angel eyes Curtis Lee who describes 'A Night At Daddy Gee's'. A later Bonds recording of 'Copy Cat' launches an attack on these protagonists of his style.

AS FOR this Ensign release. 'Greatest Hits' is a 12 track compilation of somewhat hasty design, containing all the obvious hits as well as Anderson's later desperate attempts to repeat the formula with 'Mixed Up Faculty', 'Where Did That Naughty Little Girl Go?', 'I Dig This Station' and the embarrassingly bad 'Take Me Back To New Orleans'.

The record concentrates solely on the singer's up tempo material, and chooses to dispense with his more evocative and wistful predelictions, always to be found on the flip sides of his singles, and distinguished by gems such as 'Please Forgive Me' and the classic 'Time Ole Story' lament. A further swinger, 'Seven Day Weekend', is also left off, though personally I would have included it in preference to any one of four or five choices here.

Finally, the rendition of 'Not Me' is not the same one I recall imprinted on the Top Rank label and spinning on my Dansette. Boyfriend Battlin' Jim is now husband on this later version, while the singular line *"come on over baby and do the Madison"* is here substituted for the less original *"come on over baby and let's have some fun."*

Still, at least we are spared the likes of 'No More Homework' and 'Do The Bumpsy'. A go Daddy!

Penny Reel

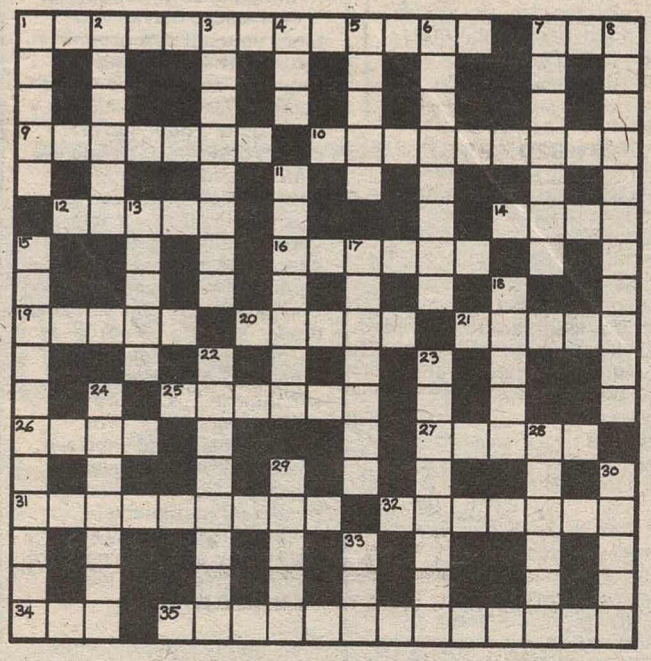
NME X-Press Word

ACROSS

1 Annual celebration for an American punk band (8,5)
7 Brief message in a bottle? (1.1.1)
9 What stars like Gary do (7)
10 Fast movement in dance (9)
12 '60s dance turn (5)
14 Noted representative returns before Ubu (4)
16 Writer (male) for the *NME* (6)
19 Beatle gets nothing after a phone-call (5)
20 Difficult clue for a pretentious socialite (5)
21 Baits by the sound of it, Garfunkel's side-kick (5)
25 Antler swopped for a hire fee (6)
26 Reveal a performance (4)
27 Legendary American band found openings (5)
31 Geological strata like 1. and 35? (4,5)
32 Percussionist about to murder M? (7)
34 Local gig for 31. (3)
35 Group of murderers — not from Boston, though! (3,10)

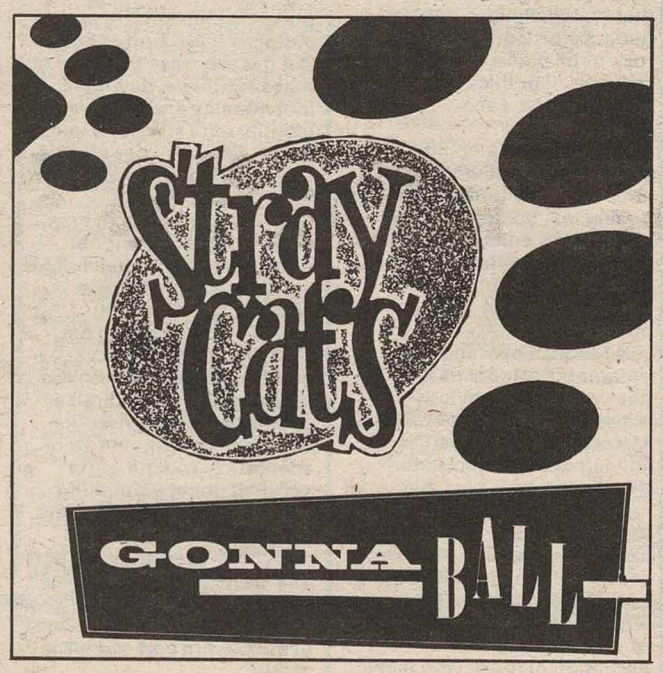
DOWN

1 Drum with a different note in the Congo (5)
2 See again in the *NME* (6)
3 Straight or a film magnate (8)
4 Yes? (3)
5 Photo or song collection (5)
6 Result of an aural battering? (5,3)
7 Like a leopard seen by a talent scout (7)
8 Group pleased by simple things? (6,5)
11 Help for those not head-lining (7)
13 Star's public projection a copy? (5)
15 Perm re-style for a French Lieutenant's Woman (5,6)
17 Songs like 1,2,3, etc. (7)
18 Murderers of radio celebrities confuse me and Devo (5)
22 Look again for the groundwork for an article (8)
23 Laurie, Ian and son includes hesitation (8)
24 London venue with a capacity for more than a hundred (3,4)
28 Discover unwanted noise in a hi-fi system (6)
29 Cuts out bad diets from the paper (5)
30 Songs for guitars (5)
33 Local fragment of a music piece (3)



CROSSWORD BY WOODHEAD

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS.
ACROSS — 1 Punishment Of Luxury, 11 TVC, 12 Science, 14 Route, 15 Tout, 18 One, 19 Postcard, 21 Alan, 22 Enola, 23 Emily, 25 Eurythmics, 28 Kim, 30 Abuse, 31 See 29 down, 32 See 24 down, 35 Egg, 37 Muzak, 39 Bright, 40 Heaven, 41 Outdoor, 42 Light, 44 Jerome, 46 The Cosmetics, 50 The Creatures, 51 Teenage.
DOWN — 2 Nature, 3 Seven Days, 4 Martina Weymouth, 5 Tattoo, 6 Facist, 7 XTC, 8 Rae, 9 The Human Menagerie, 10 Groove Thang, 13 New York, 16 Bambi, 17 Ode, 20 Spats, 24 and 32 across Grace Jones, 26 Mole, 27 Spizz, 29 and 31 across Suffragette City, 33 Service, 34 I Get, 36 Gene, 38 Anderson, 42 Limit, 43 Cola, 45 Moog, 47 Ear, 48 IPS, 49 Sat.



YAMAHA
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LOONIES

Me have a letter written to me by late John Lennon in his own hand under his own signature on the letter pad of Mahesh Yogi striving me 'Transcendental Meditation' to solve the problems. He is no more bodily but still alive by his fabulous unmatched music. Letter belong to John Lennon Beatle who belonged to the whole world.

I want to sell that letter to hot favourite fan of the Late John Lennon Beatle of the era of 1960-70. Neither I have money nor any source to get the subject advertised in your newspaper. But I swear that I shall pay you back on getting suitable buyer through your esteemed newspaper. Please help me by making it news or otherwise you feel fit.

C.S.D. Bhalla, H.M.3342, Sector 22-D, Chandigarh, India.

'Where Is Beatles Band?' memorial trophy winner — S.K.B. Ampong

So Thatcher/Reagan running the UK/USA is analogous to the lunatics taking over the asylum. But it is the same grotesquely distorted values which decree them fit to hold the highest office which relegates some of us to the bottom of the shit heap — languishing in mental hospitals. We're polar opposites, you dummies! Stuff pills and electrodes. Why shouldn't we take over the asylums — you write your own songs, don't you?

Terry, Neville and Lynval, your punishment is to read *Woman On The Edge Of Time* (Marge Piercy, Women's Press) 100 times.

Jim Read, London N16

Or, how to miss the point. What you say is surely just the logical B-side of the Fun Boys' coin — P.McN

GET A JOB!

Congratulations! X.Moore's piece on the Right To Work march was a breath of fresh air. But fresh air makes the stink worse. I mean, how long are you going to carry on with your embarrassing diet of Orange Juice and Morley, Kim Wilde nonsense, Lost Penman in New York? Don't drag X.Moore to London and make him fancy himself — get more hot reports from events like that march. Politics is the perfect criticism of pop: rock'n'roll pleasure the perfect criticism of politics.

Out To Lunch, Leeds.

Illustration by David Cotten

READERS DEMAND THE RIGHT TO WRITE!

"The week of marching, shouting and activity is over. I'm back in my hometown having lost pounds of weight and half my voice somewhere on the road to Blackpool; I'm now hanging around like millions of others on the dole."

X.Moore's opening paragraph demonstrates neatly the most obvious criticism of the Right To Work March, its futility. Bashful X is still out of work, and so for that matter am I.

But the lack of achievement doesn't stop there. Due if you like to a media plot, the march captured little publicity to further illuminate a problem which people are highly sick of — with the possible exception of those who view unemployment as a glorious issue on which to make a stand, and a potential tool to further their own ideologies.

So what is achieved? Moore puts forward the construction of a new collectivity among the unemployed — "what the march says is: make that collective power a continual part of life on the dole" — but there is nothing new about this collectivity, neither has it much to do with unemployment. It's the boys out for a night on the town; the collectivity of the football crowd, glorifying in each other's physical company and the unuttered but implicit threat. "The noise of the marchers is huge and enveloping" — power, Moore calls it — "the feeling of power is fantastic" — and certainly it is a kind of power. But it is the crass power of the mass response, devoid of individuality and deprived of identity until someone uses it as the weapon it has always been — Moore himself mentions I.P. Pavlov.

He also pinpoints the real energy of the march: not righteous indignation, but the adolescent's pleasure in complaint — "I'm still speeding on protest. That buzz should hit home . . ." — and it's this intoxication that renders the march about as significant as a boy scouts' outing, with the same air of adventure, and the same sense of doing something slightly dangerous. "For the first time in many of the marchers' lives, they are part of a large group of organised unemployed": for the first time in many of the marchers' lives they are part of a large group.

The sense of overstatement throughout the piece is probably reflective of the march itself — "unemployed kids don't need telling of the viciousness of life" — don't melodramatise our lives: they're not vicious, they're dull, drab and very, very ordinary. This overstatement and sensationalism — "make the fight for the right to work a fight for the right to live" — inevitably leads to over-simplification — "marching over 180 miles to picket Thatcher". Were we really any better off under Callaghan? Will we really be any better off under anyone?

Equally inevitably, this over-simplification produces polarity — "Kevin Cummins drives down to the start of the march, an outsider, someone with a job".

The glib and simplistic slogans placed throughout the article are symptomatic of the comic-strip nursery school thought behind the writing, which along with the pre-existent schizms that Moore is all too eager to perpetuate — "They may order us . . . they make us feel like shit . . ." — leads to the setting up of targets, because that makes everything much easier — "marching over 180 miles to picket Thatcher".

Moore sees the march as an "ingredient in the militant cocktail", as opposed to the "erratic force" and "gesture of despair" that was the Toxteth riots. But the march is an assault upon scapegoats, that could never cover the enormity of the problems involved; the riots were spontaneous complaints, shouts of indignation at a miserable situation. Shout if it makes you feel better, but don't build false targets, because that only means false hopes.

X.Talbot Wellington Coll — also 18, also unemployed.

Funnily enough, the hundreds of thousands of people who've lost their jobs in the last two years *were* better off under Callaghan. And rather than depriving themselves of their identity, the marchers at least presented themselves at Blackpool as human beings; you seem to remain a statistic. — P.McN

GET HIP!

Hipness is unhip. Being unhip I am therefore hip, and hence I am unhip. Unhipness renders me hip, and it then follows that I am unhip, which means I am hip, so . . .

Jez (The Sunderland Boy)

I'm trying very hard to be hip, so I buy *NME*, but I went to grammar school and I can't understand long words. What can I do?

P. Beney, Sittingbourne

GET A DICTIONARY!

Why is it after having read any article/review/appraisal written by your scribe Mr Morley, I still have no idea whether the concert/record/performance was good, bad or indifferent?

The French Lieutenant's Strumpet, Bognor Regis.

Paul Morley's review of the Human League LP was absolute shit. Does he really have to be so confusing to be trendy or does he (and all the others) think everyone goes around using words like Nihilism, Nietzschean, Dada? (Feel horrified and hunted? Stay inside this letter!) Get rid of the letters page and have a glossary of long words and obscure playwrights and writers.

I can't think of a silly name but I must be cool — I used to get the same bus as P. Oakey.

Re. Paul Morley's review of The Associates' single 'Message Oblique Speech': "an important gesture towards some timeless identification of style and retribution"; "they are one of the most exciting and innovative groups of recent times, notably in the transposition and re-definition of experience and mode". All well and good, but what's the bloody record like?!

Nigel Morgan, Warfields, Berks.

Admittedly the *NME* is the most interesting out of a pretty tacky selection of music papers, but the style of writing of certain journalists is developing into a genre all of its own — unintelligible even to the most intelligent people.

I mean, take Paul Morley reviewing Grace Jones: "With Grace Jones, the dialectic between structure and mimesis collapses, leaving nothing but empty structure."

OK Paul, so maybe you fancy yourself as a writer in the vein of Stephenson and Debrix — *The Cinema As Art* (a critic's classic) — and you make quite a good job of it. But it's boring. I don't buy the *NME* to read great long abstract diatribes which are so complicated that I have to iterrupt eating my egg and oven chips to look twice at the page, and can't even watch *Stig Of The Dump* at the same time.

The one new gleaming breath of fresh air and sunshine in this tawdry attic of scholarly spiders is Lynn Hanna, who writes unbiased, clear, concise articles using (gasp) whole sentences and *no* exclamation marks!

Still, at least Morley and Co's little weekly pen panting rantings give us all a laugh.

Jude, Kensal Rise.

Paul Morley is like Bo Derek's tits, he's over-exposed.

Dr Acula, New Barnet.

I must protest at the recent unwarranted criticism directed against Ian Penman. This man is unique in the world of music journalism, and should be protected in much the same way as an endangered species.

I've been reading the pop press for the past twenty years, and I've yet to come across a writer who can make a review/article totally incomprehensible as Penman seems to do with apparently effortless ease.

It's a shame that Penman is such a maligned and misinterpreted character; the fact that you can't understand a word he says is totally beside the point. As long as Penman knows what he means, then that is all that matters.

You've no idea how comforting it is to me (and I'm sure many other *NME* readers) that Penman knows lots of obscure long words, and can juggle majestically with them at will; like some verbal acrobat tirelessly manipulating his balls.

Indeed, the realisation that Penman might one day become enmeshed in his own verbiage and, perhaps, emulate the incredible feat of the legendary OOZLUM bird, serves only to increase the excitement generated by his every utterance.

Hands off Penman, I say. Who knows, if we could actually understand what he was saying it might turn out to be rubbish. Perish the thought!

Yours unctuously,

Tony Neale, London W2.

There was a time when nearly every feature in the paper was interrupted at some stage for an Editor's comment *(Ah, those were the days — Ed).* What's up Spencer, don't you read it anymore?

K. Millard, Maidstone.

Actually, he can't understand it anymore. Personally, I'm inclined to agree with Paul's complaint about current rock writing: it's too often "politically insensitive, morally inept, completely unentertaining". Reading this week's *NME*, though, I think maybe the 'literalist' fightback has begun ...: PMcN

PHIL McNEILL GETS RIGHT OF REPLY...

OH, RALLY?

I write to congratulate the *NME* on its excellent coverage of the CND Rally. It was well written, displaying facts the rest of the press refused to see. I think the public have a right to know the truth and not be disillusioned by falsehoods portrayed by these persons. Keep up the good work.

Miss A. Ross (CND member), Leicester.

Oh sure, Richard McDermott, it is encouraging to see such a large crowd in Hyde Park Saturday for the CND rally, particularly without a bill touting performers and entertainers to draw the apathetic. No doubt the movement will be thrilled with your story, which totally avoided the overwhelming contradictions of the rally.

The rhetoric of the CND forces is as biased, distorted, and self-serving as the arguments of the people they are supposedly fighting against. Provide only the facts that support your own position. Generalise. Avoid opposing opinions. Arrest anyone who jumps on stage in disagreement. Ignore the extreme delicateness of the situation.

I, for instance, was appalled at the prevalent anti-American stance of many of the speakers and the crowd who cheered them on. The sentiment is racist — no different from the anti-black views of the National Front. I am an American citizen by birth, not particularly proud of it, but no more responsible for United States' nuclear buildup than the CND supporters are responsible for Thatcher's policies.

The crowd estimates were

At the James Blood Ulmer night in New York's Peppermint Lounge: "John Rotten handing over two dollars royalty to Tommy Boyce (writer of The Monkees' hits) for Pistols' recording of 'I'm Not Your Stepping Stone'. That's Tommy's lawyer watching the transaction." This was the original caption which accompanied Joe Stevens' picture. Sounds wacky, yet plausible, doesn't it?

But we know better — in fact, young Lydon is not the donor, but the recipient. So tired had the talented but temperamental vocal artist become of admirers buying him drinks that he switched to simply demanding the money. And he got it. And that, little grasshopper, is what you call style . . .

example of the distortion. There were not 250,000 people at the rally, as the organizers boasted of and McDermott so quickly sucked up. In fact, it's likely that the media estimates of 100,000 were even overblown. Police, the media, and organizers of events like the CND rally have long distorted crowd estimates for the same reason: it provides a better story for all sides.

I fully support the cause of nuclear disarmament, but we will see no diminishment of nuclear buildup when the arguments are little more than biased propaganda. Football cheers for nuclear disarmament: persuasive only to the already committed. I believe, and I was embarrassed to be part of the rally.

Blake Gumprecht, London SW7.

As with the moan about X. Moore's piece, there's a time and place for arguments (eg Angus MacKinnon's Trident feature in *NME*) and a time and place for slogans. The speeches in Hyde Park may not have been persuasive: the vast demonstration of concern certainly was. Even though I didn't go, something happened that day that swept away my personal cynicism. For the first time, that mass of support made CND's aims seem achievable — and that's an achievement in itself. — PMcN

FLASH GET

JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP YOU A NOTE AS TO HOW BEST I THINK YOU SHOULD LAY OUT THIS LETTER IN YOUR *GASBAG* PAGE. Ideally you should put the first sentence in 9pt bold condensed capitals with the second sentence in 8 point.

For *the* second *paragraph I think* that *you* should *switch* to *Univers* with *every* alternate *word* in *italics* — all *the* time *staying* in *8pt.*

Then for the big finale to the letter I think that you might use 8pt Times bold, ranged centred, pausing only to reverse the whole letter out. I hope I have been of assistance.

Bill Jilliany, Cambridge or Bristol.

PS. You can edit out the postscript if you want to.

Winner of the 'Question 7: Is Question 7 A Valid Question?' award for ingenuity. Hideous design sense, mind. — PMcN

SO! THOUGHT you'd sneak out the back way, right? Tip-toe through the *Gasbag,* skirt around the masthead, past the last ad and scarper off into the wide blue yondo, yes? Well, *not so fast, pal.* First, you'll damn well stop and take your medicine. That's right. Time to lift the weekly lid on *NME*'s very own purr-sonalised Perfumed Dustbin — brimming as ever with tin cans of inedible news, fish-heads of discarded gossip and old boots of attempted humour. (Hey, no wonder they used to call it *Alley Cat.*) Welcome, friends, to the show that never *ever* ends. The dot-splattered column that's staged more comebacks than **Gary Glitter.** The page that died of shame and never even noticed. You got it. Heeeeeere's *T-Zers*!!! . . .

T-Zer! The long-awaited **'Scott Walker** Sings **Jacques Brel'** LP, originally scheduled for release last April, will now be out on November 20 . . .

T-Zer! Are **Talking Heads** going to split up? A well-known musician who is close to the band has been telling people, strictly off the record, that this will, in point of fact, happen . . .

T-Zer! In releasing their first single, have **Blue Rondo A La Turkey** *made their first mistake?* A source, not remotely close to the band, suggests we pose this question to fill up space . . .

(Phew) *T-Zer!* **Cherilyn Sarkasian** — better known, but only just, as **Cher** — is to star in **Robert** *MASH* **Altman's** new Broadway play *Come Back To The 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean,* the plot of which concerns a Deanoid fan-club meeting . . .

T-Zer! (Okay, okay, we get the general idea — Ed) Oh, right. Well anyhow. **Simple Minds** were joined after their recent Calgary, Canada show by 12 Cree indians. How about that! You what? You want a punch line? And er, they all went back to the hotel and smoked a peace pipe. Look, this stuff might not be interesting, but at least it's true. Possibly . . .

Bruce Springsteen's Christmas EP will feature **'Santa Claus** Is Coming To Town'. The Ze Records Christmas LP will feature a variety of seasonal offerings from a whole host of wonderful artistes whose names we're fed up printing . . .

FOLLOWING last week's cover article in *NME,* unreconstituted pop theorists **Scritti Politti** are flooded with offers from major companies for deals — publishing and otherwise. But, resisting the cocaine and Japanese tour bracket for the time being, they're sticking with unreconstituted '60s idealists Rough Trade . . .

See *Tiswas* the other week? Was the newly-mohican scalped **Annabella** trying for contrived infamy (dare we say *a la* **Pistols** on **Grundy**)? And if so, was it a flop or what . . .

What? **Wattie** did you think of the summer riots, Wattie? This, roughly translated, was the question asked by Germany's best magazine, *Spex,* of Britain's worst punk revivalist group, **The Exploited.** "It was really good, what happened," responded Wattie. "Look, all the Vietnamese boat people who came to Britain, we gave them houses, food, fridges and the like, which put so many of us out of work. If you look at it like that, you've got to just smack all the foreigners in the mouth." *(Jeez what crap — Ed.)* When the frankly *foreign* interviewer had the cheek to question this line of reasoning, Wattie saw red (some people see a lot of that) and stormed out.

In so doing, he left guitarist **Big John** to defend The Exploited's shock claim that 'Punk's Not Dead': "Of course punk is dead," he said. "Yeah, I know the album's called 'Punk's Not Dead' — after all, I sprayed the saying on the wall, which you see on the sleeve. Well, it's a good name, isn't it?"...

And yet not quite good enough for **Gillan,** it seems. For was it not that The Exploited who were turned away at the door of Mr G's Leeds University show the other night? Yes it was. "But Gillan wants to see us," expostulated the boys. A quick check with the horses's mouth confirmed that this was not, in fact, the case . . .

No smaller measure of success is reported for the opening night of **Perry Haines'** Rox club at the Southgate Royalty, featuring **Haircut 100.** Keen-eyed *NME* reader **R. Elms,** watching from the balcony, reports the stirring sight of a sea of white shirts and braces . . . "I know I helped start it," quoth the soon to be presenter of the next series of Granada TV's *Oxford Road Show,* "but haven't they got any ideas of their own?"...

It's a curious and little-known fact that the **Queen Mother** is actually shorter than **Toyah.** Sceptics and doubters were finally convinced when the two were personally introduced at a do for the National Association Of Youth Clubs . . .

DID YOU know that it's **Iggy Pop's** secret ambition to become a shepherd in Detroit? Good luck, Ig. Sincerely . . .

Habitues of, or even drinkers in, The Globe pub, Bedale Street, London SE1, will find themselves issued with free hot potatoes tonight, from 8.00 onwards. Oh, and we should mention that they'll also get the chance to have *New Standard* cartoonist **Tom Johnston** sign their copy of his new book *Sex'n'Dogs'n'Rock'n'Roll* . . .

Ex-**DAF** guitarist **Wolfgang Spelmans** has formed a new group, **Die Mau Mau.** Germany's best rock read *Spex,* blatantly plugged for the second time in this column describe their first record as sounding like **Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass Band.** Mind you, the same paper describes **Errol** as "divine". *(Looks like he's pissed off to Heaven then, and taken this week's column with him — Ed.)* Doubt it — it's the 4AD evening at Heaven tonight . . .

Delighted as we are to announce the marriage this week of **Heaven 17's Martin Ware** to his sweetheart **Karen,** we feel duty-bound to advise her that Heaven 17's name is appearing on pornographic videos of the lowest, most depraved sort. Even worse, **Simple Minds** are implicated in the same sordid racket. Virgin Records pathetic attempt at an explanation goes like this: they bought in a batch of what they thought were blank tapes, to house their promo-films for both the Minds and the 17. Imagine their horror, they claim, when recipients of the videos, TV stations and the like, began returning them, pointing out that after the promo stuff was over, the tapes carried on with the remainder of porn material. A blunder, an embarrassing misunderstanding, stammer Virgin. Ha! . . .

More show business hypocrisy exposed. "Kissing Gregory is the closest she's been to a boyfriend," says the *Mail's* featurette on Clare of Altered Images. Oh yeah? Our interesting snip from *Photo Secret Love* — displaying the brazen hussy in a passionate clinch with fellow band-member Tony (or "Nick" as he thinly disguises himself) — suggests somewhat to the opposite, does it not?

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
Monty Smith
Paul Du Noyer
Production Editor
Tim Greenhalgh
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr
Contributing Editor
Charles Shaar Murray

Staff
Adrian Thrills
Chris Bohn
Gavin Martin
Lynn Hanna
Ian Penman
Paul Morley
Design
Crunch

Photography
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn

Contributors
Nick Kent
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Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
Research
Fiona Foulgar
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
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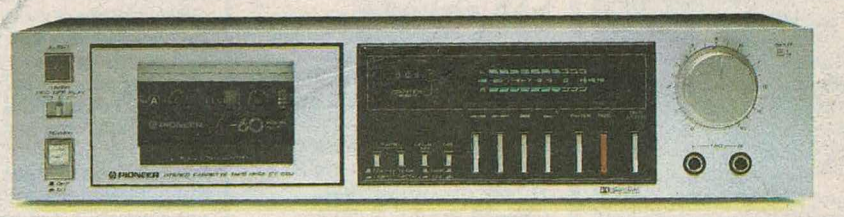

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